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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

D'AVENANT.

IV.

Printed for Subscribers only.

450 copies Small Paper.
150 „ Large Paper.
30 „ Whatman's Paper.
4 „ Vellum.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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THE PLAYHOUSE TO BE LET.

The Playhouse to be let. *In D'avenant's Works, folio.* 1673.

The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru. 4*to*, 1658.

The History of Sir Francis Drake. 4*to*, 1659.

"The Playhouse to be let," although not mentioned by Downes in his list of "plays acted from 1662 to 1665 both old and modern"—*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 36—was without doubt produced, at the Theatre in Lincolns' Inn Fields, within a short time after Sir William Davenant became its possessor. Mr Halliwell, in his Dictionary of old English Plays, sets it down as "first acted in 1663." That it was performed prior to the Stepmother, a tragi-comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton, 1664, which is in Downes' list, seems evident, as the prologue to that play says :—

> "What's here? So many noble persons met?
> Nay, then I see this house will not be let."

The Biographia Britannica thus notices the piece :— "This was another very singular entertainment, composed of five acts, each being a distinct performance The first act is introductory, shows the distress of the players in the time of vacation, that obliges them to let their house, which several offer to take for different purposes; amongst the rest a Frenchman, who had brought over a troop of his countrymen to act a farce. This is performed in the second act, which is a translation of Moliere's Sganarelle, or the Cuckold in Conceit; all in broken French to make the people laugh. The third act is a sort of comic opera, under the title of the History of Sir Francis Drake. The fourth Act is a serious opera, representing the Cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru. The fifth act is a burlesque in Heroicks on the Amours of Cæsar and Cleopatra; has a great deal of wit and humour, and was often acted afterwards by itself."

With exception of the first act, all the others, which are separate and distinct but short dramatic pieces, were written in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and two of them at least were performed at the Cockpit, when Sir William Davenant had obtained permission to present his Entertainments of Music and perspective in Scenes.

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The first act was afterwards introduced for the purpose of stringing together, as it were, those several little pieces so as to form a play of five acts, which was then the conventional length.

The only edition of "the Playhouse to be let" is that printed in the Collected Works of Sir William Davenant, folio, 1673. "Sir Francis Drake" and "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," which form the third and fourth acts, appeared separately when first produced. Their titles run thus:—"The History of Sir Francis Drake: exprest by Instrumentall and Vocall Musick, and by the Art of Perspective in Scenes, etc. The first part. Represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane at Three afternoon punctually. London, Printed for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Anchor in the Lower Walk, in the New Exchange, 1659," 4to, pp. 37. Although styled "The first part," there was no subsequent continuation of the piece.

"The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru; exprest by Instrumentall and Vocall Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, etc. Represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, at three afternoon punctually. London, Printed for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Anchor in the Lower Walk, in the New Exchange," 1658, 4to.

To the end of the latter this note is appended:—"Notwithstanding the great expense necessary to scenes, and other ornaments in this entertainment, there is a good provision made of places for a shilling. And it shall begin certainly at three afternoon."

From the dates, it will be observed that "The Cruelty of the Spaniards" was acted prior to "The History of Sir Francis Drake."

"The British Theatre, containing the Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, with an account of all their Plays, Lond. 1752, 12mo," in noticing the Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, has this note:—"We are told that Cromwell not only allowed this piece to be performed, but actually read and approved of it; and the reason given was, that it reflected on the Spaniards, against whom he was supposed to have formed great designs."

Malone has adopted this view of the case, which in all probability is true. Speaking of the Cruelty of the Spaniards he says:—"A performance which Cromwell, from his hatred to the Spaniards, permitted, though he had prohibited all other theatrical exhibitions." See *Malone's Supplement*, vol. i. p. 18.

There is "a ballad against the Opera, call'd, The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, writ by Sir W. D'avenant" in the third part of "Miscellany Poems. By the most eminent hands. Published by Mr. Dryden. Lond. 1716, 12mo." but without any mention as to who was the Author. This ballad which consists of fourteen stanzas, is an attempt, but not a happy one, to ridicule the Scenery, Actors, and the Music of the piece. Take for example the following:—

"The next thing was the Scene,
And that as it was lain,
But no man knows where in Peru.
With a story for the nonce
Of raw-head and bloody-bones,
But the devil a word that was true.

Neither must I here forget
The musick, how it was set,
Dise two ayres and a half and a *Jove*,
All the rest was such a gig,
Like the squeaking of a pig,
Or cats when they're making their love."—

The second act of "The Playhouse to be let," consists of a very clever translation of Moliere's Coçu Imaginaire. It is from the same source that Murphy's excellent comedy "All in the Wrong" has emanated.

Langbaine has this notice of another comedy from this source:

"Tom Essence, or the Modish Wife: A comedy acted at the Duke's Theatre, 4to. Lond. 1677. This Play is founded on two French Plays, viz. Moliere's Sganarelle, ou le Coçu Imaginaire; and Tho. Corneille's D. Cæsar D'Avalos, in the part of Love-all's intrigue with Luce; without the reader will suppose that he followed a Spanish novel called the Trepanner Trepanned: and for the business of Tom Essence and his wife copied Sir William D'Avenant's Playhouse to be let, Act 2d, which is a translation from the former. This play is said to be writ by one Mr. Rawlins."

Mrs Gosnell, who is set down as the singer of "Ah! love is a delicate thing" in this second act, was maid to Lady Pepys. She is first noticed in Sir Samuel's Diary, in this entry:—"13th Nov. 1662. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting. After dinner, talking with my wife, and making Mrs Gosnell sing; and then, there being no coach to be got, by water to Whitehall; but Gosnell, not being willing to go through bridge, we were forced to land and take water again, and put her and her sister ashore at the Temple. I am mightily pleased with her humour and singing."

Subsequently, "28th May 1663. By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's House, and there saw 'Hamlete' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sung, which I was sorry for."

"29th. This day is kept strictly as a holy-day, being the King's Coronation. . . . To the Royal Theatre, but they not acting to-day, then to the Duke's house, and there saw 'The Slighted Mayde,' wherein Gosnell acted Æromena [Pyramena], a great part, and did it very well, and I believe will do it better and better, and prove a good actor. The play is not very excellent, but is well acted, and, in general, the actors in all particulars are better than at the other house."

Mrs Gosnell continued on the stage for some time, as further entries by Pepys show:—

"26th Dec. 1666. To the Duke's house, to a play. It was indifferently done, Gosnell not singing, but a new wench that sings naughtily."

"20th May 1668. I hear that Mrs Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of."

The tragedie travestie, or farce in burlesque verse, on the actions of Cæsar, Antony, and Cleopatra, forming the fifth act of this entertainment, is deserving of especial notice, as being the earliest burlesque dramatic piece in the English language, and as possessed of no ordinary merit in point of composition. It was performed separately at the Theatre in Dorset Gardens, by way of

farce, after the tragedy of Pompey, a work of Mrs Catherine Phillips, "the Divine Orinda."

Sir John Suckling, who appears to have had a penchant for abusing his friends, has, in his "Sessions of the Poets," the following lame attempt at satire on Sir William Davenant and his "Playhouse to be let:"—

Will. Davenant would fain have been steward o' th' court,
To have fin'd and amerc'd each man at his will,
But Apollo, it seems, had heard a report
That his choice of new plays did show h'ad no skill.

Besides, some critics had ow'd him a spite,
And a little before had made the god fret,
By letting him know the Laureat did write
That damnable farce, *the house to be let.*

"A Playhouse to be let," is the second title of a tragi-comi-farcical ballad opera, written "by a gentleman late of Trinity College, Cambridge," and acted at Covent Garden in 1733. It bears no reference to the present piece.

The plot and scenery of the History of Sir Francis Drake have been derived from the several incidents detailed in Drake's Voyages. Of these, an account will be found in a small volume titled "The English Hero; or, Sir Francis Drake Reviv'd," the ninth edition of which, "Inlarged, reduced into Chapters, with Contents, and beautified with pictures: By R. B[urton], 1716," is presently before us. In this, the Captain who figures as one of the Dramatis Personæ in the dramatic entertainment of Sir Francis Drake, is called "Rawse," not "Rouse." Among many passages which bear upon the subject of the piece, we quote the following:—"There came into the same bay an English bark of the Isle of Wight, James Rawse, Captain, with 30 men, some of whom had been there with Drake the year before [*i.e.*, in 1571]. They brought in a Spanish carvel or advice boat, bound for Nombre de Dios, and a shallop with oars taken at Cape Blanck, and being acquainted with Drake's design, they joined with him therein. *July* 22 [1572.] They sailed out of this harbour for Nombre de Dios, and coming in three days to the Isle of Pines, took two frigots laden with plank and timber from Nombre de

Dios: the negroes aboard informed them of the present state of the town, and that some soldiers were daily expected from the Governour of Panama to defend it against the Symerons, a black people, who, about eighty years past, fled from the cruelty of their masters—the Spaniards, and grew since into a nation under two Kings of of their own, one inhabiting westward, and the other east, in the way from Nombre de Dios to Panama, who had almost surprised the town six weeks before. Capt. Drake resolving not to hurt these negroes, set them ashore on the mainland, that, if they would, they might join themselves to the Symerons, their countrymen, and thereby gain their liberty, or if not, yet the way being long and troublesome by land to Nombre de Dios, they might not give notice to them of his arrival, whom he intended to surprise with the utmost speed and secrecy." "Having mustered and armed his men betimes in the morning, he exhorted them to be valiant and courageous, representing to them the greatness of the booty, the weakness of the town, and the hope of prevailing, and recompencing the wrongs he had received. In the evening they again set sail for Nombre de Dios, and in the evening reacht the River Francisco, and lay close to the shore all day to prevent discovery from the watch-houses; in the night, they rowed hard till they came into the harbour under the high-land, resolving, after they were refresht, to attempt the town next morning by break of day; but Captain Drake observing that his men, from the report of the negroes, seemed to apprehend the danger of this attempt, because of the greatness and strength of the town, to prevent their fears, he took the opportunity of the rising of the moon that night, persuading them it was the dawning of the day, whereby they came to the town above an hour sooner than was at first proposed, which was about three in the morning." Then follows a graphic account of taking the town, defeating the Spaniards, and acquiring treasure. In this, John Drake, the Captain's brother, who sailed with him, and who may be regarded as the "Drake Junior" of the play, took a prominent part. There was another brother with them, named Joseph. Both of these men, however, were dead before Drake came within

sight of Panama or Venta Cruz; the former being killed in boarding a frigate, the latter dying of a calenture, from having drank some brackish water drawn at the mouth of the river, by the sailors who were sent to obtain water, but who were too indolent to proceed further up where it was fresher.

"They stayed with the Symerons that night, Feb. 7, and the next day till noon." "Their king dwelt in a city 16 leagues south-east of Panama, and was able to raise seventeen hundred fighting men. They were very earnest with Captain Drake to stay two or three days, engaging to double his number of men in that time if he thought good; but he, thanking them for their kind offer, resolved to prosecute his voyage." Four Symerons were sent on before to clear the way—"twelve went before as a vanguard, and twelve more in the rear, the English and the two Symeron captains marching in the midst. They were much encouraged by hearing there was a great tree about the midway, where they might at once discern the North Sea, from whence they came, and the South Sea, whither they were going. The fourth day after, Feb. 17, they came to the top of this desired hill, which was very high, and lay east and west like a ridge between the two seas. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when one of the chief Symerons, taking Drake by the hand, desired him to walk up this famous high tree, wherein they had cut divers steps to ascend almost to the top, where they had made a convenient arbour for twelve men conveniently to sit, and from whence, without difficulty, they might plainly discern both the north and south Atlantick Ocean, many of the adjoining trees being cut down to clear the prospect, and divers strong houses built thereupon by the Symerons."

Having taken Venta Cruz, Drake returned upon Panama, in the neighbourhood of which he and his followers secured as many bars and wedges of gold as they could well carry away, burying above fifty tons of silver in the sand and under old trees. After several adventures at other places, "with all manner of kindness they took leave of the Symerons. There were at this time belonging to Carthagena, Nombre de Dios, Rio Grand, Sancta Martha, Rio de Hacha, Venta Cruz, Veragua,

Nicaragua, the Honduras, and Jamaica, above two hundred frigots, some of one hundred and twenty, others of ten or twelve, but the generality of thirty or forty tun, who all traded between Carthagena and Nombre de Dios, most of which, during their abode on those coasts, the English took, and some twice or thrice over." Sailing from Cape St Anthony, they "arrived at Plymouth on Sunday at sermon time, Aug. 9, 1573. The news of Drake's return being speedily carried into the church, so much surprised the people with desire and joy to see him, that few or none remained with the preacher, all running out to observe the blessing of God upon the dangerous labours and endeavours of Captain Francis Drake."

Aboard the ship in which, in 1577, Drake sailed round the world, while it lay at Deptford, he feasted Queen Elizabeth, "who knighted and much honoured him for this service, he being the first who had accomplished so vast a design, as to encompass the globe." This ship was laid up at Deptford for several years, and was held in great admiration by many who came to see it; but being afterward decayed by time, and at length broken up, a chair was made of the planks thereof, and presented to the University Library of Oxford, by John Davies of Deptford, Esq., upon which chair the renowned Cowley thus descants:—

"To this great ship which round the world has run,
And matcht in race the chariot of the sun,
This Pythagoræan ship—for it may claim
Without presumption, so deserv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now—
In her new shape this sacred post allow;
Drake and his ship could not have wisht from Fate
A more blest station, or more blest estate;
For, lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven."

Upon the Poet's sitting and drinking in the Chair made of the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.

I.

"Cheer up, my mates! the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more sail, and never spare,
Farewell all lands, for now we are
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go;

Bless me ! 'tis hot ! another bowl of wine !
And we shall cut the burning line !
Hey, boys ! she scuds away, and by my head I know
We round the world are sailing now ;
What dull men are those that tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly roam,
And gain such experience, and spy too
Such countries and wonders as I do ?
But, prithee, good Pilot, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru ;
With gold there our vessel we will store,
And never, and never be poor,
No, never be poor any more.

II.

" What do I mean, what thoughts do me misguide ?
As well upon a staff may witches ride
Their fancied journey in the air
As I sail round the ocean in this chair.
'Tis true, but yet this chair, which now you see,
For all its quiet now and gravity,
Has wand'red and has travelled more
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before,
In every air, and every sea hath been,
Has compass'd all the earth, and all the heaven has seen.
Let not the Pope's itself with this compare,
This is the only universal chair ;
Drake's vessel now, for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
Let the world now come to see thee.

III.

" The World will do't ; for curiosity
Does no less than Devotion pilgrims make,
And I myself, who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any chair can do,
Would yet a journey take
An old wheel of that chariot to see,
Which Phaeton so rashly brake,
Yet what could that say more than these remains of Drake ?
Great relic ! thou too in this port of ease
Hast still one way of making voyages ;
The great trade-wind, which ne'er does fail,
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
Along, around it as the sun.

The streights of Time too narrow are for thee ;
Launch forth into an undiscovered sea,
And steer the endless course of all eternity ;
Take for thy sail this verse, and, for thy pilot, me."

The family of Drake is thus described in "the English Baronetage, containing an account of the English Baronets existing in 1741," and taken, in a great measure, from the papers of Arthur Collins, Esq., the peerage writer, and William Holman, Esq., of Halstead, in Essex, who wrote concerning the antiquities of that county,—5 vols., Lond., 1741, 8vo, vol. i., p. 531.

Drake of Buckland, Devonshire.

Francis, Esquire, created baronet, Aug. 2, 1622. The first we find mentioned of this family is John Drake of Tavistock, in county Devon, afterwards vicar of Upnor, in that county, who fled into Kent, temp. Henry VIII., for fear of the Six Articles, wherein the sting of Popery still remained, though the teeth thereof were knocked out, and the Pope's supremacy abolished. He had two sons, Francis and Thomas ; the eldest son was Sir Francis Drake—having that Christian name from his godfather, Francis, Earl of Bedford—knighted by Queen Elizabeth on shipboard at Deptford, 1581. He represented Boffiney, in Cornwall, 27 Eliz., and Plymouth, in Devon, 35 of that reign. Mr Cambden calls him the greatest captain of the age in maritime achievements. His blocking up the Bay of Mexico for two years together, with continual defeats of the Spaniards, his sailing quite round the world, with great conduct and bravery, and change of fortune, and his other naval achievements, which made him so famous and memorable, are fitter for a history and volume of itself than a design of this nature. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir George Sydenham of Combe-Sydenham, in county Somerset, knight (who, surviving him, afterwards married William Courtenay of Powderham Castle, in Devonshire, Esq.), and dying, Jan. 28, 1595, without issue, left a large estate to his nephew, Francis Drake, Esq., son and heir of his brother Thomas, by Elizabeth, daughter of —— Gregory, which Thomas had also a daughter, Elizabeth, married to John Bampfylde of Pottimore, in Devon, Esq.

Francis Drake, Esq., before mentioned, was advanced to the dignity of a baronet 20 Jac. I., and, in 25 of that reign, he was representative in Parliament for Plymouth, in that county, and 3 Car. I., knight of the shire for Devon. He married two wives; first, Jane, daughter of Sir Amias Bampfylde, of Pottimore, in county Devon, Knt., by whom he had one daughter, Dorothy, that died an infant; secondly, Joan, daughter of Sir William Strode, of Newnham, in Devon, Knt., by whom he had four sons: 1. Sir Francis, his successor; 2. Thomas, who married the daughter of —— Grimes, Esq., and was father of Sir Francis, hereafter mentioned; 3. —— Drake of Ivybridge; and 4. Joseph.

Drake's last voyage was to the West Indies, in 1595. He set sail from Plymouth on the 28th Aug. On "22d Jan. 1596 they departed from Scoday to an island near Nombre de Dios, and two days after came to Portobello; where, the same day they arrived, our famous hero, Sir Francis Drake, departed this life, his death being supposed to be much hastened by his unsuccessfulness in this voyage; his greater spirit, always accustomed to victory and success, not being able to bear the least check of fortune, which occasioned such melancholy thoughts as were thought to be a chief cause of his end. His death was exceedingly lamented by all the Company, who lookt upon him to be the life and soul of their enterprizes and undertakings. His interment was after this manner: his body, being put into a coffin of lead, was let down into the sea, the trumpets in a doleful manner echoing out their lamentation for so great a loss, and all the cannon in the fleet were discharged, according to the custom of all sea funeral obsequies. . . . . And thus having brought our renowned knight through so many dangers and adventures to his watery grave, we will take our leave of him with this short epitaph, written upon him many years since:—

"Where Drake first found these last, he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame;
His body's buried under some great wave,
The sea that was his glory is his grave;
Of whom an epitaph none can truly make;
For who can say, Here lies Sir Francis Drake?"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

PLAYER.
HOUSEKEEPER TO THE THEATRE.
MONSIEUR.
MUSICIAN.
DANCING-MASTER.
POET.
PORTER.
TIRE-WOMAN TO THE THEATRE.
CHAR-WOMAN TO THE THEATRE.

ACT 2.

SGANARELLE.

GORGIBUS.
SGANARELLE.
LELIE.
VILLEBREQUIN.
CELIE.
SGANARELLE'S WIFE.
SERVANT.

ACT 3.

HISTORY OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

PLAYER.
HOUSEKEEPER.
KING OF THE SYMERONS.
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.
DRAKE JUNIOR.
CAPTAIN ROUSE.
PEDRO, *formerly a slave of the Spaniards.*

PAGE.
BOATSWAIN.
STEERSMAN.
MARINERS.
ENGLISH LAND-SOLDIERS.
SEA-CARPENTERS.
SYMERONS.
PERUVIANS.
DANCERS.

ACT 4.

THE CRUELTY OF THE SPANIARDS IN PERU.

PLAYER.
HOUSEKEEPER.
THE TWO ROYAL BRETHREN, *Sons of the last Inca.*
PRIEST OF THE SUN.
ENGLISH MARINERS AND SOLDIERS.
SPANISH SOLDIERS.
PERUVIANS, *Male and Female.*

ACT 5.

TRAGEDY TRAVESTIE.

PLAYER.
HOUSEKEEPER.
CÆSAR.
MARK ANTHONY.
LEPIDUS.
PTOLOMY.
NIMPHIDIUS.
EUNUCHS.
CLEOPATRA.
GYPSIES, *Male and Female.*

PROLOGUE.

SINCE you affect things new, what I'm to say
Shall be as great a novel as our play,
Custom would have me speak a prologue now,
But that we may entire adherence show
To novelty (which in the mode of plays
Like sovereign nature over custom sways)
I mean my prologue shall a riddle be ;
And thus propound it to the company.
A teeming muse, big with imagination,
Conceived a monster of so new a fashion,
That of the hasty birth b'ing brought to bed,
We found it neither had a tail nor head.
The limbs are such, as no proportion bear,
No correspondence have, and yet cohere :
Of several use, and several forms they be,
Yet in the whole contexture they agree :
They are disjoin'd yet united too,
Which cannot but a monster seem to you ;
Yet such a monster 'tis, as you'll admit
For pleasure, and still pay for nursing it.
I see y'are puzzl'd ; but we so despise
Th'advantage we might make by a surprise,
That to unriddle this, you here may come
And join your heads together in one room,
Where, for your money, you shall sit at ease,
Two hours a day, till Christmas if you please.

THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LET.

THE FIRST ACT.

The SCENE *opens, and upon two stools are discover'd the* TIRE-WOMAN *and* CHAR-WOMAN, *one shelling of beans, and the other sewing.*

Enter PLAYER *and* HOUSE-KEEPER.

PLAY. WHAT! shelling of beans? 'tis a proper work
For the long vacation. You may e'en dry 'em
In the sun, and lay 'em up in the tiring-house
For the players: they may get bacon to 'em
When the Term comes.

HOUS-K. Nay, you may work on too; 'tis hospital ware:
Coarse shirts for the poor poets.

[*Knocking heard at door.*

PLAY. Are they mad? Sure, they take the play-house for
The church-yard o'er the way; and mean to wake
Our dead neighbours. What would you have?

[*Knocking again.*

TIRE-W. Pray, knock civilly! I believe it is
Some country poet with a stock of plays.
He brings his ware to sell when the fair's done.

[*Knocking again.*

PLAY. Some university muse is in hard labour,
And she takes our Tire-woman for a midwife.
Open the door!——

[*Exit* HOUS-K. *and enter again with* MONSIEUR.

MONS. Be you von, two, tree of de teatre?

HOUS-K. We are standing properties of the play-house,

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Which, in vacation, lye in pawn for the rent.
MONS. Dat is vel! bi de bill de house is to let.
PLAY. 'Tis to let! but you, Sir, knock'd so hard
As if you meant to take it by assault.
MONS. Sir, me beseesh your pardon, and vill give
De good mony vor de rent dis vacation.
HOUS.-K. What would you do in't? we must like your trade
Before we let our shop, lest we should ride
With John Dory* to Paris to seek rent.
MONS. Mi vil make presentation of de farce.
TIRE-W. Farces, what be those? New French bobs for ladies?
PLAY. Pray, peace! I understand the gentleman.
Your farces are a kind of mongrel plays.
But, sir, I believe all French farces are
Prohibited commodities, and will
Not pass current in England.
MONS. Sir, pardon me! de Engelis be more
Fantastique den de Fransh. De farce
Bi also very fantastique, and vil passe.
PLAY. The Monsieur's in the right; for we have found
Our customers of late exceeding humorous.
MONS. De vise nation bi for tings heroique,
And de fantastique, vor de farce!
TIRE-W. I like not that these French *pardonney moys*
Should make so bold with old England.
HOUS.-K. Peace, woman! We'll let the house, and get money.
PLAY. But how will your French farce be understood?
For all our travell'd customers are gone
To take the air with their own wives, beyond
Hide-Park a great way; a homely country mode

* A French private, whose name was proverbial.

Of their fore-fathers.

TIRE-W. With grief we speak it ;
They may be asham'd to leave their poor mistresses
And us behind 'em without customers.

PLAY. Pray, save your tears for our next tragedy.
The Monsieur's all for merry farces, but,
As I said, sir, how shall we understand 'em ?

MONS. Me have a troop of French Comœdiens
Dat speak a little very good Engelis.

TIRE-W. Bless us ! a troop ?

PLAY. Woman, thou art no linguist ; they in France
Call a company of players, a troop.*

TIRE-W. I thought he had ta'en our long Tennis-Court
For a stable.

PLAY. And you are shelling beans for his horses. [*Knocking without again.*

HOUS.-K. Our bill at the door draws in more customers. [*Exit House-Keeper.*

PLAY. House-Keeper, look out !
Monsieur, you may draw up your troop of farceurs
Within the pales ; they may chance to give us
A short trial of their prowess in poetry.

MONS. Vel, sir, you sall see trange ting.
[*Exit Monsieur.*

PLAY. Who is't that knock'd ?

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER.

HOUS.-K. Nay, there's a couple !

PLAY. What are they ?

HOUS.-K. Men in their shirts doing penance
For the most scandalous sin of poverty ;
Two very hot fencers without doublets :

* "We say a troop of thieves, a troop of beggars, and a troop of authors ; but learn to say a company of comedians ! "—*Gil Blas.* 3 *vols.*, 8*vo*, *Lond.* 1802. Vol. i., p. 309.

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They would hire our Play-house.

PLAY. For what use?

HOUS.-K. For a school, where they'd teach the art of duel,
Which is a fit trade in the long vacation:
For nothing makes young gentlemen so quarrelsome
As want of money.

PLAY. Tell 'em the Red Bull * stands empty for fencers:
There are no tenants in it but old spiders.
Go, bid the men of wrath allay their heat
With prizes there.

HOUS.-K. I told 'em of Pancras-Church, where their scholars,

* The Red Bull Theatre was situated in St. John Street, Clerkenwell.

It was at this house that "Green's Tu quoque" was originally produced. That comedy is by Cooke, and was called the City Gallant, but the inimitable acting of Green in the part of Bubble, whose answer to every complaint is "Tu quoque," occasioned the alteration of title. Green is said to have been an excellent clown. He appeared at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in his celebrated character in 1665, shortly before the production of the present piece, in which, in all probability, he also performed.

That theatres were occasionally let for sword exercise is shewn by Pepys. "June 1st, 1663. The duke having been a-hunting to-day, and so lately come home and gone to bed, we could not see him, and we walked away, and I with Sir J. Minnes, to the Strand May-pole; and there light out of his coach, and walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life; and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood; and other deadly blows they did and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three boutes at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every boute. So, well pleased for once with this sight, I walked home."

When they have kill'd one another in duel,
Have a Church-yard to themselves for their dead.
[*Knocking again.*
PLAY. Bid 'em march off! [*Exit House-Keeper.*
We'll let this Theatre and build another, where,
At a cheaper rate, we may have room for scenes.
Brainford's * the place!
Perhaps 'tis now somewhat too far i' th' suburbs;
But the mode is for builders to work slight and fast;
And they proceed so with new houses,
That old London will quickly overtake us.

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER, MUSICIAN, *and* PORTER *bearing cases for instruments.*

HOUS.-K. I've brought the man, who, without the merchandize of two Cats, shall make us all rich Whittingtons.

PLAY. Hey, what have we here?
A load of tombs for dead fiddles?

MUS. I find, sir, by your bills, you'd let the Play-house.

PLAY. We would find means to live, this dead vacation.

MUS. That is, you wou'd have a good round rent for it.

PLAY. Which you'll scarce pay by playing Sellinger's-round.

MUS. Your wit, sir, will never grow up to madness:
'Tis only the fume of an empty stomach.
You may recover in the Term, when you

* Brentford, then a common place of resort of the citizens of London, and now commemorated chiefly by Cowper's ballad of John Gilpin.

Luke Sparkes, the comedian, is buried here, as well as Henry Giffard, Garrick's contemporary, and his wife, an actress of much repute.

Get money to get meat.
PLAY. Prettily well said. But however, sir,
You should have been sure of our shop before
You brought in your ware.
MUS. Rest you merry!
There is another Play-house to let in Vere-street.
HOUS.-K. This man of music has more in his head
Than mere crotchets. I pray a word, sir:
I am the House-Keeper.
MUS. You may sleep out your office, sir,
Y'are not like to be wak'd with visitants.
[*Going out.*
PLAY. Sir, under your favour, let's not part thus.
Please but to clear the mist which you brought with you.
MUS. Well, sir, be brief!
PLAY. Why came you with such confidence to take
The house, as made you bring your furniture
Before we treated for the rent?
MUS. Because I thought you had been more in love
With your profit, than with your wit.
PLAY. Ay, that's the point! Whence should our profits rise?
MUS. I meant to entertain the people with
A novelty; which I suppose is no
Ill bait for those small fishes, which I thought
Mine own, and purpos'd you a share i' th' net.
PLAY. But what's the composition of your bait?
MUS. I would have introduced heroique story
In *Stilo Recitativo.*
PLAY. In *Stilo Recitativo*? 'tis well;
I understand you, sir. But do you think
That natural?
MUS. Because 'tis not in custom,

You therefore think, sir, it is out of nature?
PLAY. It seems so, sir, to me, unless you would
Metamorphose men into birds. Suppose
I should not ask, but sing you now a question,
And you should instantly sing me answer;
Would you not think it strange?
MUS. Well, sir, as how? [*Plays and sings.*
PLAY. Take out your watch, and tell me, sir, the hour?
Then you reply,
My watch, sir, is at pawn, but 'tis past four.
MUS. Your heart is good, sir, but y'are an ill mimic
In music, and your voice does breed some doubt
Of your virginity.
PLAY. You'd make me blush
If there were strangers here; but if you please
Cease your rebukes, and proceed to instruction.
MUS. Recitative music is not compos'd
Of matter so familiar, as may serve
For every low occasion of discourse.
In tragedy, the language of the stage
Is rais'd above the common dialect;
Our passions rising with the height of verse;
And vocal music adds new wings to all
The flights of poetry. [*Knocking within again.*
HOUS.-K. Look out again! There's a fresh customer. [*Exit Tire-Woman*
PLAY. Be pleas'd, sir, to retire awhile, and tune
Your instruments. You shall make trial of
The length and depth of all the ears we have.
MUS. I'll chuse the women's tiring-room for privacy.
PLAY. You may; for they are gone, sir, to rob orchards,
And get the green-sickness in the country.
[*Exeunt Musician and Porter at the one door.*

Enter TIRE-WOMAN *at the other.*

TIRE-W. There's such a crowd at door, as if we had
A new play of Gundamar.*

PLAY. See who they be!

[*Exit House-Keeper.*

Our bill has been up but two days, and I perceive
We shall have use again of our wardrobe.
Go, woman! drive away the moths;
For they are grown as big as butterflies.

[*Exit Tire-woman.*

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER *with a* DANCING MASTER.

HOUS.-K. All the dry old fools of Bartholomew fair
Are come to hire our house. The German fool,
Yan Boridge of Hamb'rough, and numberless
Jack-puddings; the new motion men of Norwich,
Op'ra-puppets; the old gentlewoman
That professes the galliard on the rope;
Another rare Turk that flies without wings;
Rich jugglers with embroider'd budgets; hoop-men,
And so many tom-tumblers that you'd think
Lincolns-Inn-Field a forest of wild apes.

PLAY. Your tumblers may trot hence, your jugglers too
May e'en pass and repass away to Southwark;
But, till the nation be more civiliz'd,
Your Fool and Devil may be entertain'd;
They'll get money; none now but very choice
Spectators will vouchsafe to see a play
Without 'm. Pray, what is that gentleman?

* Referring, no doubt, to "A game at chess," by Middleton, the character of the Black Knight being intended for Gondomar, who was Spanish ambassador in England—the active instrument to advance the match of Prince Charles with the Infanta.

HOUS.-K. Not a spectator, sir; but one that would
Fain hire our house to draw spectators hither.
PLAY. What is your mystery?
DAN. MA. Historical dancing.
PLAY. How? High history upon ropes?
DANC. MA. Fie no, sir; I'm for down-right plain history
Exprest in figures on the floor, a kind
Of morals in dumb shows by men and beasts.
PLAY. Without any interpreter?
DANC. MA. Pardon me, sir; the audience now and then
Must be inform'd by chorus's in rhyme.
PLAY. O, dumb-shows with speeches?
DANC. MA. Yes, sir, the same: but very short.
PLAY. I apprehend you, sir, if these be not
Novelties, I'll to the sea, and straight seek out
A new world to find 'em. These will take rarely.
HOUS.-K. We'll buy shovels to keep our money from rusting.
PLAY. Well, my dear fantastic friends of London,
Who love novelty, and would scorn to look
Even on the moon, but that she changes often
And becomes new; I hope we shall please you now.
[*Knock again.*
HOUS.-K. Another man of mystery!
[*Exit Hous.-K.*
PLAY. Sir, pass the back way over to the Grange;
An inn where you may bait your men and beasts;
And we'll be for you straight.
[*Exit Danc. Ma.*

Enter, at the other door, HOUSE-KEEPER.

HOUS.-K. Here is one goodman John Leyden desires

To speak with you; and he does promise great
satisfaction
By a word to the wise.
PLAY. Tell him, the wise are not at leisure now
To hear his sov'reignship. What would he have?
HOUS.-K. He would hire the turband, sceptre,
and
Throne of our Solyman the Magnificent; and reign
This long vacation over all the dominions
In Portugal-Row.*
PLAY. He was an enemy
To the exil'd Comics. I will not hear him.
HOUS.-K. Consider well! He'll draw spectators
hither.
PLAY. Yes, such as will give no more to see him
here
Than in the street to see a blazing star.
Money is the main material of rent:
Your kings of Munster pay in prophecies only.
HOUS.-K. He has a ream of paper about him:
They are bills of exchange or prophecies.
PLAY. Bills of exchange sign'd long ago at
Munster.†

* Solyman the Magnificent is one of the characters in the "Siege of Rhodes," then recently performed at the theatre in Portugal Row.—*See the Play itself* in our third volume.

† John Buckhold, otherwise called John of Leyden, was a butcher there: "a crafty fellow, very eloquent, very perfect in the Scriptures, subtle, confident, more changeable than Proteus, a serious student of sedition,—briefly, a most fervent anabaptist,"—John Mathias, a baker of Haarlem, calling himself a prophet, appointed him his successor, in 1534, the anabaptists with Mathias as their chief leader having, in the earlier part of the year, taken possession of Munster, and repulsed the Bishop's forces who besieged it, with a loss of 4000 men. Buckhold assumed the magistracy, exercised great cruelty, allowed polygamy, took to himself three wives, one being Mathias' widow, whom he afterwards dignified by the title of Queen, on his creating himself King of Munster, which he did after another new prophet, one John Tuysentschreuer, a goldsmith of Warendorp, had foreshadowed such a

Bid him be gone!

HOUS.-K. He's not such an enemy to the Comics,

As one without is a foe to him;

One who desires admittance too.

PLAY. What is he?

HOUS.-K. A man of metre, a poet.

PLAY. Dismiss your doling, and let in your poet.

We must be ever civil to the Muses.

HOUS.-K. The poet has a special train behind him;

Though they look lean and empty,

Yet they seem very full of invention.

PLAY. Let him enter! and send his train to our House-inn, the Grange. [*Exit House-Keeper.*

result. This man proclaimed in the market place that the "most holy prophet, John Buckhold of Leyden, was to be exalted to kingly dignity, and that he should inherit the eternal seat of his father David, and should possesse it with farre greater majesty." This Buckhold kneeling down said, that "so much had been revealed to him from God the Father ten dayes before; though it was against his inclination to undertake the difficulties of government." After being invested with all the regalia of supreme authority, he degraded the twelve councillors of state, and appointed his own officers. His titles were, "the King of Justice, the King of the New Jerusalem." He caused money to be coined, and all things were to be common among his followers. The aim of the Anabaptists was universal monarchy. They attempted to take Amsterdam during the night of the 10th May 1535, but were worsted. Shortly afterwards the city of Munster itself was betrayed to the Bishop for a sum of money by Buckhold's confidant, John Longstrat. After a firm resistance and much bloodshed, Buckhold and several of his confederates were taken, and, in January 1536, were brought to execution, being fastened to a stake and pulled piecemeal by two executioners, "with pincers red-hot out of the fire." Thereafter their carcases were put into iron baskets, and hung out of the tower of St. Lambert, "as anathemas of eternal example." *See* "Apocalypsis: or, the Revelation of certain notorious advancers of Heresie." Appended to Ross's Pansebeia. Lond. 1655. 12mo.

John of Leyden is the hero of Meyerbere's opera "Le Prophete."

Virgil himself, as ancient poets say,
Was once a groom, and liv'd by oats and hay.

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER *and* POET.

POET. The bill upon your door shews that
Your house was not of late much haunted.
HOUS.-K. Not with play-visitors, nor is it now
With spirits, for you see none are afraid
To hire it.
POET. I did not suspect, sir, it could be haunted
With spirits, for you players never hide money.
PLAY. You poets do; for, 'tis but seldom, sir,
That any has been found about ye.
POET. D'you set up of your selves, and profess wit
Without help of your authors? Take heed, sirs!
You'll get few customers.
HOUS.-K. Yes, we shall have the Poets.
POET. 'Tis because they pay nothing for their entrance.
But, my friends, leave off the endeavour to
Grow witty without occasion. I pray
Be in earnest. Do you mean to get money?
PLAY. That's the cause why we endeavour at wit.
POET. Wit will not do your work alone.
You must have something of a newer stamp to make your
Coin current. Your old great images of
Love and honour are esteem'd but by some
Antiquaries now. You should set up with that
Which is more new. What think you
Of romances travestie?
PLAY. Explain yourself!
POET. The garments of our fathers you must wear
The wrong side outward, and in time it may

Become a fashion.

HOUS.-K. It will be strange, and then 'tis sure to take.

POET. You shall present the actions of the heroes,
Which are the chiefest themes of tragedy,
In verse burlesque.

PLAY. Burlesque and travestie? These are hard words,
And may be French, but not law-French.*
Take heed, sir, what you say; you may be question'd for't.
We would do nothing, sir, but what is legal.

HOUS.-K. If it be French, I pray translate it to us.

PLAY. Good sir, no French translation till the Term;
It is too precious for vacation-ware.
Most of the men of judgment are retir'd
Into the country, and the remainder that
Are left behind, come here not to consider
But to be merry at such obvious things
As not constrain 'em to the pains of thinking.

POET. Would you avoid translations out of French?

PLAY. We had a trial here of so much force
As human wit could bring, but truly, sir,
The number of our customers, for whom
Our shop is chiefly open in vacation,
Affect commodities of lesser price.

POET. You meet my judgment in a direct line.

PLAY. The French convey their arguments too much
In dialogue: their speeches are too long.

POET. Indeed, such single length in their debates
Bears some resemblance with that famous duel,
Which, in the fields of Finsbury, was fought.

* The Reports of the Law pleadings in the Courts in England were, for a long time, printed in French.

Whilome at Rovers with long bow and arrows :
It began at day-break, and ended at
Sun-setting ; whilst they each did gather up
The weapons which the other shot, and sent
Them back again with like effect.*

PLAY. Such length of speeches seem not so unpleasing
As the contracted walks of their designs,

POET. Which are as narrow as the allies in
Our City-gardens.

PLAY. I perceive you take the
Air sometimes within the walls of London.

POET. If I agree with you in finding your
Disease, it is some sign that I may know
Your remedy ; which is the travestie,
I mean burlesque, or, more t'explain my self,
Would say, the mock-heroique must be it
Which draws the pleasant hither i'th' vacation,
Men of no malice who will pay for laughter.
Your busy Termers come to theatres,
As to their lawyer's chambers, not for mirth,
But, prudently, to hear advice.

PLAY. You'd take our house for poetry-burlesque ?

POET. I would, and introduce such folly as shall
Make you wise ; that is, shall make you rich.

* Rovers : arrows shot with an elevation generally at 45 degrees. There were marks on the target also so called. An Act was passed in Edward IV. for butts to be erected in every township, where the inhabitants were obliged to shoot up and down on feast days, or forfeit a halfpenny for every omission. Several statutes were made to promote archery in Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which were strictly enforced till Charles II., who was himself an archer, and who issued a commission to the Lord Mayor and certain of his privy-council to prevent the fields near London being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary, and profitable exercise of shooting." So late as 1753, targets were erected in Finsbury Fields during the Easter or Whitsun holidays, for shooting at with the long bow.

PLAY. Well, we'll be content, like other rich fools,
To be laught at. There is an old tradition
That in the times of mighty Tamberlane,
Of conjuring Faustus, and the Beauchamps bold,
You poets us'd to have the second day.*
This shall be ours, sir, and to-morrow yours.
POET. I'll take my venture. 'Tis agreed!
PLAY. You bring materials with you to set up?
POET. My mock-burlesquers are without.
PLAY. Conduct 'em to the wardrobe, sir, where you
May take your choice of clothes and properties;
Only give way, sir, to your predecessors:
The proverb does appoint the first that come
To be first serv'd. Here is a Monsieur with
His farce; A spiritual musician too
With his seraphic colloquies exprest
In stilo recitativo.
HOUS.-K. And historical dancers that disperse

* The author's night (or benefit) was after this the first night. Subsequently, the third night—latterly no night at all. And finally, in these days, many managers of theatres, who are for the most part speculative adventurers, with no care for the literature of the stage, strive in every possible way to get new pieces without any consideration whatever. This, by the way. the first day of a new play the prices of admission seem to have been raised; and this was the practice on the benefit nights of authors to the end of the seventeenth century.

Tamberlaine the Great; or the Scythian Shepherd, is a tragedy in two parts by Christopher Marlowe. 4to, 1590-1593. Dr Faustus's Tragical History is also by Marlowe. 4to, 1604. The Bold Beauchamps is an old play, supposed to have been lost. It is mentioned in the Knight of the Burning Pestle: "My husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth to carry me to the Bold Beauchamps, but in truth he did not." In the Goblins the 1st thief alludes to "the author of the Bold Beauchams and England's Joy." The prologue to the Dumb Lady avers that people formerly came to the theatre, "to cry up the Bold Beauchamps of the stage." The "Bold Beauchamps" is also spoken of in the Epilogue to "Every man in his Humour as revived."

Morality by speeches in dumb-shows.

POET. Well, I will take my turn. I must come last.

But, to declare my self a linguist, sir,
I dare pronounce, *Finis coronat opus.* [*Exit Poet.*

Enter TIRE-WOMAN *at the other door.*

TIRE-W. The crowd are hast'ning to our doors, as if——

PLAY. It were to see an old acquaintance hang'd.
What is the bus'ness ?

TIRE-W. They would come in, and see
Strange things for nothing.

HOUS.-K. They follow'd the porter that
Brought the load of music.

PLAY. A man may bring a pageant through the streets
As privately upon my Lord Mayor's day,
As a burden of viol-cases hither.

TIRE-W. The fat gentleman desires he may come in ;
He that has but one hand.

PLAY. He is our constant friend ;
A very kind and hearty spectator ;
One who ne'er fails to clap at ev'ry play.

HOUS-K. How can he clap with one hand ?

PLAY. 'Troth, the good man makes shift by laying his
Plump cheek thus . . . then with such true affection
Does so belabour it. He shall come in.
Woman ! bid him hasten to the back-door.

HOUS.-K. We have some half hearted friends who clap softly
As if they wore furr'd mittens.

PLAY. We must provide our party 'gainst to-morrow ;
Watch at the doors before the play begins,

And make low congèes to the cruel critics
As they come in ; the poets should do that ;
But they want breeding, which is the chief cause
That all their plays miscarry.

HOUS.-K. There is least malice in the Upper Gallery,
For they continually begin the plaudit.

PLAY. We'll hire a dozen laundry-maids and there
Disperse 'em, wenches that use to clap linen ;
They have tough hands, and will be heard.

HOUS.-K. They shall be heard, or else we'll make 'em bring
Their laundry-battledores.

PLAY. Go, Guardian of the house, bestir your self !

HOUS.-K. And bid our new projectors to make haste.
If you will lend 'em clothes and properties,
I'll fit some of our scenes for their occasions.

PLAY. Let them begin in order, and to work !
This is their day of trial, whilst we sit
Like two judicious magistrates of wit.
The Spanish poet had six hours to do
What we dull English undertake in two.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter GORGIBUS, CELIE *weeping*, SERVANT.

CELIE. Ah tinke not myn art vill consant to dat.

GORG. Doe you grom-bell littel impertinant ?
Vat, vould your young fantasque braine govarne mi
Raison paternell ? Vich sold give de law

De fader or de chile! You sold be glad
Of such a husband. You will say you be ignorant
Of his humeur, bute you know he is rish.
He has terty tousant duckat, and derefore
Is honest gentill man.

CELIE. Helas! my arte!

GORG. If de colere sund mi transport. I sund
Make you sing helas in anoder façon.
Dis is de fruit of de romance: fling me
In de fire dos papiers dat vill your head
Vit colibets, end rede de stanzas of Pibrac,
End de tablets of de Consilier Matieu,
Viche vill teach you to follow mi direction.
Am I not Gorgibus your vader!

CELIE. Ah, vader, vill you dat I forgete d'amitié
Dat I vow to Lelie? I sond be blame
If vit out your consant I dispose myn person,
Bute your self did give myn fait to his oat.

GORG. Lelie is vell accomplis, bute all ting
Must submit to de good occasion of
Richess; de rishe person vill come dis nite,
If I see you regard him vit de helas
I sall——vell, I say no more—— [*Exit.*

SERV. Madam, I finde tis convaniant to have
De husband to ly vit one in de cold nite.
De ivc berry viche show finely on de tree
Ven separate is good for no noting; peace be
Vit myn dead Martin. I did tinke it redicule
To use de cerimony of airing de sheet
In de vinter, bute now I shake and quiver
In de dog days.

CELIE. Sall I comit de forfat of de vow
In abandon Lelie vor dis uglea person?

SERV. Your Lelie is but ass to let his
Voyage stop him so long, de length of his distance
Make me sugest some shange.

CELIE. Ah do not sink me dead vit de presage.

SERV. I know you love him mush tenterly.
[*Celie draws forth Lelie's Picture and gazing on it falls into a sound.**
Madam, from vence procede dis? Ah! ce falls
Into a sonde! Hey quickely, Ho la!
Help, some bodey!

Enter SGANARELLE.

SGAN. Vat is de matter?
SERV. Myn maitresse is dying.
SGAN. Is dat all? I did tink all vas lost to hear
Sush cry; but mi vill aprosh her. Madam, tell me
If you be dead. Hey! see say noting.
Can I believe her vit out her vorde?
SERV. I vill veche some body to carry her a vay.
Vill you old her up? [*Exit Servant.*
SGAN. See is cold every vere. I vill feel if
Her mout give de breat. Leta me feel a littel.
[*Lays his hand on her breast.*
By my trot me know not, but me doe finde
Some sign of de life———
[*Sganarelle's Wife looks out of the window.*
WIFE. Ah! vat I see, a damoselle in de armes
Of myn usband? I will goe doone. He betray me,
Ende I will surprise de villaine husband.
SGAN. Vee must depesh to sucor her; she vil
Be to blame to let her self dy: to goe
To toder vorlt is grand sottise van vee
May tarry in dis. [*Exit carrying her out.*

Enter SGANARELLE'S *Wife.*

WIFE. Ha! is he already flay vay vit his
Dilicate minion? Mi vonder not mushe
At de strange coldness of his late affection.
De ingrate doe reserve his caresse for oder.
Ah, how angry be I dat de law does not

* Swoon.

Permet de vife change husband as de smock :
Dat voud be commode. But vat doe I find ?
De enamail is singuliar, de graving
Charming ; me vill open it.— [*Opens the picture.*

Enter SGANARELLE.

SGAN. Dey tought her dead and see is live again
As de harang in de sea. Ha ! myn vife here !

WIFE. O, Even ! a picture of man, of fine personage ! [*Sganarelle looks over his wife's shoulder.*

SGAN. Vat does see consider vit so mush attention ?
Dis picture speaks no good ting to myn honeur ;
I feel de littel horne on mi bro.

WIFE. De vorke is more vort den de gold. It smells sueet.

SGAN. Vat a plague ! does see kiss it ?

WIFE. Vou voud not be attacque by sush fine man ?
Ah vy has not myn usband sush bon mien ?
But myn usband has de vil'd palt-pate.

SGAN. Ah, curr beesh ! [*Snatches the picture from her.*
Doe mi surprise you in your vantones,
In meditation to injure your usband ?
Is not myn morsell sufficiant to
Stay your stomach, but must you taste de
Haut gout of a gallant ?

WIFE. Dat is good jeast ; you tink bi 'tis finees
To evade myn complaint.

SGAN. Let oders be made tom-fool, de case is
Plane in myn hand, a token of your amours.

WIFE. Min anger has already too mush occasion,
Tink not to keep dat from me.

SGAN. May I not as vell make mush of de
Copye, as you of de original ?

WIFE. Verefore you say dis ? you keep de

Mistris in your arms. Vell I can see your trick.
SGAN. 'Tis is de fine boy, de minion of de
Bed, de dainty drolle vit vome.—
WIFE. Vit vome? proceed.—
SGAN. Vit vome, I sall tell tee in time.
WIFE. Vat does de good man drunkard means by tis?
SGAN. Goody slutt, you understand me too vell.
My name sall be no more Monsieur Sganarelle,
But mi lore cuckol; mi sall make your body less
By vone arme, and two ribe.
WIFE. You dare continue dis discours to put
Me off, of de tought of your mistris.
SGAN. And you dare play me dis divellis trick.
WIFE. Vat divilis trick, speaka?
SGAN. 'Tis not vort myn labeur to complaine now,
Bute you provide myn brou vit a fine
Feadar of a buck.
WIFE. Vell, after you give me de most sensible injure
Dat can invite a voman to great vengeance,
You voud amuse me vit counterfeit anger
To prevent d'effect of myn resentment?
You make de offence, and begin de quarrel.
SGAN. Rare impudence, you carry it cunningly
To make me tink you virtuous voman.
WIFE. Go to your mistresses and caress dem!
Bute returne myn picture vit out more trick.
[*She snatches away the picture and runs out.*
SGAN. You tink to scape me, bute I vill ave it once more. [*Runs after.*

Enter LELIE.

LELIE. Myn arte does abandon me too mush
To feare. De fader has promesse allways,
And Celie has manifesse dat love
Viche support myn hope.

Enter SGANARELLE.

SGAN. I ave got it from de baggage, mi vife.
[*Starts at the sight of Lelie, and compares the picture with his face.*
De devil is not so like de devil, as dat face is to dis.
Dat is de villain dat make me de trange
Ting call'd de cuckol.
[*Lelie spies the picture in his hands.*
LELIE. Vat do I see ! if dis bi myn picture.
Ah Celie vat soud I tink of ti love ? [*Aside.*
SGAN. Ah pauvre Sganarelle, to vat destine
Is dy reputation expose now ? [*Aside.*
LELIE. Dis token does alarme mi credence.
[*Aside.*
Is it departed from de fair hand
To viche I gave it one time ?
SGAN. I sall be discern'd between two fingers,
In de ballade vit horns on mi bro. [*Aside.*
LELIE. Do myn eies deceive myn heart ? [*Aside.*
SGAN. Ah villain, hast dow de courage to make
A cuckol of Sganarelle in de fleur of his age. [*Aside.*
LELIE. Myn eyes dos not sheate me ; tis myn own picture. [*Sganarelle turning his back to him.*
SGAN. De man is cunning.
LELIE. Myn surprise is exceeding.
SGAN. Vat voud he ave ?
LELIE. I vill accost him. [*Aside.*
May I——Hey ! of grace, a vord ? [*Aside.*
SGAN. Vat vould he say ?
LELIE. May I obtain de faveur to know now
How dat picture came to your hand ?
SGAN. Pardon me ; I vill advise a littel——
[*He compares the picture and Lelie's face together.*
Begar ! 'tis mi man, or rader 'tis
Mi Vive's man !
LELIE. Put me out of paine and say from vome it came.

SGAN. Dis picture viche does vex you is your resemblance.
It vas in de hand of your acquaintance.
De sweet ardeur betweene mi lady and you is known
To me, bute I sall desire you hereafter
To maks no more sush kine of love to injure
De husband, and to abuse our marriage.
LELIE. Vat! do you meane her, from vome you had dis token?
SGAN. See is myn vife, and I am her husband.
LELIE. Her husband?
SGAN. Yes, her husband; and a very melancholique
Husband; you know de occasion,
And I sall acquaint her parents vit it. [*Exit.*
LELIE. Ah vat have I heard? I vas told her new espouse
Vas ugly as de devil. After tousant protestation
From de unfaitful mout couds don shange me
For sush a vile object? Dis sensible affront
Togeder vit de toyle of mine long voyage
Does give me on de sodains a chocque of sush
Violence dat min arte begin to fail.

Enter SGANARELLE'S *Wife.*

WIFE. I vill seek min perfidious husband. Did you not see
An ugly knave pass dis vay?——Helas!
Vat is it dat troubell dis fine gentelman?
You are ready to fall down vit sickness.
LELIE. 'Tis sickness dat take me on de sodaine.
WIFE. I be feare you vil fall in de sound.
In compassion let me lead you to the porch of myn house;
You may sit down a vile to recover.
LELIE. Vor a moment I accept dis faveur.

Enter SGANARELLE.

[*Spies them at his porch.*

SGAN. Ah! vat do I see? I dy! dere is no question
Of de copye of de picture, now I finds
Myn vife vit de original. I not
Dare enter in mine house, vor fear of mine collere
And vor more fear dat his collere should be
Greater than mine own.———

WIFE. Maks not sush haste avay, your sicknesse
If you depart so soon vil take you agen.

LELIE. No, no, I give you all tank imaginarie
Vor dis obligeing favour. I am recover'd.

[*Exit Wife.*

SGAN. Dis is cunning! dey disguise all vit civillitees.
He perceive me; let see vat he vill say.

Enter CELIE, *and* LELIE *gazes on her.*

LELIE. Myn art revive, dis object mi inspire,
But I soud now myn selve condamne vor myn
Injust transport; see can not be blame.
It be de error of fortune dat vill
No let me ave a vife so delicate. [*Exit.*

[SGAN. *sees not* CELIE, *but looks after* LELIE'S *going out.*

SGAN. Ven he casts seep eyes toward myn house,
Den I soud tink he voud make me one ram.

CELIE. Lelie has appear just now to myn eye;
Myn cruel fader has conceal from me
His return from his voyage.

SGAN. Vat myn vife doe may be in civilitie
And compliment to him; de compliment
Be good sometime; but 'tis no good façon
To make de usband cuckol. Vel, sal I
Lament vit out revange?

CELIE. Sir, de gentilman dat vas before you
Just now, vere did you know him?

SGAN. Helas! 'tis not mi, madam, dat know him,
But it is he dat know myn vife.
CELIE. Vat does give tro-bell to your esprit?
SGAN. Madam, I ave great disposition to cry.
Sganarelle is rob of his honeur, bute
Figa for honeur, I be rob of myn reputation
Vit de nabeurs.
CELIE. Vit your permission tella me how?
SGAN. Dat young gentil-man, I speak it vit reverence
To his qualitee, make bole vit myn vife.
CELIE. He dat now pass by?
SGAN. De same; he make mushe of myn vife in corner.
CELIE. Ah! mi did judge dat his secret return
From his voyage vit out myn knowledge,
Vas presage of loose trick.
SGAN. Madam, you take myn part vit mushe sharitee,
You grieve vor poor cuckol, bute oders
Of de vicked vorlt made laugh at dem.
CELIE. O, Even! Is it possibel dat he tink
To live after dis perfidie?
SGAN. Madam, he is not dying: he is steal vay
To eat de good pottage to make him abel
To make me more cuckol.
CELIE. Ah traitre! vicked man vit dobill art,
End vit no soul.
SGAN. Mi not know if he have soul, bute mi
Vife be acquainted vit his body.
CELIE. No torture is sufficien vor his grand crime!
He deserve to ly on de rack.
SGAN. He doe ly already at rack an manger.
But dat doe him good and me hurt.
CELIE. Helas! de inconstancy!
SGAN. Hey! Bute de sigh vit out revange be

To no more propose den de bray of de ass.
[*Sighs aloud.*

CELIE. Ah, injure de art dat never vas infidel?

SGAN. De man dat make cuckol ave no justice.

CELIE. 'Tis too mushe, end de art cannot tink
On it vit out dying vit grief.

SGAN. Be not too mush in colere, Madam, I pray.
My grief give you too great impression.

CELIE. Tink not I vill dy vit out mi revenge;
I vill instantly about it. [*Exit.*

SGAN. Trange ting dat her goodness promps her to be
Revenge vor me! mi tink her anger does
Augment myn disgrace, and teach mi vat to doe.
Begar! I vill pe revange vit grand fury;
Bute, Sganarelle, softely if you please!
[*Steps two or three steps forwards and returns back.*
De cuckol-maker may be muche valiant,
And lay de baston on de back as he doe lay de
Horn on mi head. He may kill me;
'Tis better to ave de horn den no life.
If my vife has done injure, let her grieve:
Vy soud I cry dat doe no rong? But agen
I begin to be sensible and vil ave de vengeance,
And soundely, vor I vill virst tell de vorlt
Dat he ly vit myn vife. [*Exit.*

Enter GORGIBUS, CELIE, SERVANT.

CELIE. I am prepar'd to submit to your vill;
Dispose, fader, of myn vous and of me;
Ordonne mi vedding ven you please.

GORG. In trot, de joy of dis doe transport me.
If I not feel de gout my leg voud caper
Vor joy of your obediance; you make mi
Young as de chile, and I vill goe make de
Preparation to make you gette de chile. [*Exit.*

SERV. Dis shange be ting of vonder.

CELIE. Ven you sall know de motive dat constrain me
To dis façon of doing you vill not vonder mush.
SERV. Dat may vell be.
CELIE. Know Lelie invad myn art vit perfidie,
He is come from de voyage and vas vit——
SERV. Look vere he come.———

Enter LELIE.

LELIE. Before dat vor perpetual time I sall depart
From you, I sall reproshe you justly.
CELIE. Vat, can you ave de confidance
To speak vit me agen?
LELIE. If I soud not reproshe you for your choice,
I ver vicked man. Live! live constant
End make mushe of vort mor espouse.
CELIE. Vell, traitre! mi vill live, and mi desire
Soud be dat your arte be troubell to see it.

Enter SGANARELLE *in armour.*

SGAN. Begar! mi be desp-rate, end de-fy
Man, voman, and chile dat make de cuckol.
CELIE. Vat do you turn your eyes vit
Same end not anser mi?
LELIE. Ah I ave see too mush.
CELIE. Do dis object suffice to confond ti?
LELIE. But it oblizhe you to blush rader.
SGAN. My colere care not noo one littel
Pudding vor his valeur.
LELIE. Vat man be you dat tro-bill me, end make
Mi angry? vit vom vod you vite?
SGAN. Vit somebody, bute mi be cunning
As de devil and vill no tell.
LELIE. Vi be you armed in dis façon?
SGAN. Perhaps 'tis my façon vor fear it soud rain:
Vat contantmant it vod be to kill him

Sganarelle, tak corage !

LELIE. Vat you say ?

SGAN. Mi say notin bute about bussnes
Vit myn self. [*He beats his stomach and face.*

LELIE. Dat is strang man !

SGAN. If mi had tail like de lion, mi voud
Beat myn body into courage.

CELIE. Dat object soud make you ane shame,
From vich your eyes seem to be vonded.

LELIE. Yes, mi know bi dat object, dat you be
Guilty of infidelite inexcusable.

SGAN. Myn arte is littel as de pin head.

CELIE. Ah, cease before mi traitre dis
Cruel insolence in your discour.

SGAN. Begar ! see be more angry vor mi den
I be vor mi selve. Be generous, Sganarelle,
Ands kill him a littel as soon as he
Sall turn his back——

[*Lelie passing two or three steps without design, makes Sganarelle return, who did approach to kill him.*

LELIE. Celie, since myn discour move your colere,
I vill seem vell satisfait of your arte,
End praise de choice it has made.

CELIE. Yese, my choise is sush as noting can alter.

LELIE. Yese, you doe vell in defending it.

SGAN. See is stout voman end does vel to defend
Myn cause. Sir, your amours bi not legall.
But I'm vise, else strange slaughter voud proceed.

LELIE. From vence dis plaint end brutal anger ?

SGAN. Myn vife is myn in publique and yours in privat.

LELIE. Sush sugestion be redicule.

CELIE. Ah traitre ! dou know vell to disembel.

LELIE. Vat, be you also angry because mi
Teach him discretion ?

CELIE. Make your discour to him : he know too mush.

SGAN. In trot, madam, you oblige mi vit your Trobel in mi defence.

Enter SGANARELLE'S *Wife and speaks to Celie.*

WIFE. Vell, ave I found you now one oder time? Mi see vat doe passe ; bute you soud doe vell Not to seduce de heart of myn veak usband.

CELIE. Vat is de occasion of dis tempeste?

WIFE. You ave as mush conscience as de devil, Ven he be seeke vith eating vlesh on Fryday.

CELIE. Vat conscience? speaka boldly.

SGAN. No body send for your company, Caroyne. Doe you kerelle vit her vor defending mi? Dont fear, dy gallante sall be taken avay.

CELIE. Go! be not fear mi ave sush intantion. Dis be vone extraordinarie dreame.

LELIE. Vat extravagance be dis?

[*Turning towards Celie.*

SERV. Vat be de end of dese galantries?

[*Servant steps between Lelie & her mistress.*

De more mi listen de lesse mi understand, I see mi must be concerne.

LELIE. Vel, vat you say?

SERV. Make response in order and leta me speak. Vat is it dat you reprosh to my maitresse?

LELIE. De infidel has change me vor anoder. End upon de rumour of her being mary'd Mi vas transport vit grief not to be egall'd.

SERV. Marry'd? to vome?

LELIE. To dat vonderfull gentilman.

[*Points to Sganarelle.*

SERV. Vat, to him?

LELIE. Yese, en verite!

SERV. Voo told you sush ting?

LELIE. Himselve.

SGAN. Begarr! dis be true as de sun shina,
Dat I may be marry'd to myn vife.
LELIE. Mi did see you vit great tro-bell of
Arte snash myn picture.
SGAN. Vell, end here it be!
LELIE. You tolda me de person from vome
You did snash dis token, vas bond to you
Vit de knot of mariage.
SGAN. Mi vas cunning to snash it; vor
Vit out dat, mi nevair discover her vile amour.
WIFE. Vat story bi tis? mi found it by shance
Under myn veet; and presantly after
Mi got monsieur in his veaknesse into myn house.
Mi know not vome de picture resemble.
[*Shewing it Lelie.*
CELIE. I vas de cause of dis adventure
Of de picture; vor mi let it fall ven mi
Vas by your care convey to your house.
SERV. Vit out me dere had bin strange misprision.
SGAN. Sall vee take dis as currant money of France,
End tink de horne vas imaginaire?
WIFE. Myn fear is not depart so quickaly.
SGAN. Bi mi trot, let us tink our selve onest peuple.
Accept wit out delay de berregaine propose.
WIFE. Take heed den of de cudgel, if I learn new ting
Of your design in corner.
[*Celie having talkt aside with Lelie.*
CELIE. O, Evens! if it be so, vat ave I done?
Vor tinking you vit out true fait, mi ave
Take in revange de unhappy resolution
Viche I did alvay reject. Mi ave promesse
To myn vader——bute here he come.

Enter GORGIBUS.

LELIE. Mi vill speak vit him. Sir, you see me return
Vit myn first ardeur of true love, end nou
Mi hope you vill accomplis your promesse
Touchant mi mariage vit Celie.

GORG. Sir, I see you return vit de same ardeur,
Bute mi resolution ave found occasion———
Sir, your hum-bill serviteur!

LELIE. Vat, sir, vill you shange myn felicitie?

GORG. Yes, sir, myn daughter sall follow de law.

CELIE. Helas! how sall myn duty be expresse
Against de honeur of myn love?

GORG. Be dis spoken like de daughter to myn
Commandements. Vell, you vill den retreat from
Your inclination to monsieur Valere?———

Enter VILLEBREQUIN.

Bute dere be his vader! sure he is come
To condus de businesse.———Vat bring you here,
Monsieur Villebrequin?

VILLE. One important secret dat I be tell
Dis morning viche does break myn promess to you.
Mi son, vome your daughter did accept vor
Espouse, has in private deceiv'd us all.

GORG. Vat be de intantion of dis?

VILLE. He has bin espoused four mont to Lise,
End de lady being of goot alliance,
Mi vant de power to break de contract
Mi made to you.———

GORG. Vell, let it broken, if so, vit out
Your leave your son Valere be first ingage
To anoder; mi cannot conceal from you
Dat my selve did make promesse to my
Daughter, dat monsieur Lelie soud marry her,
Hoo is come richè in virtu from his voyage,

End sall ave her.

VILLE. De choice please me vell.

LELIE. End it vill crown myn life vit happiness.

Myn arte is leap out of min breast for joy.

SGAN. Did ever some body tink himself more
Cuckol den I. Vell, a vise man may be
Deceive sometime, derefore to de husbands
As a presant I sall dis council bring,
Dat is, tho you see all, believe no ting.

GORG. Bi mi trot, it sall be a new proverb,
End vor de joy of dis conclusion
Let us have a dance a la ronde.

VILLE. Mi vill make one.

GORG. Mi vill make two.

WIFE. And mi vill make vone, two, tree.

SGAN. Mi cannot dance, but sall veche one
Dat sall dance rare Saraband vit Castiniet.

[*Exit Sganarelle.*

They dance a la ronde. After the dance Sganarelle returns in a buffoon habit, and dances a jig. and so the farce ends.

The Song to the dance a la ronde.

1.

MRS GOSNEL. Ah, love is a delicate ting,
Ah, love is a delicate ting,
In vinter it gives de new spring.
Chorus. It makes de dull Dush vor to dance
Nimbell as Monsieur of France.

2.

MRS GOSNEL. And dough it often does make,
And dough it often does make
De head of de cuckol to ake;
Chorus. Yet let him bute vink at de lover,
And de pain vill quickly be over.

3.

MRS GOSNEL. De husband must still vink a little,
De husband must still vink a little,
And sometime be blind as a bee-
tell;
Chorus. And de vife too some time must be,
Ven he play trick as bline as he.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER, PLAYER.

PLAY. W'are now to take a farther voyage than
From England into France, and think
Our selves with Captain Drake in the West Indies.
HOUS.-K. Now we shall be in *Stilo Recitativo.*
I'm in a trance when I hear vocal music;
And in that trance inclin'd to prophecy
That 'twill bring us inundations of shillings.
PLAY. Thou understand'st recitative music
As much as a dray-horse does Greek.

THE
HISTORY OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Exprest by instrumental and vocal music, and by art of perspective in scenes, &c.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

An arch is discover'd, rais'd upon stone of rustic work; upon the top of which is written, in

an antick shield, PERU; and two antick shields are fix'd a little lower on the sides, the one bearing the figure of the sun, which was the scutcheon of the Incas, who were Emperors of Peru: The other did bear the spread-eagle, in signification of the Austrian family.*

THE FIRST ENTRY.

The preparation of the opening of the scene is by a prelude and corante. Afterwards the curtain rises by degrees to an ascending air, and a harbour is discern'd, (which was first discover'd by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, *and called by him Port-pheasant) where two ships are moor'd, and sea-carpenters are erecting a pinnace, whilst others are felling trees to build a fort. The narrowness to the entrance of the harbour may be observ'd, with rocks on either side; and out at sea a ship towing a prize. And likewise, on the top of a high tree, a mariner making his ken. This prospect is made through a wood, differing from those of European climates, by representing of coco-trees, pines, and palmetos. And on the boughs of other trees are seen monkies, apes, and parrots.*

The Introduction of the Entry is by a martial Saraband.

The SARABAND† *being ended, Enter* DRAKE *junior, and* BOATSWAIN.

DRA., *jun.* Climb, Boatswain, climb! and from the height

* In the original edition, 1659, here follows this note:—"This Frontispiece which belong'd to the late Representation; and it was convenient to continue it, our argument being in the same country." The reference here is to "the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," which, though originally produced first, now forms the next Act of this piece.

† *Saraband.* A Spanish Dance. "The several modifications of

Of that steep rock inform thy sight!
From yonder point our master call!
I'll here attend our Admiral. [*Exit Boatswain.*
The mist ascends, and south'rd it grows clear!
Methinks at distance somewhat does appear,
Which wakens us with hope.

BOATS. A sail! a sail!

DRA., *jun.* 'Tis English built, or else my sight does fail.

BOATS. (*within.*) Oho! Oho! another ship I spy,
And, by their course, both to this harbour ply.

DRA., *jun.* She low'rs her main-sail. Hark! the wind does rise!

BOATS. (*within.*) She now bears in, and she does tow a prize!

Enter DRAKE, *Senior.*

DRA., *sen.* To sea, to sea! man out the boat!

DRA., *jun.* It has not tide enough to float.

DRA., *sen.* Stir, mates! stir, stir! and bring more hands:
Shove, shove! and roll her o'er the sands!
Launch forth, and make your ken!
Both by her rigging and her mould
She brings her country-men;
And has a rich and heavy hold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a MARINER.

1 MAR. Ho, mate! ho, ho! what canst thou see
From the top-gallant of that tree?

MAR. (*within.*) The ship does anchor cast;
And now her boat does haste
To reach the shore.

1 MAR. What seest thou more?

this tune-playing quality in a fiddle, to play preludes, Sarabands, jigs, and gavots, are as much real qualities in the instrument as the thought is in the mind of the composer."—*Arbuthnot and Pope.*

MAR. (*within.*) Enough to make me hasten down :
For if my eyes prove true,
The bowels of Peru
Shall be ript up and be our own.
The lion Rouse is landed here !
1 MAR. I'll run to meet him at the pier.
A tun of yellow gold,
Conceal'd within our hold,
For half my share I scorn to take,
When he is join'd with Dragon-Drake. [*Exit.*

Two mariners having met with another newly landed, dance to a rustic air.

The dance being ended, Enter DRAKE *senior, Captain* ROUSE, DRAKE *junior, and* PAGE.

DRA., *sen.* Welcome to land, my brother of the sea !
From childhood rockt by winds and waves like me.
Who never canst a danger dread,
Since still in dang'rous tempests bred.
Yet still art safe and calm within thy breast,
As lovers who in shady coverts rest.
Thy fame about the world does make her flight,
And flies as swiftly as the wings of light.
ROU. My fame does lay her trumpet down,
When your's does publish your renown.
DRA., *sen.* What is your prize ?
ROU. 'Tis fraught with spies :
A carvel * rigg'd at Seville for this coast,
To fetch from hence
Intelligence ;
But, meeting me, she has her voyage lost.
DRA., *sen.* Brave friend, wilt thou now guided be
By that bright star which ushers me ?

* I gave them order, if they found any Indians there, to send in the little fly-boat, or the *carvel*, into the river ; for, with our great ships, we durst not approach the court.—*Ralegh.*

ROU. What man is that, lov'd Admiral,
Who does not hasten at your call?
He must be either deaf, or ever lame,
Who follows not your loud and leading fame.
DRA., *sen.* My course must now not be
Upon the open sea:
Our country's foes we must invade
Through woods, and seek them in the shade;
And follow them where Phœbus never shines,
Through depths as dark and winding as their mines.

CHORUS *of all.*

That which enlightens, and does lead
The world, and all our vict'ries breed,
We in those caverns shall behold,
In seeing man's bright mistress, gold.

DRA., *sen.* Boat all our guns! haste, haste aboard!
Unlade! then let our ships be moor'd!
To raise our fort, some hew down trees!
Whilst others rig our pinnaces.
Their watchful guards let ev'ry sentry keep,
That, after labour, all may safely sleep.
Some o'er remoter grounds
Walk, and relieve their rounds:
Whilst some secure each post
On out-lets of the coast.
That, after wand'ring long to trace
Wild rivers, we may find this place
For our embarkment free,
To wander more at sea.

DRA., *jun.* The jealous Spaniards long have understood
The danger of this harbour's neighbourhood.
'Tis therefore fit
That thou shouldst leave behind,
To govern it,

A great experienc'd mind.
DRA., *jun.* I know it is of high import.
My second thoughts conclude, thou, Rouse shalt stay,
To finish and secure the fort;
Whilst we to Venta-Cruz enforce our way.

CHORUS *of all.*

We must the main forbear,
And now a coasting go,
Then up with rivers steer,
To watch how far they flow.
But if landing we pass
Where Recoes through foords are long wading.
Then we in pit alas!
Their mules must ease of their lading.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE SECOND ENTRY.

A symphony variously humour'd prepares the change of the scene.

The SCENE *is chang'd.*

In which is discern'd a rocky country of the SYMERONS, *who were a Moorish people, brought formerly to*

* "Coming within a mile of the highway, they refreshed themselves all night, hearing many carpenters working on the ships (because of the great heat of the day) at Nombre de Dios; next morning, April 1, 1573, they extremely rejoiced to hear the mules coming with a great noise of bells, hoping, though they were formerly disappointed, they should now have more gold and silver than they could carry away, as accordingly happened; for soon after there came three Recoes, one of fifty mules, and two more of seventy in each company, every one carrying three hundred pound weight of silver, amounting in all to about thirty tun; they soon prepared to go into the highway hearing the bells, and seized upon the first and last mules, to see what metal they carried. These three Recoes had a guard of about forty-five souldiers, fifteen to each, which caused the exchange of some shot and arrows at first."—*English Hero; or Sir Francis Drake Reviv'd.* By R. B. London, 16mo. 1716.

PERU *by the* SPANIARDS, *as their slaves, to dig in mines; and having lately revolted from them, did live under the government of a King of their own election. A sea is discover'd, and ships at distance, with boats rowing to the shore, and* SYMERONS *upon the rocks.*

The prospect having continu'd a while, this song is sung by a STEERSMAN *in the foremost boat, and the* CHORUS *by mariners rowing in it.*

1.

STEERS. Aloof! and aloof! and steady, I steer!
'Tis a boat to our wish,
And she slides like a fish,
When cheerily stem'd, and when you row clear.
She now has her trim,
Away let her swim.
Mackrels are swift in the shine of the moon;
And herrings in gales when they wind us,
But, timeing our oars, so smoothly we run,
That we leave them in shoals behind us.
CHORUS. Then cry, one and all!
Amain, for Whitehall!
The Diegos we'll board to rummage their hold;
And drawing our steel, they must draw out their gold.

2.

STEERS. Our master and's mate, with bacon and pease,
In cabins keep aboard;
Each as warm as a lord;
No queen, lying in, lies more at her ease.
Whilst we lie in wait
For reals of eight,

And for some gold quoits, which fortune must send ;
But, alas ! how their ears will tingle,
When finding, though still like Hectors we spend,
Yet still all our pockets shall jingle.
CHORUS. Then cry, one and all !
Amain, &c.

3.

STEERS. But, oh ! how the purser shortly will wonder,
When he sums in his book
All the wealth we have took,
And finds that we'll give him none of the plunder ;
He means to abate
The tythe for the State :
Then for our owners some part he'll discount :
But his fingers are pitched together ;
Where so much will stick, that little will mount,
When he reckons the shares of either.
CHORUS. Then cry, one and all !
Amain, &c.

4.

STEERS. At sight of our gold, the boatswain will bristle,
But not finding his part,
He will break his proud heart,
And hang himself strait i'th' chain of his whistle.
Abaft and afore !
Make way to the shore !
Softly as fishes which slip through the stream,
That we may catch their sentries napping.
Poor little Diegos, they now little dream
Of us the brave warriors of Wapping.
CHORUS. Then cry, one and all !
Amain, &c.

This song being sung, Enter the KING *of the* SYMERRONS, DRAKE *senior*, PEDRO, *and* PAGE.

KING. Great wand'rer of the sea,
Thy walks still pathless be!
The races thou dost run
Are known but to the Sun.
And as the walk above,
Where he does yearly move,
We only guess, though him we know,
By great effects below.
So, though thy courses traceless are,
As if conducted by a wand'ring star,
Yet by thy deeds all climes acknowledge thee;
And thou art known and felt as much as he.

DRA. *sen.* So narrow is my merit wrought,
That when such breadth you thus allow my fame,
I stand corrected and am taught
To hide my story, and to shew my shame.

KING. As tireless as thy body is thy mind:
No adverse current can thy progress stop.
Thy forward courage leaves all doubts behind,
And when thy anchor's lost, thou keep'st thy hope.
Welcome! and in my land be free,
And pow'rful as thou art at sea.

DRA. *sen.* Monarch of much! and still deserving more
Than I have coasted on the western shore!
Slave to my Queen! to whom thy virtue shows
How low thou canst to virtue be;
And since declar'd a foe to all her foes,
Thou mak'st them lower bow to thee.

KING. Instruct me how my Symerons and I
May help thee to afflict the enemy.

DRA. *sen.* Afford me guides to lead my bold
Victorious sea-men to their gold:
For nothing can afflict them more,
Than to deprive them of that store

With which from hence they furnisht are
T'afflict the peaceful world with war.
KING. Here, from my bosom Pedro take !
And him thy chief conductor make ;
Who once was an unhappy slave to them ;
But now is free by my deserv'd esteem.
He is as watchful as the eye
Of age still wak'd with jealousy ;
And like experienc'd lovers wisely true,
Who after long suspicion find
They had no cause to be unkind,
And then with second vows their love renew.
DRA. *sen.* He is, since so deservingly exprest,
Remov'd but from thy bosom to my breast.
KING. All other aids requir'd to thy design,
Choose and receive, for all my strengths are thine.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter four SYMERONS, *who dance a* MORISCO *for joy of the arrival of* SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, *and depart. Then this song is sung by a Chorus of mariners within.*

CHORUS *of mariners within.*

Winds now may whistle, and waves may dance to 'em.
Whilst merchants cry out, such sport will undo'em.
And the master aloud bids, lee the helm, lee !
But we now shall fear nor the rocks nor the sand,
Whilst calmly we follow our plunder at land,
When others in storms seek prizes at sea.

THE THIRD ENTRY.

The change of the Scene is prepared by a symphony, consisting of a martial air, which, having continu'd a while, the Scene changes, and represents a Peruvian town, pleasantly situated, with Palmetto-trees, Guavas, and Cypresses, growing about it.

whilst English land-soldiers and seamen seem to be drawn up towards the west end; whilst the Peruvians are feasting their guests, and two of their boys bearing fruit towards the strangers.

This object having continu'd a while, Enter DRAKE *senior*, DRAKE *junior*, PEDRO, PAGE.

DRA., *sen.* March! March! wheel to the right hand still,
To shun loose footing on that hill.
From thy meridian run,
O, thou inflaming sun!
The air above us else to fire will turn,
And all this sand beneath like cinders burn.
Now give the word!

DRA., *jun.* Stand!

Within. 1. Stand! 2. Stand! 3. Stand!

DRA., *sen.* All firm and sudden to command!
Halt for our rear awhile, and then
West from that wood draw up our men.
Stand to your arms till we send out
Our trusty Symerons to scout.

PEDRO. Scouts I have chosen, who can trace
All the retreats, which, in the chase,
The hunted seek all shades to which they run,
When strength leaves them, and they the hunters shun.

DRA., *sen.* Are these Peruvians friends? or, by surprize,
Must we secure them as our enemies?

PEDRO. Great Chief, they rev'rence thy renown,
And thou may'st quarter in their town.
Yet so advance with care,
In all the shapes of war:
That when the Spaniards know
How well they treat their foe,

The entertainment may appear,
Not the effect of love, but fear.

DRA., *sen.* Their dwelling seems so fresh and flourishing,
As if it still the nurs'ry were
Of all the seeds that furnish out the spring
For every clime, and all the year.

DRA., *sen.* Here, nature to her summer court retires:
Our northern region is the shade,
Where she grows cold, and looks decay'd,
And seems to sit by artificial fires.

DRA., *jun.* Advance, advance!
And in the rear,
To make our number more appear,
Let all our trusty Sym'rons spread
Their ranks, and be by Pedro led.

CHORUS *of all.*

All order with such clemency preserve,
That such as to our pow'r submit
May take delight to cherish it,
And seem as free as those whom they shall serve.
[*Exeunt.*

Five Peruvians enter, and dance to a rustic air, after which, this song is sung by a Peruvian, and the Chorus to it by his country-men, whilst they dance again in a Round.*

1.

PERU. With boughs and with branches trim up our bow'rs,
And strew them with flow'rs;
To receive such a guest
As deserves for a feast

* The number of Peruvians who enter here, is not specified in 1st Edition.

All that the forest, or the field
Or deeper lakes and rivers yield.
CHORUS. Still round, and round, and round,
Let us compass the ground.
What man is he who feels
Any weight at his heels?
Since our hearts are so light, that all weighed together
Agree to a grain, and they weigh not a feather.

2.

PERU. The lord of the sea is welcome to land,
And here shall command
All our wealth, and our arms;
For his name more alarms
The Spaniards, than trumpets or drums:
Hark, how they cry, Drake comes! Drake comes!
CHORUS. Still round, and round, and round,
Let &c.

3.

PERU. Though to his foes like those winds he is rough,
That meet in a huff:
Yet that storm quickly ends,
When embrac'd by his friends:
Then he is calm and gentle made,
As love's soft whispers in a shade.
CHORUS. Still round, and round, and round,
Let &c.

THE FOURTH ENTRY.

A wild air by way of symphony, prepares the change of the Scene: which having continu'd a while, the Scene is chang'd; wherein is discern'd upon a hill, a wood, and in it a tree, which was famous in those times for extraordinary compass and height; on

the top of which, Pedro (formerly a slave to the Spaniards, but now employ'd by the Moorish King to conduct Sir Francis Drake towards Panamah) had promis'd Sir Francis Drake to shew him both the North and the South Atlantic Seas. English soldiers and mariners are reposing themselves under it. At distance the natives are discern'd in their hunting of boars; and at nearer view, two Peruvians are killing a stag. This object having remain'd a while,*

Enter DRAKE *senior*, DRAKE *junior*, PAGE.

DRA. *senior.* A boar so fierce and large
No hunter e'er did charge.
Advance thy spear,
And turn him there!

DRA. *jun.* This last encounter he has bravely stood;
But now has lost his courage with his blood.

DRA. *sen.* He foams and still his tusks does whet,
As if he still disdained retreat.

DRA. *jun.* The wound you gave him makes him turn his head,
To seek the darker shades, where he was bred.

PAGE. Follow, follow!

DRA. *sen.* Stay, my victorious boy!
When a courageous beast does bleed,
Then learn how far you should proceed
To use advantage where you may destroy:
To courage even of beasts some pity's due;
And where resistance fails, cease to pursue.

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO. Our men have firmly stood and swiftly run:
The game was plenteous and the chace is done.

* See Preface.

DRA. *jun.* Pedro in sev'ral forms has all
That ev'ry where we merit call.
DRA. *sen.* Wary in war as chiefs grown old;
And yet in sudden dangers bold.
Civil and real too in Courts;
Painful in bus'ness and in sports.
PEDRO. Behold that tree which much superior grows
To all that in this wood
Have many ages stood:
Beneath whose shade your warriors may repose.
DRA. *jun.* There let us stay
And turn our prey
Into a feast
Till in the west
The cypress curtain of the night is drawn;
Then forward march as early as the dawn!
DRA. *sen.* Is this that most renown'd of western trees
On whose main-top
Thou gav'st me hope
To view the north and south Atlantic Seas?
PEDRO. It is! therefore with speed
Thither, my chief, proceed!
And, when you climbing have attained the height,
Report will grow authentic by your sight.
DRA. *sen.* When from those lofty branches I
The south Atlantic spy
My vows shall higher fly,
Till they with highest Heav'n prevail,
That, as I see it, I may on it sail.
DRA. *sen.* No English keel hath yet that Ocean ploughed.
PEDRO. If prophecy from me may be allow'd,
Renowned Drake, Heav'n does decree
That happy enterprize to thee:

For thou of all the Britons art the first
That boldly durst
This western world invade;
And as thou now art made
The first to whom that ocean will be shown,
So to thy Isle thou first shalt make it known.
CHORUS *of all.* This prophecy will rise
To higher enterprise.
The English lion's walk shall reach as far
As prosp'rous valour dares adventure war,
As winds can drive, or waves can bear
Those ships which boldest pilots steer. [*Exeunt*

This SONG *is sung by two Land Soldiers and by two Sea-men.*

SEA. How comes it you Landmen, and we of the sea,
Though oft mixt together yet seldom agree?
LAND. A riddle, which we can find out no more
Than you can why seas contest with the shore.
SEA. We give a shrewd guess how our quarrels have grown;
For still when at land we are jointly design'd
To the dainty delight of storming a town,
You run to the plunder, and leave us behind.
LAND. Alas, our dear brothers! How can we forbear?
But aboard when you have us, where wonderful gold
Is shovell'd like ballast, y'are even with us there:
We fight on the decks, whilst you rummage the hold.
SEA. But now we shall march where the Diegos though loth
To part with it civ'ly may soon oblige both.
LAND. They so much are scar'd from their wits with their dangers,

That now they want wit to be civil to strangers.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Come let us join hands then, and ne'er part asunder,
But, like the true sons of trusty old mothers,
Make equally haste to a snap of the plunder,
Then justly divide, and spend it like brothers.

*This song being ended, the two Land-Soldiers and two Sea-men dance a jig to intimate their future amity.**

THE FIFTH ENTRY.

This Entry is prepared by an air and corante;† and then the Scene is chang'd, in which is discover'd the rising of the sun through a thick wood, and Venta-Cruz at great distance on the south side. This being discern'd a while,

Enter DRAKE *senior*, DRAKE *junior*, PAGE, SOLDIER.

DRA. *jun.* Bold Rouse, doubting our safety by our stay;
Thinking his patience longer than our way;
And having well secur'd our port,
Our trenches digg'd, and rais'd our fort,
Is here arriv'd, resolving still to be
A sharer in your worser destiny.
He was conducted by a Symeron;
And bows for what his rasher love has done.

DRA., *sen.* I shall be very slow
When I must backward go
With punishment to overtake
The errors which my friend did make.
Tell him I know his fault is past;
And now I cannot but go fast,

* "Their future agreement," 1st Edition.

† A lofty, sprightly dance. "It is harder to dance a corante well than a jigg: So in conversation, even, easy, and agreeable, more than points of wit."—*Temple.*

When I shall forward move
To meet approaching love.
[*Exit Soldier.*

The morn begins her glory in the east;
And now the world prepares
To entertain new cares;
Though th' old suffic'd to hinder all our rest.

DRA., *jun.* Benighted seamen now their course reform,
Who, coasting, were misguided by a storm.
Now merchants to imported stowage haste,
Whilst ploughmen drive from cottages their teams.
The poor in cities rise to toil and fast;
And lovers grieve to leave their pleasant dreams.

DRA., *sen.* Be careful not to let
The camp's reveille beat
To make our warriors rise and move:
But as Heav'n's traveller above
Unheard begins, and silently his way
Does still continue till he perfects day,
So all this progress must be calmly made.
The winds, which still unseen
Have in their motion been,
Oft pass without a whisper through the shade.

DRA., *sen.* Each, duteous as your slave,
Does to your orders grow;
And all, as in the grave,
Are husht and private now.

DRA., *sen.* Ere we begin to march, send out
The Symerons again to scout!
Let not our wings be loosely spread:
The van I'll at some distance lead.
Those who the baggage bear
Let Pedro still relieve, and close
Secure their haltings in our gross.
You shall command the rear.

Enter ROUSE.

ROUSE. Arm, arm! make haste, and bring me to my Chief!

DRA., *sen.* What great distress does hasten for relief?

ROU. I come not now thy pardon to receive,
Because my rasher love without thy leave
Durst venture for a share
Of thy mishaps in war.

DRA., *sen.* What wildness more
Than I have seen before
In deserts openly expos'd,
Or woods with ancient growth of shades enclos'd,
Or seas, when nought but light'ning has appear'd,
And only thunder and the winds were heard,
Does now thy wond'ring looks possess?

DRA., *jun.* What more than yet thou canst express!

ROU. Drake, thy belov'd renown is lost,
Of which thy nation us'd to boast:
Since now, where thou a sword dost wear,
And many marks of pow'r dost bear,
The worst of license does best laws invade:
For beauty is an abject captive made;
Even whilst those flow'ry ornaments are worn
Which should the Bridal dignity adorn.
If thus the crowd be suffer'd to deride
The sacred rites and honours of a bride,
Let savage war devour all civil peace,
Love fly from Courts to camps, and sexes cease.

DRA., *sen.* Thy mystic meaning thou dost less
By words than by thy looks express.

DRA., *jun.* That we may better know
Thy thoughts, make haste to shew
The object of our wonder, and thy fear.

ROU. Turn your unhappy eyes, and see it there!

The Scene is suddenly changed into the former prospect of the rising of the morning, and Venta Cruz; but about the middle, it is varied with the discov'ry of a beautiful lady tied to a tree, adorn'd with the ornaments of a Bride, with her hair dishevel'd, and complaining, with her hand towards Heaven: About her are likewise discern'd the Symerons who took her prisoner.*

DRA., *sen.* What dismal beauty does amaze my sight,
Which from black sorrow breaks like morn from night?
And though it sweetest beauty be
Does seem more terrible to me
Than all the sudden and the various forms
Which death does wear in battles and in storms.
ROU. A party of your Symerons, whose eyes
Pierce through that darkness which does night disguise,
Whom weary toils might sleepy make
But that revenge keeps them awake,
Did ere the early dawning rise,
And close by Venta-Cruz surprize
A Bride and Bridegroom at their nuptial feast,
To whom the Sym'rons now
Much more than fury show;
For they have all those cruelties exprest
That Spanish pride could e'er provoke from them
Or Moorish malice can revenge esteem.
DRA., *sen.* Arm! Arm! the honour of my nation turns
To shame, when an afflicted beauty mourns.
Though here these cruel Symerons exceed
Our number, yet they are too few to bleed

* In first edition, "near her."

When honour must revengeful be
For this affront to love and me.

DRA., *jun.* Our forces of the land,
Brave Chief, let me command!

DRA., *jun.* March on! whilst with my seamen I advance,
Let none, before the dice are cast, despair;
Nor after they are thrown, dislike the chance;
For honour throws at all, and still plays fair.

ROU. In beauty's noble cause no seaman doubt,
If poets may authentic be.
For sea-born Venus' sake let them march out,
She leads them both at land and sea.

DRA., *sen.* Long yet ere night
I shall in fight
Their stormy courage prove:
Each seaman hath his mermaid too,
And by instinct must love,
Though he were never taught to woo.

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO. Stay! stay! successful Chief! my heart as low
As the foundation where thou tread'st does bow:
But 'tis not for my own offence;
For if I should offend
My King, in thee his friend,
I would not with my self dispense.
Thy mercy shall our pattern be,
Behold th' afflicted Bride is free.

The Scene is suddenly chang'd again, where the lady is vanisht, and nothing appears but that prospect which was in the beginning of the Entry.

She is as free and as unblemisht too
As if she had a pris'ner been to you.

DRA., *sen.* What are they who disguis'd in night's dark shade,
Unlicens'd from our camp this sally made?
Straight to the stroke of justice bring me those!

PEDRO. They thought their duties was to take their foes.
Be merciful, and censure the offence
To be but their mistaken diligence.

DRA., *jun.* Suspect not Pedro in this crime, who still
Has shewn exact obedience to thy will.

PEDRO. And, noble Chief, the cruelties which they
Have often felt beneath the Spaniards' sway,
Who midst the triumphs of our nuptial feasts
Have forc'd our brides, and slaughter'd all our guests,
May some excuse even from your reason draw:
Revenge does all the fetters break of law.

DRA., *sen.* The future guidance and the care
Of their demeanour in this war
Is strictly, Pedro, left to thee:
The gentle sex must still be free.
No length of studied torments shall suffice
To punish all unmanly cruelties.
March on! they may ere night redeem
By virtuous valour my esteem.

[*Exeunt Drake Senior, Drake junior, Rouse, and Page.*

PEDRO. Ho! ho! the pris'ners straight unbind,
And let the Bride all homage find;
The father and the Bridegroom hither bring!
Ere yet our van shall far advance,
Know, Diegos, you must dance!
Strike up, strike up! in honour of my King.

Enter the Father of the Bride, and her Bridegroom; the Bridegroom dancing with Castanietos, to express

the joy he receives for his liberty, whilst the father moves to his measures, denoting the fright he had receiv'd from the Symerons, when he was surprized at his nuptial entertainment.

The Sixth Entry.

This Entry is prepar'd with a martial air, and presently the scene is chang'd; wherein is discover'd the prospect of a hilly country, with the town Panamah at a distance, and Recoes of mules, in a long train, loaden with wedges of silver and ingots of gold, and travelling in several roads down a mountain. There likewise may be discern'd their Drivers and Guards.

Enter Drake *Senior*, Drake *Junior*, Page.

Dra., *jun.* The Reco is not yet within our ken.
Dra., *sen.* It will be strait. Draw up our men,
And in low whispers give our orders out!
Dra., *jun.* Where's Pedro now?
Dra., *sen.* Upon the brow
Of that high hill. I sent him there to scout.
[*Exit Drake, jun.*

Enter Rouse.

Rou. Chief! we are all into a body drawn,
And now an hour is wasted since the dawn.
Dra., *sen.* The time will yet suffice. We halted here
To stay for our tir'd baggage in the rear.
Rou. If aught from new resolves thou wilt command,
Speak, Chief! we now in expectation stand.
Dra., *sen.* If English courage could at all be rais'd,
By being well persuaded, or much prais'd,

Speech were of use : but valour born, not bred,
Cannot by art (since being so,
It does as far as nature go)
Be higher lifted, or be farther led.
All I would speak, should tell you, I despise
That treasure which I now would make your prize:
Unworthy 'tis to be your chiefest aim,
For this attempt is not for gold, but fame ;
Which is not got when we the Reco get,
But by subduing those who rescue it.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOL. Pedro descends the hill, and does desire
That from this open plain you would retire,
And wheel behind that wood a little space.
DRA., *sen.* Divide our forces to secure the pass. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DRAKE *junior, a* SOLDIER, ROUSE, *and a* MARINER, *the Soldier and Mariner being brought to be plac'd as Sentries.*

DRA., *jun.* This must your station be ;
Stand stedfast as that tree !
ROU. Bravely alive upon this ground,
Or greater else in death be found.
[*Exeunt Drake junior and Rouse.*
The bells of the mules are heard from within.
MAR. Mules ! Mules ! I hear their walking chime,
Ting, ting !—
They love sad tunes. How dolefully they ring !
SOL. This sound seems single, and from far does come.
Would I were leading one rich mule at home.
MAR. Still one and all I cry.
SOL. The rest are passing by.

Hark! hark! this mournful tolling does foretel
Some Diego's death! it is his passing-bell.

Enter PEDRO, *leading a* SYMERON *to be plac'd as a sentry.*

PEDRO. Here, Sym'ron, you must bold and watchful be.
Two foes resist, but if opprest by three,
Then strait fall back to that next sentry there:
Or if in gross th' enemy does appear,
Both to the third retirement make,
Till we th' alarm, advancing, take.

MAR. Friend Pedro! friend! Is't one and all?

PEDRO. Speak softly, Sentry! dost thou call?

MAR. How many golden Recoes didst thou spy?

PEDRO. But two: in which I guess
By distant view, no less
Than ninety loaden mules are passing by.

SOL. What number is their guard who march before?

PEDRO. Five hundred foot, their horse may seem threescore. [*Exit.*

SOL. Friend of the sea! their number is not small.

MAR. 'Twill serve our turn, they crying one and all!
But, brother of the land!
We now must understand
That Basta is the word.

SOL. Would thou wer't safe aboard.

MAR. Asleep under deck, and danc'd on a billow,
With two silver wedges, each for my pillow.

Enter DRAKE *senior, with his sword drawn.*

DRA., *sen.* That volley was well fir'd,
Our out-guards are retir'd.

Draw all our sentries in!
The skirmish does begin.
[*Exit.*

[*Clashing of arms is heard afar off.*

Enter DRAKE *Junior.*

DRA., *jun.* More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce
That squadron, and repulse the horse.

Enter ROUSE.

ROU. The foe does make his first bold count'nance good.
Our charge was bravely made, and well withstood.

Enter PEDRO.

ROU. Your Sym'rons, valiant Pedro, seem to reel.
PEDRO. Suspect your rocks at sea. They do but wheel.
Haste! haste! brave Sym'rons, haste to gain that bank,
And with your arrows gall them in the flank.
[*Clashing of arms within again. Exeunt.*

Enter DRAKE *senior*, PAGE.

DRA., *sen.* How warmly was this strife
Maintain'd 'twixt death and life,
Till blood had quench'd the flame of valour's fire!
Death seeming to advance in haste,
Whilst life, though weary, yet stood fast;
For life is still unwilling to retire.
My land-men bravely fought,
And high renown have got,
For twice my sea-men they from death reliev'd.
As oft my sea-men have
Preserv'd them from the grave,
And did requite the rescue they receiv'd.

Enter DRAKE *junior*.

DRA., *jun.* They fly! they fly! yet now they seem to face
All those who them pursue,
And would the fight renew.

Enter ROUSE & PEDRO.

ROUS. They fly! they fly!
DRAK., *sen.* Away! make good the chase.
[*Exeunt omnes.*
CHORUS *of all within.* Follow, follow, follow!

Enter DRAKE *senior*, DRAKE *junior*, ROUSE, PEDRO, PAGE.

PEDRO. The mules are seiz'd, and in our pow'r remain.
DRA., *sen.* Draw out new guards, and range them in the plain!
Those who hereafter on our legend look,
And value us by that which we have took,
May over-reckon it, and us misprize.
Our dang'rous course through storms and raging floods,
And painful march through unfrequented woods,
Will make those wings by which our fame shall rise.
Your glory, valiant English, must be known,
When men shall read how you did dare
To sail so long, and march so far,
To tempt a strength much greater than your own.
DRA., *jun.* And now by making our retreat,
We shall new wreaths and statues get.

The GRAND CHORUS *first sung by* DRAKE *Sen.*

CHORUS *of all.* Our course let's to victorious England steer!
Where, when our sails shall on the coast appear,

Those who from rocks and steeples spy
Our streamers out, and colours fly,
Will cause the bells to ring,
Whilst cheerfully they sing
Our story, which shall their example be,
And make Succession cry, "To sea, to sea!"
[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Grand Dance begins, consisting of two Land-soldiers, two Seamen, two Symerons, and a Peruvian; intimating, by their several interchange of salutations, their mutual desires of amity. The dance being ended

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE FOURTH ACT.

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER, PLAYER.

PLAY. Now, friend, we must still suppose
Our selves at Peru.

HOUS.-K. What's he? a human bird!

PLAY. A feather'd priest, who must speak in the Dumb show, and describe the condition of America, Before the Spaniard surpriz'd it.

THE CRUELTY *of the* SPANIARDS *in* PERU.*

The Argument of the whole design, consisting of six ENTRIES.

The design is first to represent the happy condition of the people of Peru anciently, when their

* This piece, when originally produced at the Cockpit, was exhibited after the style of a masque, presenting a frontispiece, the description of which has been given at the opening of "Sir Francis Drake" in preceding act, but without this note: "The design of the Frontispiece, is, by way of preparation, to give some notice of that argument which is pursued in the scene."

inclinations were govern'd by Nature; and then it makes some discov'ry of their establishment under the twelve Incas, and of the dissensions of the two sons of the last Inca. Then proceeds to the discov'ry of that new Western World by the Spaniard, which happen'd to be during the dissention of the two Royal brethren. It likewise proceeds to the Spaniards' conquest of that Incan Empire, and then discovers the cruelty of the Spaniards over the Indians, and over all Christians, excepting those of their own nation, who landing in those parts, came unhappily into their power. And towards the conclusion, it infers the voyages of the English thither, and the amity of the natives towards them, under whose ensigns—encourag'd by a prophecy of their Chief Priest—they hope to be made victorious, and to be freed from the yoke of the Spaniard.

THE FIRST ENTRY.

The audience are entertain'd by instrumental music and a symphony, being a wild air suitable to the region, which having prepar'd the Scene, a lantdchap of the West-Indies is discern'd; distinguisht from other regions by the parcht and bare tops of distant hills, by sands shining, on the shores of rivers, and the Natives, in feather'd habits and bonnets, carrying, in Indian baskets, ingots of gold and wedges of silver. Some of the natives being likewise discern'd in their natural sports of hunting and fishing. This prospect is made through a wood, differing from those of European climates, by representing of coco-trees, pines, and palmitos; and on the boughs of other trees are seen monkies, apes, and parrots; and, at farther distance, vallies of sugar-canes.*

The symphony being ended: the CHIEF PRIEST OF PERU

* Landscape.

enters with his attendant after him. The Priest is cloth'd in a garment of feathers, longer than any of those that are worn by other Natives, with a bonnet whose ornament of plumes does likewise give him a distinction from the rest, and carries in his hand a gilded verge. He likewise, because the Peruvians were worshipers of the sun, carries the figure of the sun on his bonnet and breast.

THE FIRST SPEECH, SPOKEN BY THE PRIEST OF THE SUN,

Taking a short view of their condition, before the Royal Family of the Incas taught them to live together in multitudes, under laws, and made them by arms reduce many other nations.

Thus fresh did nature in our world appear,
When first her roses did their leaves unfold :
Ere she did use art's colours, and ere fear
Had made her pale, or she with cares lookt old.
When various sports did man's lov'd freedom show,
And still the free were willing to obey ;
Youth did to age, and sons to parents bow.
Parents and age first taught the laws of sway.
When yet we no just motive had to fear
Our bolder Incas would by arms be rais'd ;
When, temp'rately, they still contented were,
As great examples, to be only prais'd.
When none for being strong did seek reward,
Nor any for the space of Empire strove :
When valour courted peace and never car'd
For any recompence, but public love.
We fetter'd none, nor were by any bound ;
None follow'd gold through lab'rynths of the mine :
And that which we on strands of rivers found,
Did only on our priests in Temple shine.

Then with his verge, each Priest
Could, like an exorcist,
The coldest of his students warm,
And thus provoke them with a charm.

THE FIRST SONG.

In pursuance of the manner of their life, before their Incas brought them to live in cities, and to build forts.

1.

Whilst yet our world was new,
When not discover'd by the old;
Ere beggar'd slaves we grew,
For having silver hills, and strands of gold.
Chorus. We danc'd and we sung,
And lookt ever young,
And from restraints were free,
As waves and winds at sea.

2.

When wildly we did live,
Ere crafty cities made us tame:
When each his whole would give
To all, and none peculiar right did claim.
Chorus. We danc'd and we sung, &c.

3.

When none did riches wish,
And none were rich by bus'ness made;
When all did hunt or fish,
And sport was all our labour and our trade.
Chorus. We danc'd and we sung, &c.

4.

When forts were not devis'd,
Nor citadels did towns devour:

When lowly sheds suffic'd,
Because we fear'd the weather more than pow'r.
Chorus. We danc'd and we sung, &c.

5.

When garments were not worn,
Nor shame did nakedness resent:
Nor poverty bred scorn:
When none could want, and all were innocent.
Chorus. We danc'd and we sung, &c.*

THE SECOND ENTRY.

An almain and corante† are play'd: after which a trumpet-air changes the Scene; where a fleet is discerned at distance, with a prospect of the sea and Indian coast; the ships bearing in their flags the spread-eagle, to denote the Austrian family; and on the right side are seen some Natives of Peru pointing with amazement to the fleet, (as never having had the view of ships before) and in a mourning condition take their leaves of their wives and children; because of an ancient prophecy amongst them, which did signify, that a bearded people (those of Peru having ever held it uncomely to wear beards) should spring out of the sea, and conquer them. The object having remained a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.‡

* In the first edition the following stage business as here introduced:—

After this song a rope descends out of the clouds and is stretched to a stiffness by an engine, whilst a rustic air is played, to which two apes from opposite sides of the wood come out, listen, return; and coming out again, begin to dance; then, after awhile, one of them leaps up to the rope, and there dances to the same air, whilst the other moves to his measures below. Then both retire into the wood. The rope ascends.

† *Allemande*, a grave kind of music. *Corante*, sprightly music applicable to the dance so called.

‡ "With his attendant." 1st Edit.

The Second Speech,

Describing briefly the pleasant lives of the Incas till this season of fulfilling that prophecy, when a bearded people should come from the sea to destroy them, and two of the Incan family ruin that Empire, which twelve of the Emperors had erected.

In all the soft delights of sleep and ease,
Secure from war, in peaceful palaces,
Our Incas liv'd : but now I see their doom :
Guided by winds, the bearded people come !
And that dire prophecy must be fulfill'd,
When two shall ruin what our twelve did build.
'Tis long since first the sun's Chief Priest foretold
That cruel men, idolaters of gold,
Should pass vast seas to seek their harbour here.
Behold, in floating castles they appear !
Mine eyes are struck ! away, away
With gentle love's delicious sway !
The Incas from their wives must fly !
And ours may soon believe
We mourn to see them grieve,
But shall rejoice to see them die.
For they by dying safety gain :
And when they quit,
In death's cold fit,
Love's pleasure, they shall lose life's pain.*

The Second Song,

Intimating their sorrow for their future condition, (according to the prophecy) under their new masters the Spaniards.

1.

No more, no more,
Shall we drag to the shore

* "*The Priest having waved his Verge, his attendant performs the trick of activity called the Sea-horse.*" 1st Edit.

Our nets at the ebb of the flood ;
Nor, after we lay
The toils for our prey,
Shall we meet to compass the wood.
Nor with our arrows e'er delight,
To get renown
By taking down
The soaring eagle in his flight.

2.

Make haste ! make haste !
You delights that are past !
And do not to our thoughts appear :
Lest vainly we boast
Of joys we have lost,
And grieve to reckon what we were.
The Incas' glory now is gone !
Dark grows that light,
Which chear'd our sight,
Set is their deity, the sun.

Chorus. All creatures when they breed,
May then with safety feed :
All shall have times for liberty but we.
We, who their masters were,
Must now such masters fear,
As will no season give us to be free.

This Song being ended, a doleful air is heard, which prepares the entrance of two Indians, in their feather'd habits of Peru. They enter severally from the opposite sides of the wood, and, gazing on the face of the Scene, fall into a mimic dance, in which they express the argument of the prospect, by their admiration at the sight of the ships, (which was to those of Peru a new and wonderful object) and their lamentation, at beholding their

country-men in deep affliction, and taking their leaves of their wives and children.

THE THIRD ENTRY.

*A symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the Scene; the prospect consisting of a plain Indian country, in which are discern'd at distance two Peruvian armies marching, and ready to give battle, being led by the two Royal brethren, sons of the last Inca, arm'd with bows, glaves, and spears, and wearing quivers on their backs. The object having continu'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.**

THE THIRD SPEECH,

Intimating the unhappy event of the love of the last Inca; for he (contrary to the custom of all his Royal ancestors, who always married their own sisters) had chosen to his second wife the beautiful daughter of an inferior Prince; his Priests and People having always believ'd no blood, less distant than that of his sister's, worthy to mingle with his own for propagation of the Imperial race. This foreign Beauty so far prevail'd on his passion, that she made him in his age assign a considerable part of his dominion to a younger son, his ancestors never having, during eleven generations, divided their empire. This youth, growing ambitious after his father's death, invaded his elder brother at that unfortunate time when the Spaniards, pursuing their second discovery of the Peruvian coast, landed, and made a prodigious use of the division of the two brethren, by proving successful in giving their assistance to the unjust cause of the younger.

How fatal did our Inca's passion prove,
Whilst long made subject to a foreign love?

* "*With his attendant.*" 1st Edit.

Poor lovers, who from Empire's arts are free,
By Nature may entirely guided be,
They may retire to shady cottages,
And study there only themselves to please :
For few consider what they mean or do ;
But nations are concern'd when monarchs woo.
And though our Inca by no law was tied
To love but one, yet could he not divide
His public Empire as his private bed :
In thrones each is to whole dominion bred.
He blindly pris'd his younger son's desert,
Dividing Empire as he did his heart ;
And since his death, this made the younger dare
T'affront the elder's sov'reignty with war.
Ambition's monstrous stomach does encrease
By eating, and it fears to starve, unless
It still may feed, and all it sees devour.
Ambition is not tir'd with toil, nor cloy'd with pow'r.*

The Third Song.

Which pursues the argument of the speech, and further illustrates the many miseries, which the civil war between the two Royal brethren produc'd.

I.

Twelve Incas have successively
Our spacious empire sway'd ;
Whose power whilst we obey'd,
We liv'd so happy and so free,
As if we were not kept in awe
By any law,
Which martial kings aloud proclaim.
Soft conscience, Nature's whisp'ring orator,

* *This speech being ended, the Priest waves his verge, and his attendant very actively performs the* Spring, *and, they departing, this third song is sung.*"—1st Edit.

Did teach us what to love or to abhor;
And all our punishment was shame.

2.

Our late great Inca fatally,
Did by a second wife
Eclipse his shining life,
Whilst reason did on love rely.
Those rays she often turn'd and check't,
Which with direct
Full beams should have adorn'd his known
And first authoriz'd race: but kings, who move
Within a lowly sphere of private love,
Are too domestic for a throne.
Chorus. Now rigid war is come and peace is gone,
Fear governs us, and jealousy the throne.
Ambition hath our chiefs possest:
All now are wak't, all are alarm'd;
The weary know not where to rest,
Nor dare the harmless be unarm'd.

After this song a warlike air is play'd, to which succeeds a martial dance, perform'd by four Peruvians, arm'd with glaves, who enter severally from opposite sides of the wood, and express by their motions and gestures the fury of that civil war, which, by the ambition of the younger brother, has engag'd their country; and then depart in pursuit of each other.

The Fourth Entry.

A symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the Scene; which represents a great Peruvian army, put to flight by a small body of Spaniards. This object is produc'd in pursuance of the main argument; for the Spaniards having first bred an amazement in the Natives, by the noise

*and fire of their guns, and afterwards subverted the elder Inca by assisting the younger, did in a short time attain the dominion over both by conquest. The object of this Scene having remain'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.**

The Fourth Speech.

Intimating the amazement of the Peruvians at the sight of the Spaniards in arms; the consideration of the great distance of the region from whence they came; of the ill effects of armour worn by a People whom they never had offended, and of the security of innocence.

What dark and distant region bred
For war that bearded race,
Whose ev'ry uncouth face
We more than death's cold visage dread?
They could not still be guided by the sun:
Nor had they ev'ry night
The moon t'inform their sight;
How durst they seek those dangers which we shun?
Sure they must more than mortal be,
That did so little care
For life, or else they are
Surer of future life than we.
But how they reason's laws in life fulfill
We know not! yet we know,
That scorn of life is low,
Compar'd to the disdain of living ill;
And we may judge that all they do
In life's whole scene is bad,
Since they with arms are clad
Defensive and offensive too.
In nature it is fear that makes us arm:

* *With his attendant.* 1st Edit.

And fear by guilt is bred:
The guiltless nothing dread,
Defence not seeking, nor designing harm.* [*Exit.*†

THE FOURTH SONG.

Pursuing the argument of the amazement and fear of the Natives, occasion'd by the consideration of the long voyage of the Spaniards to invade them.

1.

Those foreign shapes so strange appear,
That wonderful they seem;
And strangeness breeds esteem:
And wonder doth engender fear:
And from our fear does adoration rise:
Else why do we incline
To think them Pow'rs divine,
And that we are ordain'd their sacrifice?
Chorus. 1. When we our arrows draw,
It is with dreadful awe;
2. Moving towards them whom we are loth to meet,
3. As if we marcht to face our destiny:
4. Not trusting to our arrows but our feet,
As if our bus'ness were to fly, to fly!

2.

All in chorus.

We thought them more than human kind;
That durst adventure life
Through the tempestuous strife
Of seas and ev'ry raging wind.
Through seas so wide, and for their depth so fear'd,
That we by leaps as soon
May reach th' ascended moon,

* "*The Priest of the Sun waves his verge, and his attendant performs the* SELF-SPRING."—1st Edit.
† "*With his attendant.*"—Ib.

As guess through what vast dangers they have steer'd.

Chorus. When we our arrows draw, &c.

This song being ended, a saraband is play'd, whilst two Spaniards enter from the opposite sides of the Scene, exactly cloth'd and arm'd according to the custom of their nation: and to express their triumph after the victory over the Natives, they solemnly uncloak and unarm themselves to the tune, and afterwards dance with castanietos.

The Fifth Entry.

A doleful pavin is play'd to prepare the change of the Scene, which represents a dark prison at great distance; and farther to the view are discern'd racks, and other engines of torment, with which the Spaniards are tormenting the Natives and English mariners, which may be suppos'd to be lately landed there to discover the coast. Two Spaniards are likewise discover'd, sitting in their cloaks, and appearing more solemn in ruffs, with rapiers and daggers by their sides; the one turning a spit, whilst the other is basting an Indian Prince, which is roasted at an artificial fire. This object having remain'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.*

The Fifth Speech.

The horror of the Natives, bred by the object of the diversity of new torments devis'd by the Spaniards.

These study arts of length'ning languishment,
And strength'ning those for pains whom pain hath spent.

**Pavin*, a grave and stately dance. Here however the word is used in reference to the air.

They make the cramp, by waters drill'd, to cease
Men ready to expire,
Baste them with drops of fire,
And then, they lay them on the rack for ease.

What race is this, who for our punishment
Pretend that they in haste from Heav'n were sent,
As just destroyers of idolatry?
Yet will they not permit
We should our idols quit,
Because the Christian law makes converts free.

Or if, to please their Priests, some Chief permits
A few of us to be their proselytes;
Yet all our freedom then is but deceit.
They ease us from our chains
To make us take more pains,
Light'ning our legs to give our shoulders weight.

And other Christian strangers landing here,
Strait, to their jealous sight, as spies appear:
And those they so much worse than heathens deem,
That they must tortur'd die.
The world still waste must lye,
Or else a prison be to all but them.*

The Fifth Song.

Pursuing the argument of the speech, by a farther detestation of that cruelty, which the ambition of the Spaniards made them exercise in Peru.

1.

If man from sov'reign reason does derive
O'er beasts a high prerogative,

* "*His speech being ended, he waves his verge, and his attendant performs the* Porpoise."—1st Edition.

Experience now—by whose true eyes, though slow,
We find at last, what oft, too late we know—
Has all their coz'ning miracles discern'd:
'Tis she that makes unletter'd mankind learn'd:
She has unmask't these Spanish dark divines.
Perhaps they upward go,
But hasten us below,
Where we, through dismal depths, must dig in mines.
When first the valiant English landed here,
Our reason then no more was rul'd by fear;
They straight the Spaniards' riddle did unfold,
Whose Heav'n in caverns lies of others' gold.
Our griefs are past, and we shall cease to mourn
For those whom the insulting Spaniards scorn,
And slaves esteem
The English soon shall free;
Whilst we the Spaniards see
Digging for them.*

The Priest being gone, a wild air is play'd, differing from that in the first Entry, which prepares the coming in of a Spaniard out of the wood, loaden with ingots of gold, and wedges of silver. He makes his footing to the tune of the instruments; and after a while he discovers a weariness and inclination to sleep, to which purpose he lies down, with his basket for his pillow. Two apes come in from opposite sides of the wood, and dance to the air. After a while, a great baboon enters, and joins with them in the dance. They wake the Spaniard, and end the antic measures with driving him into the wood.

* *The Priest having ended his speech waves his verge, and his attendant performs* THE DOUBLE SOMERSET.—1st Edit.

The Sixth Song,

Pursuing the argument of that prophecy, which foretells the subversion of the Spaniards by the English.

We shall no longer fear
The Spanish eagle darkly hov'ring here;
For though from farthest climes he hither fled,
And spaciously his wings has spread,
Yet the English Lion now
Does still victorious grow,
And does delight
To make his walks as far
As th'other e'er did dare
To make his flight.
Chorus. 1, High! 2, high! 3, and high!
4, Our arrows shall fly,
And reach the winged for our prey
Our nets we'll cast, and sprindges lay:
The air, the river, and the wood,
Shall yield us sport and change of food.
All in Chorus. After all our disasters
The proud Spaniards our masters,
When we extol our liberty by feasts,
At table shall serve,
Or else they shall starve;
Whilst th' English shall sit and rule as our guests.

This song being ended, an air consisting of three tunes, prepares the grand dance, three Indians entering first; afterwards to them three English soldiers, distinguisht by their red coats, and to them a Spaniard, who mingling in the measures with the rest, does in his gestures express pride and sullenness towards the Indians, and pays a lowly homage to the English, who often salute him with their feet, which salutation he returns with a more lowly gravity; whilst the English and the Indians, as

they encounter, salute and shake hands, in sign of their future amity.*

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter HOUSE-KEEPER, *and* PLAYER.

PLAY. Now we must have one voyage more from
Peru to Alexandria, which in good troth
Is but a step to swift imagination,
And then we may sleep in our empty inn
Until next Term.

HOUS.-K. We have no Scene of Alexandria.

PLAY. A Canopy of State to shew the majesty
Of those who are presented will serve turn.

HOUS.-K. Have w'ee,† quoth the blind harper,
When he wisht to be as little seen as he saw others.
Draw, ho !

The Scene of the Canopy where CÆSAR, ANTHONIUS, LEPIDUS, PTOLOMY, *and* CLEOPATRA *appear, and their several trains on each side of them.*

PLAY. This vision should have been enabled too,
By a short speech t'acquaint the doubtful spectators
With Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus,
Ptolomy, Cleopatra, and their train.

HOUS.-K. That w'are to make this a kin to the dumb show.

Enter the GYPSIES, *men and women.*

These are the gypsies with which Cleopatra
Entertain'd Cæsar, as blind authors say.

The GYPSIES *dance.*

* *This Dance being performed, the entertainment ends, and* THE CURTAIN FALLS. 1st Edit.

† *i.e.*, Have with you.

The dance being ended, the GYPSIES *depart, and the Scene changes into a Parrad or Court du Guard.*

PLAY. But where are now our bullies the burlesquers,
That show the wrong side of the hero's outward?

Enter two EUNUCHS.

Oh, here come two of Ptolemy's Eunuchs!

Enter NIMPHIDIUS, *and another* EUNUCH.

EUN. You of your news, Nimphidius, are so dainty!

NIMP. If I had news, in troth I would acquaint ye.

EUN. Then I have some, but oh, 'tis doleful matter!

NIMP. Hab nab's the word! All castes are not cinque quatre.

EUN. Rome now of Egypt quickly will beguile us,
Tyber is come to play her pranks in Nilus.

NIMP. If Tyber brings her plund'ring base Burgonians,
Farewell on Nilus' banks our leeks and onions!

EUN. A cruel wight, whose name is Mark Anthony,
So hard of heart that it is held all boney,
Is here arriv'd for love of our black Gypsy,
On Cleopatra he has cast a sheep's-eye.
And Cæsar too, with many a stout tarpauling,
Landed with him and comes a caterwawling.

NIMP. How she will simper, at the sight of Cæsar!
And oh, how trusty Tony means to tease her!

EUN. Ah, fickle fortune! who would e'er have dreamt this,
Rome's roaring boys will swagger now at Memphis.

NIMP. Behold they come who quickly can inform us!

EUN. Nimphidius, mum! be silent as a dormouse.

Enter Cæsar, Mark-Anthony, Cleopatra, Ptolomy, Anthonio *leading* Cleopatra.

Nimp. There Tony is our Cleopatra leading;
Her eyes look blue; pray heav'n she be not breeding!

Eun. There's Cæsar too, and Ptolomy behind him,
Proud princock-Cæsar* hardly seems to mind him.
[*Exeunt Nimph, Eunuch.*

Anth. Which is your brother, dear? I prithee shew me!
Cry mercy, sir! are you the king Ptolomy!

Ptol. I am as surely he, most mighty Tony,
As she is my sweet sister, and your honey.

Anth. Great Cæsar, come! shake fists with stripling Royal,
Though Pompey was betray'd, this imp was loyal.

Cæsar. Know tender springal, I'll not chide but frump ye,
You play'd at trap,† when traps were lay'd for Pompey.
Finger in eye his wife had never wept here
If stead of trapstick you had then us'd sceptre.

Ptol. When fortune frumpish is, who e'er withstood her?
Cæsar, this bus'ness makes too great a pudder:
I would not slander Pompey now he dead is;
Yet let me tell, what by my people said is,
You'll say the prattling people falsely charge men;
But all report that Pompey's barge and bargemen
Had plunder'd Nilus' banks till there was scarce one
Turkey or pig left for the tythe of parson;

* Princock or princox, a coxcomb.
"You are a saucy boy;
This trick may chance to scathe you I know what;
You must contrary me! you are a princox, go."—*Shakespeare.*

† Unruly boys learn to wrangle at trap, or rook at span-farthing.—*Locke.*

Of which even Pompey muncht his share in cabin,
Where, from the shore, he beckon'd many a drab in:
Under the rose I speak't, he was a dragon
When he brown damsel got with scarce a rag on;
And came not here for rescue, but to rob us;
Yet we at last bob'd him who meant to bob us.
CÆSAR. Youth, you are too young to sit in the saddle,
And crow in a throne, go cry in a cradle!
Tutor should teach you to speak well of dead men,
Go! learn to rob orchards, not to behead men.
With blood of Roman your Eunuch does grow fat;
Such knaves wax cruel, having lost—you know what.
He rules the roast, but, some body, go call him!
I swear, by Hector Haunch, I mean to maul him!
CLEO. Is this your Cæsar? tell, me dearest bunting:
I'faiks I must have leave to speak of one thing.
Can he that's cock of Rome be so mistaken
As thus to threaten poor Egyptian capon?
I scorn, though but a female and no Roman,
To meddle with an Eunuch who is no man.
When first we saw you sailing to our haven,
We little thought to find your cock a craven.
ANTH. Peace, lamb! and be, like lamb-kine, meek and humble,
Cæsar, like wolf, will bite when he does grumble.
Where a place does not itch I seldom rub ye,
Nay, you are strait blub'ring if I but snub ye.
If Cæsar's blood be up blade will not spare ye,
Egypt will then be in a fine quandary.
CLEO. I'll not be scar'd, though he look ne'er so hideous,
He may go snick-up* if he hates Nymphidius.

* Meaning:—"Go and be hanged! Begone! away with you! Get out! Shunt!"

ANTH. His stomach bears not long the wrongs he swallows,
But, if you'll not be counsell'd, take what follows.
He'll strait be all for plunder and for forage.
CLEO. Cæsar may spare his breath to cool his porridge;
He'll be the worse the more one him beseeches.
ANTH. Chuck, I have done! I see you'll wear the breeches.
CÆSAR. What have I heard? shall it be said in hist'ries,
That Marcus Tony squabl'd with his mistress?
If love be out of joint, I'll be the joiner;
Say, son of Sceptre,—speak! thou Monarch-minor!
Shall lovers fall to scratch like midnight pusses?
Let's turn their frowns and wrath to leers and busses.
PTOL. Most puissant plund'rer! know the short and long is,
That all who know thee find thy breath so strong is,
As merely with a word it quells the mighty,
And stuns them past the cure of aqua-vitæ.
CLEO. Egypt's no fool for Rome to put her tricks on,
And you shall find that I can be a vixen.
Must warbling Eunuch die, who ne'er was sick long
And sing short psalm in rope, who taught me prick-song?*
PTOL. Shall he who can read, and love lessons taught her,
Be now denied book, and die for man-slaughter?
ANTH. Cæsar, things are not as th' world now supposes;
The case seems plain as on your face your nose is.

* Prick-song was distinguished from plain song in respect of the harmony being written or pricked down, whereas the latter was at the will of the singer—a species of extempore music.

Great Pompey near shore for poultry was gaping,
Did count without host, and so was tane napping.
CLEO. What Eunuch has done, he did for your sake, then :
As Pompey did brew he made him to bake, then.
CÆSAR. Let Memphion mistress look but blithe and bonny,
On Cæsar smile, as she does smerk on Tony,
Then Eunuch plump shall live, and grow still thicker,
Like hostess fat, who sits in chair of wicker.
CLEO. Cæsar, gramercy ! you now show your breeding :
Invite him, sweet heart, I pray to our wedding !
I thought my self truly quite under hatches.
But now call maid to bring her Queen new patches,
Bring kerchief lac'd ! I'll no more be a mourner !
And Cæsar, you shall find——— a friend in corner.
ANTH. Great son of slaughter leers ! he'd fain be at her.
I'll dash his chops, if's mouth begin to water.

Enter CORNELIA.

CÆSAR. Sly scowling look, though men of Mars ne'er mind it,
Hat black and broad, long cypress down behind it
Gown short and loose, and her hair under pinner,*
As if locks on cheek were token of a sinner,
Where bodkin is stuck in fashion so oddly,
As though, out of zeal, dame laid the French mode by.
'Mass ! now I think on't, 'tis Pompey's rich widow
ANTH. Of mumping minx would we were fairly rid, ho !

* The lappet of a head loose flying.

Her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd, and pinners clean.—*Gay.*

CLEO. Lord, how she looks! she could cut us in collops:
Shall Tony and I fear ev'ry fat trollop's?
Like hard hearted heart* she over us hovers,
As kite watches chickens she watches lovers.
CORN. What, have I caught ye? how all of ye stare on't,
I' faith I'll to Rome, and there do your errand!
By Senate y'are sent to follow your calling,
They think you are now their enemies mauling;
Man, woman, and child, you chief should be killing,
But 'stead of bombasting you are a billing
With Queen who should be her parish's pattern,
Good housewife in house not saunt'ring young slattern.
CLEO. Bodikins! pray why agog, Mistress Pompey?
As high as you are, a Joan may out-jump ye.
Be an example before y'are a tut'ress!
You want a Tarquin to make you a Lucrece!
CORN. Marry come up! Goodman Ptolemy's daughter,
Faith, in your wine I perhaps may put water;
For all your new gown y'are but a black gypsey,
Sure Tony and you have drunk till your tipsy;
Nay take the whole mess y'have yet but a spoonful,
I'll bate not an ace,† as widow of consul.
For though you now perk it, as daughter of King,
By'rlady, I'll give you as good as you bring:
I know your back's broad enough, I'll put you to't.
CLEO. Well, gossip, I know too the length of your foot.
CÆSAR. Hey for Cornelia! she's still for old Rome.
CORN. Cæsar, yo'd cog now, but some wiser than some,

* Hawk? See Vol. 1. p. 158.

Your crony and you in Egypt now flaunt it,
Spending like roysters, whilst honest men want it.
Leave off your hect'ring with heirs whilst you fool 'um,
And drinking beer-glasses *super naculum*;
Drowning of sorrow like negligent debtors,
Sending to provinces short begging letters,
Which being denied, then with armies you go
And take what you'll pay back to-morrow to mow.
CÆSAR. Your tippet's up, but Bilbo wights ne'er mind ye,
Turn buckle of girdle, wear it behind ye.*
ANTH. Let gossips shake hands, and Cæsar appoint her
Some blade that has house to make her a jointure.
Widow, be friends! make no more such a hot coil;
We'll find out rich husband to make you the pot boil.
CLEO. If the wound be sew'd up I'll not unrip it,
I'll keep my tongue in, if she'll pin down tippet.
CÆSAR. Proud Pompey, whom now we never shall lack more,
Came in at a gate, sneakt out at a back door:
Great was the mortal, and long cock-a-hoop too,
But down he did fall, whom all men did stoop to.
Yet fortune has done but what does become her;
In winter w'are hay and grass in the summer.
CORN. In troth, it is true! we are of that sort all!
Then farewell, sweet Pompey! since thou wert but mortal.
CLEO. Well said, Cornelia, I see you are heart whole,
Hang up all care, which from body would part soul!
Where are the fiddlers? what tune shall we fix on?
Faith! let's have the round of merry Mall Dixon.

* "If you are angry turn the buckle of your belt behind you."—*Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy.*

CÆSAR. Call in the fiddlers! but hark ye, friend Tony,
Whilst now I think on't, have you any money?
For though in war I did bear all before me,
Cash stays behind, and I'm fain to cry "score me!"
ANTH. Cæsar, my plunder, I speak it with sorrow,
Is squander'd with girls, and I'm forced now to borrow.
Yes! let 'em play at but princum and prancum,
And we'll pay at last, or else we'll thank 'um.

THE DANCE.

CÆSAR. Let's to the ale-house go, where tapsters know me;
Fat hostess there will trust; lead, King Ptolomey!
Fiddlers will thither come, and never grumble;
In Play-house they are proud, in ale-house humble.
Gossips shall tattle there, while tongues will wag on,
And to my Gipsey's health I'll drink a flagon.
[*Exeunt.*

HOUS.-K. What! is all done?
PLAY. Ay, and we—are undone!
Such a sad coil was ne'er before in London.
Somebody has let our neighbours in—and we
Have been, in toto, mulcted of our fee.
'Slight the house is e'en full—Well; that's no crime—
Free now, they're free to pay another time.
So stop 'em! they're like to hear, if they will stay,
An Epilogue, since they have seen a play.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Epilogue.

Since you at land no more can hurried be,
The shifted scene shall turn us now to sea,
Where our small bark does strike, when we'd espy
You're the Admiral, with your main-top high.
Our Pilot-Poet should his laurel vail,—
Which is his flag,—as low as we our sail.
To shew you things yet newer, we did mean
To represent a mermaid in that scene ;
Not proudly combing, with a comb of gold,
Her long wet hair, till the vain wretch takes cold,—
For so she's painted by each bungling rogue,—
But in her hand an humble Epilogue ; *
Which she by signs—for Mermaids seldom speak—
Should recommend to critics on the deck :
And, by a court'sy, should a plaudit beg ;—
Note, female fishes never make a leg.
But that's an observation by the by,—
And now, methinks, I hear some ask me why
That observation's made ? Our author says
'Tis just like those which critics make at Plays.
He said he wish't for our sakes, not his own,—
Yet that's a charity but rarely known—

* It would seem that it was very common to hang out the picture of a fish, real or imaginary, at ordinaries. Thus in Mayne's City Match, 1639.

"*Roseclap*" (*The keeper of an Ordinary.*) "Faith, I do grant
This is the strangest fish. Yon' I have hung
His other picture in the fields, where some
Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoise ; others say,
'Tis the fish caught in Cheshire ; one to whom
The rest agree, said "'twas a mermaid."—

In the same play, Timothy, a merchant's son, while in a state of inebriety and asleep, is exhibited by his companions, by way of fun, as "a strange fish," and the spectators pay for admission.

Such audiences as learning do forbear;
I mean, who never strive to shew it here.
This landscape of the sea,—but by the way—
That's an expression which might hurt our play,
If the severer critics were in town;
This prospect of the sea cannot be shewn:
Therefore be pleas'd to think that you are all
Behind the Row, which men call Portugal;
The title at our doors was that which drew
You hither by the charm of being new.
You'll spoil the jest, unless the Play succeed
For then we may e'en let our House indeed.

NEWS FROM PLYMOUTH.

News from Plymouth. *Folio*, 1673.

This is one of the six plays printed for the first time, in the folio edition of Sir William Davenant's Works, 1673. It was one of his earlier productions, having been licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1st August 1635, and, in all probability, performed shortly afterwards. There is no record, however, existing of such performance. Geneste remarks that "this is far from a bad comedy, but there is little or no plot. Of this defect" he further, although deducing from false premises, remarks,—"Davenant was sensible,—he says in the Prologue,—

> 'We could not raise
> From a few seamen, wind-bound in a port,
> More various changes, business, or more sport.'"

"It is clear," he goes on to observe, "that Davenant had originally laid the scene at Portsmouth, as the widow Carrack, towards the close of the first act, characterises her house as the best in Portsmouth. From certain expressions in the Prologue and Epilogue, it was highly probable that this play came out at the Globe; but the matter is put past a doubt by Davenant's poems, in which the Epilogue is printed, a second time, as the Epilogue to a vacation play at the Globe—the name of the play is not mentioned."

PROLOGUE.

A NOBLE company ! for we can spy,
Beside rich gaudy sirs, some that rely
More on their judgements than their clothes, and
may,
With wit as well as pride, rescue our play :
And 'tis but just, though each spectator knows
This house, and season, does more promise shows,
Dancing, and buckler fights, than art or wit ;
Yet so much taxt of both as will befit
Our humble theme you shall receive, and such
As may please those who not expect too much.
For when you but survey the narrow ways
We walk in, you will find we could not raise
From a few seamen, wind-bound in a port
More various changes, business, or more sport.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Sir Solemn Trifle, *a foolish old knight.*
Sir Furious Inland, *a country knight.*
Warwell, *a gentleman, servant to Loveright.*
Seawit, Topsail, Cable, } *Sea-captains.*
Bumble, *a dutch captain.*
Boatswain,
Dash, *Clerk to Trifle.*
Scarecrow, Zeal, Prattle, } *Intelligencers.*
Sailors,
Porter,
Lady Loveright, *niece to Trifle.*
Mrs. Joynture, *cousin to Loveright.*
Nightingale, *Loveright's waiting-woman.*
Carrack, *a rich widow.*
Smoothall, *her maid.*

Scene: Plymouth.

NEWS FROM PLYMOUTH.

Act I.

Enter Seawit, Topsail, Cable.

Sea. The wind still southerly? here we are like
To stay till grass grow on our decks, and all
Our masts take root, bud forth too and bear acorns,
Which, as I take't my salt-sea friends, is like
To be our food when all our victual's spent.
How thrives your treasure, Cable? when your looks
Are heavy, we shall need small magic to
Divine your pockets light.

Ca. A few mild-sixpences with which
My purser casts account is all I've left.

Top. There are ith' harbour, sir, those of the faithful
That will trust, upon a good pawn: you must
Engage your plate.

Sea. His plate! alas! poor soul,
What plate hath he more than his boatswain's whistle.
As for the silver seal that hung at's wrist,
Whereon was carv'd the lover's scutcheons, sir,
The bleeding heart; that's gone long since t'adorn
His mistress' court cupboard, which, on a cloth
Of network edg'd with a ten-penny lace,
Stands now between her thimble and her bodkin;
Objects of state, believ't, and ornament.

Ca. This town is dearer than Jerusalem

After a year's siege ; they would make us pay
For day-light, if they knew how to measure
The sun-beams by the yard. Nay, sell the very
Air too if they could serve it out in fine
China-bottles. If you walk but three turns
In the High-street, they will ask you money
For wearing out the pebbles.

SEA. This is your region, Topsail, for you seamen
Love to converse of plenty, where you may
Be coz'ned for your ware, and meat, and think
Such negligence becomes a noble spirit,
As well as thrift a lean attorney or
Fat alderman, until your mercer and
Your man that squeezes your lusty wine of Greece,
Or brisk vin-dy, remove from's smokey habitation
In the town, unto your manor house :
There ride in triumph o'er your conquer'd land,
As if he did bestride my Lord Mayor's horse,
As if your meadows were Cheapside, and all
Your woods the just precincts of his own ward.

CA. And these two disciples to St. Tantlin,
That rise to long exercise before day,
And cozen'd soundly before noon ; these shall
Grow old within your manor house, and die
There too, and be buried in your own chapel ;
And have their sinful seacoal dust mingled
With th' ashes of your warlike ancestors.

TOP. 'Tis true, to these unpleasant hazards
Riot and youth must bring us :
The gallant humour of the age, no remedy.
Whilst yet the mother's blessing quarrels and chimes
Ith' pocket thus : the thrift of thirty years
Sav'd out of mince pies, butter, and dry'd hops.
It must away ; but where ? In the metropolis,
London, the sphere of light and harmony ;

Where still your tavern bush is green and flourishing,
Your punk dancing in purple,
With music that would make a hermit frisk
Like a young dancer on a rope. But alas!
There's no such pure materials for delight
In this dull harbour, I will sooner draw
My sword than my purse here. 'Tis a place fit
Only for midnight battles with the watch.

CA. And vildly destitute of women. Here
Are none but a few matrons of Biscay,
That the Spaniards left here
In eighty eight.

SEA. Your hostesses' daughter at the Hoop
Desir'd me last night I would speak to you
For an old sprit-sail to make her a smock.

CA. You have money, sir; you may be merry.

SEA. In sober truth, thou art—

CA. Why, what am I?

SEA. As great a sinner
As e'er eat biscuit and salt beef.
But, gentlemen, it lies much now within
My power, although here wind-bound and distrest,
To make your sad hearts light.

CA. Proceed any news of a late shipwreck,
Of two strangers seen floating on a plank,
Each with a bag of Portuguez under
His left arm?

SEA. No, sir! but since our navy anchor'd in
This port, our fame hath prospered so,
That to behold our pride, and strength, there is
This day arriv'd a lady.

TOP. How! a lady?

SEA. The very flower and pleasure of the Spring,
And hath a wit so prosperous, one hour
Of her converse would make a courtier of
A carman: so rich, that the Turk's vast army

Cannot starve upon her land: [all there]
Are prime gamesters; the very housewives of
Her dairy play at cent: and her plough-boys
Double their wages at cribbage and picket.
CA. Well, I'm the luckiest rogue that ever seckt.*
By this hand, gentlemen!
I think if my brains were knocked out o'er night,
I should find them in my skull again next morning.
O my good stars, I do thank your bright worships!
Send such a purchase hither just in the nick
And period of distress.
TOP. Seawit, a little more intelligence!
Where doth this lady lie?
SEA. At widow Carrack's house,
Where there are wells new digg'd to lay her bottled wine,
Grottos to keep her person cool, and kitchens
That would serve Mark Anthony.
CA. But will she eat and drink?
SEA. How! Do you think I bring you tidings of
The Maid of Brabant, that lived by her smell,
That din'd on a rose, and supt on a tulip.†
CA. I mean, will she feed high, and drink deep, like
A Saxon-bride, until her lover sleep

* Kicked—*i.e.*, lived.—*Teste* the phrase, "Alive and kicking."

† "What would ye have me do?
D'ye think I'm the Dutch Virgin that could live
By the scent of flowers?"—*Mayne's City Match*, A. 2, S. 4.
"But the strangest I have met with in this kinde is the historie of Eve Fleigen, out of the Dutch translated into English and printed at London, Anno 1611: who, being borne at Meurs, is said to have taken no kind of sustenance by the space of fourteen yeeres together; that is from the yeere of her age twenty-two to thirty-six, and from the yeere of our Lord, 1597 to 1611; and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the magistrate of Meurs, as also by the minister, who, made tryall of her in his house thirteene days together, by all the means he

Upon her lap?

SEA. She entertains! What will
You more, gentlemen? I hear not of her vices.

CA. Oh were she but a whore now, I were made.
For if she be honest, she is not worth
A hollow tooth.

SEA. Why, Cable? Why?

CA. Your honest women are still unfortunate
To me, they talk of marriage, which I am prone too,
Come, call in quickly her dull deacon! or small
Tythe-taker——in his dimity———cassock,
And let him squeeze, and join our hands, until
They ache; then there's a pause, whilst her parent,
With a sour brow, and trencher beard, strait blasts
My ear, with an odd heathen word, call'd jointure.
Well, sir! I, as in duty bound towards
My self, promise largely: then spies are sent
T'enquire for one Captain Cable of the south,
What lands, what farms he hath; and word is
brought,
That all the purchase he e'er made was but
A noble for a map, which hangs in his
Great cabin.

TOP. Seawit! Yourself and I must move alone,
In visitation to this lady.

SEA. You must excuse me, sir, he shall along;

could devise, but could detect no imposture. Over the picture of this maiden, set in front of the Dutch copie, stand these Latin verses:

"Meursæ hæc quem cernis decies ter sexque peregit
Annos, bis septem prorsus non vescitur annis
Nec potat, sic sola sedit, sic pallida vitam
Ducit, et exigui se oblectat floribus horti."

Thus rendered in the English copie:

"This maid of Meurs twenty-six yeares spent,
Fourteene of which she tooke no nourishment;
Thus pale and wan she sits, sad and alone,
A garden's all shee loves to looke upon."

Hakewill's Apologie. Fol. 1635.

The interview will be too calm else. Come let's prepare!
Guard well your eyes! I'll bring you to a beauty
Shall put you both unto the wink.
CA. Thou art my admiral, I will fight under
Thy lee, and celebrate thy morning's draught
With a broad-side.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter CARRACK, PORTER, SMOOTHALL.

CAR. Be careful, porter! Let not a piece of canvas,
Or coarse kersey that smells of pitch or tar,
Pass o'er the threshold. Their gross feedings
On fulsome butter, Essex cheese, dried stockfish,
And scarce sweet beef on festivals, makes 'em savour
Like the pump of a ship, and to a tender nostril
'Tis very dangerous.
POR. Is't your worship's pleasure?
CAR. Well answered! I am worshipful indeed,
For I am rich, and a wise woman told me
My gold, in time, may make clowns say mine honour;
There are examples extant, but proceed
With your question to my worship.
POR. May I suffer no man of war to enter?
CAR. Yes, your captains
Of the last edition, and their officers too;
Nay, I allow young volunteers, provided
They show rich lace, and purl,* and without magic
Have shut a manor in a trunk of clothes,

* An embroidered and puckered border.

In hope to prove commanders.
POR. With your pardon,
What think you of a buff jerkin?
CAR. It may pass,
And chamois too, so it be well embroider'd,
And have a touch of amber.
POR. I am glad of't.
'Tis Captain Cable's wear, and I should be sorry
To thrust myself into a certain beating
By shutting him out.
CAR. True, 'tis a boist'rous sir,
And should be welcome in his shirt; but that
His captainship hates a priest, and laughs at wedlock,
But ravins on his fly-blown lamb or mutton,
Though he meet it in the city, or the suburbs.
But do your duties! I'll think of him alone.
POR. I shall be careful! [*Exit Porter.*
CAR. Now to you, Smoothall; if that you be vigilant
And mark, and learn the fashions of the time,
'Twill help you sooner to a husband, than
Your father farmer's crop or wool. Consider
What noble guests are now under my roof.
The lady Loveright, not an heir, and rich
In expectation only, but possest
Of a huge estate, four thousand a-year, which came
From her dead grandmother. The earl, her father,
Hath left it at her dispose, without a guardian.
Then Mistress Jointure, one of a good estate too,
My lady's gentlewoman, Mistress Nightingale,—
I may make thee a gentlewoman, though thy mother
Was Goody Smoothall, and do it by my lord's pattent
When I am a baroness: 'tis now in fashion

To metamorphose chambermaids. The King
Dubs knights, and new-stampt honour creates gentry.
SMOOTH. And, please you the mere hope of this will prompt me
To wait with diligence.
CAR. And I'll reward it.
SMOOTH. What may the grave knight be that is so busy
About the lady of honour?
CAR. Her honour's uncle,
Sir Solemn Trifle. He's a Justice of Peace,
And, in his country, *custos rotulorum;*
He can give a charge to the jury at Quarter-sessions
And tell aforehand what will be their answer;
To all his fellow Justices he speaks gravely,
And will hear none but himself. Have a care of him!
You may have good of his clerk,—a handsome stripling,
He hath serv'd already three years of his prentiship,
And, if he thrive out of his quarter fees,
He may in time set up for himself. Fall off!
My noble guests appear. Now to my posture!

Enter SIR SOLEMN TRIFLE, LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE, NIGHTINGALE.

TRI. See, honour'd niece, our careful land-lady!
She bows most neatly, you would say, and courtlike;
Pray you, give me leave!
CAR. Madam!
TRI. You would excuse again—
I know your thoughts,—the want
Of apt accommodations to receive

Such noble guests.
LOVE. Sir, in my judgment, all things—
TRI. Are, under pardon, you would say beyond
All expectation of entertainment
In a port-town.
LOV. The gentlewoman, sir,
Hath ample means.
TRI. To make this good. I know it,
And that you would add, she is a rich widow,
Well monied, and well landed.
NIGH. Sir, her husband !—
TRI. You will be chattering, too, pert Mrs. Magpie,
Ye shall be no more a Nightingale ; her husband,
This you would say, and make a tedious tale of't,
With, ay forsooth, and no forsooth, but I can
Relate it more concisely,—for I hate
Impertinence, and babbling,—was a Captain,
A stout and fortunate Captain, and could carry
His ship to any coast under the moon
Without the help of his master ; and could use
His ropes-end on the ship-boys and the sailors,
As well as his boatswain, which did well demonstrate
His skill and valour. Then———
LOVE. Now give me leave,
You reprehend in others, that which you
Convince yourself of. This is from the purpose.
TRI. I come to it now ! Pray you, give me leave !
CA. Excuse me !
Her honour shall have leave, sir, with your pardon ;
Fine women stand by, and one old man talk all !
'Tis monstrous, nay abominable ! I'll not suffer
Such discipline in my house. I have a tongue too,
And therefore, pray you be silent. I am bold
To interrupt your honour. But a word,

And I have done. 'Tis true I am a widow,
And rich, too, as Sir Solemn says; my house,
The best in Portsmouth, and hath entertain'd
An admiral, and his mistress too; but they
Have lain in several chambers, on mine honour,
I should have said my credit, I cry you mercy,
Heartily mercy!

LOVE. There is no offence.

CAR. My husband, rest his soul in Neptune's bosom,
For his body hath fed haddocks, took a prize
From the Hamburghers, and Brasile Men, furnisht me
With plenty of provision, but grown old
He went to sea again and died, but left me
A lusty young widow. I must weep to think
How timely he went from me.

TRI. Mourn in silence!
I will discourse the rest. Pray you, give me leave!

CAR. I cannot, nor I will not give you leave
Till I have told my story, and how far
I am her honour's servant, would
I had means to express it, as it is
Pray you accept of't. There is nothing court-like
Your honour can expect, or I dare promise!
My house is but a simple pile.

TRI. I will have leave now;
She should have said, a stately edifice.
For orchards, curious gardens, private walks,
Like an Italian palace.

CAR. Good Sir Solemn!

TRI. With drawing rooms, in every one a couch,
For all occasions, and uses ready.

CAR. That's common! but my hangings.—

TRI. Silk and gold,
I know not whence you had 'em, but I find
The Rose and Crown and E. R. wrought upon 'em.

I'll save your modesty! you shall not boast of
Your other furniture.
CAR. You will o'ercome,
And having read the inventory—
TRI. I can say, that
For the coarsest use you shall have silver.
CAR. A bed with utensils
Perchance, or so; but for my linen—
TRI. That
Exceeds the rest; pure damask, and perfum'd too!
Her cambric sheets, down beds—Nay, give me leave!
I think I have done you right.
CAR. There's something else
You might remember.
LOVE. Nay, no more, I pray you.
Was there ever such a medley?
JOYNT. On this theme
I think she would ever hear him.
CAR. Good Sir Trifle!
TRI. You would say, I thank you—
JOYNT. A new storm!
LOVE. We are rescu'd!
JOYNT. What are these?
LOVE. Captains of the Fleet; and sent for
By my direction. You have both spoke well;
Take breath a while!

Enter LOVERIGHT'S *Woman.*

WO. The captain that sent hither to entreat
Admittance for himself and's friends, attends
Your ladyship's command.
LOVE. Entreat him enter! [*Exit Woman.*
JOYNT. Shall we be charg'd with men o'war, too, madam?
What captain's this?
LOVE. Seawit! a fellow that preserves his soul

So full of mirth, as if he never knew
Calamity nor sin; why he will make
A pris'ner laugh upon the rack: his reason too
Transcends his wit, and's courage equals both;
The very darling of the court and town.

Enter SEAWIT, CABLE, TOPSAIL.

SEA. If there be trouble in this visit, Madam,
You are to chide your virtues and your fame,
That doth oblige strangers to love and serve you.
LOVE. It is your kindness, Sir, to trust such fond reports;
But I have cause to wish your knowledge of me
May not instruct you to repent your faith.
SEA. Your courtesy equals your beauty, lady.
Let me press these gentlemen unto
Your knowledge and respect, they will both strive
How to deserve it better than my self.
LOVE. They are your choice, Sir, and that commends 'em. [*Topsail and Cable salutes her.*
TRI. All these are mighty men, and have no money.
CA. Topsail! I pray Heaven she be not honest!
I fear her shrewdly, and the pure grief of it
Wounds my very heart. Ah, what pity 'tis,
So excellent a creature should be honest!
TOP. Cable! If she but vouchsafe to love me,
That shall appear no great impediment;
Nor shall you dare to think her honesty
A vice. You mark my words, you shall not dare!
CA. If she be honest, in sad homely truth
You must not presume to love her; because
Time, occasion, and the devil, may make
Her blood turn, and then, Sir, she's for my purpose.
Do not look scurvily! 'Tis dangerous!
SEA. Are you both mad? or do take this mansion

For pick'd-hatch ?* You would be
Suitors, yes to a she-dear, and keep your
Marriages in Paris-Garden.

TOP. No more ! we are govern'd !

Enter Woman.

WO. Your dinner doth attend your ladyship.

LOVE. Gentlemen ! you'll give me leave t'invite you to a feast.

SEA. We are your troubles, but ready to obey.

JOYNT. Sir Solemn, what's th'occasion of your thoughts ?

TRI. I am thinking that my scrivener will hardly
Take that fat captain's bond.

JOYNT. You have reason, sir.
Nine of 'em in a team have scarce the strength
To draw a hundred pounds out of Cheapside.

TRI. Heaven help 'em ! do they e'er think to be sav'd then ?

LOVE. Come, uncle, lead the way !

TOP. Small hands, full breasts, soft lips, and sparkling eyes !
If I can board her, she'll prove lawful prize.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

TRIFLE, SEAWIT, LOVERIGHT, TOPSAIL, JOYNTURE, CABLE, CARRACK, NIGHTINGALE.

SEA. Madam, your entertainment hath been such,
So free and full of bounty, that it leaves us
No words to express our thankfulness.

* A notorious resort in Clerkenwell for prostitutes.

"Borrow'd and brought from loose Venetians,
Becoms Pickt-hatch and Shoreditch courtizans."
Du Bartas, p. 576.

Tri. Give me leave!
I know what you would say, but with your favour
I'll do't, and spare your blushes: for she is
Extremely modest, you would say, and noble.
You would answer, for here I know your thoughts,
[The viands, gentlemen,] were plain and cheap,
And answer'd in no part my full desires
With cost, and curiosity, to feast
Such brave commanders. Lady, I hope I have nick'd it,
But pray you forbear your thanks for't; 'tis supposed—
Nay, gallants, give me leave! you would reply,
Her bounty did transcend, and perhaps add,
That though the name of hospitality
Is lost, nay dead, in her it is reviv'd.
If any can say more, let me be put
Out of commission for't, or what is worse,
Speak what concerns me only.
Love. The perpetual motion
Is in his tongue, I think.
Sea. I never read of
Such a long-winded monster.
Tri. You consent—
For so your silence warrants—all is spoken,
And aptly too on both parts, that could be
Imagin'd or expected. If there be
A doubt remaining I'll dilate it further.
Car. Indeed, Sir Solemn, we are satisfied;
This only if you please—
Tri. What shall not now be heard, her squeaking treble
Will drown my tenor.
Love. No means left to free us
From this confusion?
Sea. Trust it to me, madam!

I'll not dwell long on't, Sir Solemn.
TRI. You would say
This widow does me wrong.
SEA. True! and, that I
Will do you right, there is a wager laid
Among us after supper, of which you are
Elected judge.
TRI. And pleader too, if you please.
I have wit and tongue enough for both.
SEA. I know it!
But hear the wager, I'll be short and pithy.
There grew an argument, among which,
Of the nine worthies, Christian, Heathen, Jew,
Deserv'd privity.
TRI. A main State point.
SEA. 'Tis so!
And to that man who best maintains this choice,
The rest, in sign of victory, are to pay
A hundred crowns. Now, if you please to walk
Into the gallery, you shall find these worthies
Drawn to the life there, without interruption
Of this chattering widow, or these other tatlers,
For they have tongues too—you may sit in State,
And examining the dead worthies *pro and contra*,
Defend, accuse, object, and answer for 'em.
You may spare your "give me leave," or "this you would say,"
They will obey with silence, you may be too
As loud as you list, and make use of what action
Or gesture you shall think fit, you will find it
Such a feast of soliloquy, and without disturbance,
As yet you never tasted.
TRI. The design,
Captain, commands my thanks.
SEA. Then having practis'd,
And argu'd with your self, the several titles
These worthies can pretend to, when we come

To disputation, being thus prepar'd,
You shall speak all your self, and we will hear you
As you were the great Turk of Eloquence,
And we your mutes, or statues.
TRI. A rare project!
I'll instantly about it. [*Exit Trifle.*
LOVE. You have bound us
Your debtors, captain, in removing this
Unnecessary noise; 'tis a fit province
You have set him to govern.
JOYNT. Now we may talk
And chuse the theme our selves.
CAR. I know with whom
I would discourse, but that my Cable's frowns
Advise me to stand off.
TOP. To yield to me
Is no disparagement. Cable! when you have
Sat down, and rend'red up all interest
You do or can pretend unto this lady,
It will be honour enough to have it reported
You once contended with me.
CAL. Why, good Ajax?
You would betray your reading. I have read too,
And know from whence this State-conceit was borrow'd.
Since Ovid spake English, I ne'er yet found Latin
In a captain's commission. But one reason, why
You claim precedence of me?
TOP. Thou must grant
I am better parted, more polite and vers'd in
The rules of courtship.
CA. Better parted, why sir?
Cause you have richer suits? My observation
Hath told me hitherto, that your best parts are
A little singing out of tune, and that,
With a scurvy hoarse voice, to a fiddler's boy,
That never was admitted to a tavern,

Shall out-do you in a tap-house for a test,
When your throat is clearest. 'Tis said you can
dance, too!
Caper, and do tricks like a jack-a-napes:
A prime and courtlike virtue, which you learn'd
from
The dancing-schools' usher, or his underling.
TOP. I shall be angry!
CA. Fie, no! You are dangerous. I'll rather
come
To composition with you.
TOP. If it be fair,
I shall give ear to't, I am of a good nature.
Propound it!
CA. This way the indenture runs then;
If you can sing, or frisk your self into
This lady's bed, when the priest hath done his
office,
You shall put in security after a month,—
For you are not built up, sir, to hold out longer—
When you are forc'd to ride and visit your uncle,
I shall have free access, and liberty
With your consent, under your hand, and seal too,
To court her, and enjoy her as a mistress.
TOP. And I to be your cuckold?
CA. And good reason.
Canst thou be so unconscionable as to ingross
A whole wife to thy self, or deny me,
When thou art gorg'd up to the throat, to feed
On thy reversions? hast thou no charity in thee?
No feeling of thy neighbour's wants? or shall not
This young and gamesome lady be allow'd
When 'tis in fashion, and by most subscrib'd too,
A servant with a husband? no compassion
On bachelors of fifty and odd?
TOP. No more!
Did not the privilege of the place protect you

I would ———
CA. What would you do?
TOP. You shall hear further,
Believ't you shall.
LOVE. They grow loud.
SEA. Are you mad?
Or drunk, or both?
TOP. Such you may hear,
When you use better manners.
CA. If the ass
Be gall'd, let him winch!
SEA. Do you make this lady's house
A sutlers' booth to brawl in?
CA. Be not so hot, sir!
I'll do as I think fit.
TOP. Preserve your lectures
To read to your charge, Sir Furious Inland; he
May hear you, and applaud it.
CA. I am past
Your tutorship.
TOP. I'll follow mine own designs.
[*Exeunt Cable, Topsail.*
CAR. O, my brave Cable! if thou wouldst but hold
Thy Carrack * to an anchor, she would seek
No other port. This quarrel must be tane up,
Or I am shipwrack'd. [*Exit Carrack.*
SEA. Which way to excuse
Their incivility, or my want of judgment,
For bringing such rudeness to your presence, falls not
In my dull apprehension: it throws

* Literally, a "carrack" signifies a Spanish galleon. Sometimes English vessels of great value and size were so called.

"These mortall gods, for traffique still disperse
Their envied wealth throughout the universe;
In caracks built so wide that they want roome
In narrow seas."—*D'avenant's Madagascar.*

A taint on our profession.
LOVE. Not at all!
Their leprosy cleaves to themselves, and cannot
Infect your better temper.
SEA. 'Tis your charity
To say so, Madam.
LOVE. Without flattery, captain,
So well I like your conversation, mirth, and freedom,
That I much wish, while the winds stay you here,
You would know no other table; what was wanting
To-day, shall be supplied. But pray you tell me,
What kind of man is that Sir Furious Inland,
Your charge, I think, they call'd him?
SEA. He's a gentleman
Of fair descent, and ample means, but subject
To their disease of quarrelling; his sword
Hangs still too near his right hand, he loves fighting
Above all pleasures, and is more delighted
With the dangers of a duel, than the honour
Of having had the better; he was trusted
By some of his noble kinsmen to my care,
In hope the discipline of the war might tame him:
I have done little good upon him yet,
His metal will not bow. But surely, madam,
Had he been present, he had paid these roarers
In their own coin; yet thus much I can say in his defence,
In the height of all his wildness
He loves and honours ladies; for whose service
He's still a ready champion.
LOVE. A strange character!
I shall receive it as a favour, if
You grant me means to see him.
SEA. He's aboard!
But I'll send for him presently. He may yield
Occasion of mirth, and without hazard

Of life or limb. I will present him to you,
And, till then, kiss your hands. [*Exit Seawit.*

LOVE. I shall expect you.
Now, cousin, your opinion of this captain?
The general voice, and I believe it, speaks him
A complete man.

JOYNT. It may be so in his
Profession, but with your pardon, lady,
Neither the place you live in, nor the company
That do frequent your house, can free you from
Severer censures.

LOVE. Free me, cousin? I am
Careless as they are curious, to inquire into
My actions, but from you I will hear
What I am tax'd for; but, I pray you, speak it
In a merry tone, none by to over-hear,
Freedom and mirth become us.

JOYNT. I approve it!
'Tis wonder'd why,—if virtuous, for your fame
Is call'd in question,—having of your own
Manors and goodly houses in the country,
And one for winter pleasures in the city—
And that of large receipt for entertainments—
You rather chuse to live an inmate under
Another's roof in a port town, than where
Your pow'r is absolute.

LOVE. They come up roundly to me.
But what, in their grave wisdoms, do they judge
The principal motive?

JOYNT. Love of noise, and rudeness,
To see the drums and trumpets in the morning
To rouse you up, your own musicians sleeping;
To see the sailors dance, to give you colours
To every officer, to feast the captains,
That when they are aboard they may carouse
In wine, while it lasts, or, that spent, quarter-cans
To the brave Virago's health.

LOVE. Is this the worst
They charge me with?
JOYNT. The best construction rather
Of your coming hither. Others whisper, such
Is my intelligence, that you hold a courtier
Too soft, a country gentleman too dull,
To make a husband, and that your main end is,
To be kiss'd to the purpose in the gun-room,
Upon a cannon by a rough commander,
Then brought to bed in his cabin of two boys;
And, when they are christen'd, in the place of bells
To hear the ordnance roar a lullaby
To your seaborn issue.
LOVE. This may be;
But wherefore are they thus suspicious?
JOYNT. On good grounds, and sure ones.
No man that looks on you will believe your purpose
To live and die a maid. I can read mother
Upon your forehead, then having had such choice
Of rich and noble suitors—well shap'd men too
For a lady's service, and among the rest,
Sir Studious Warwell your idolater—he's
Learned, active, of an ancient house too,
A gentleman whose fortune equals yours,
And he to be refus'd, and by your scorn
Employ'd, but none know wherefore.
LOVE. Thou hast said, wench!
Hear me reply: the great estate commended
In this Sir Studious Warwell was a hinderance,
And no way did advance my favours to him.
I have enough, and my ambition is
To make a man, not take addition from him.
I would have him poor, and if unlearn'd the better
I cannot feed on the philosopher's banquet,
Nor would I have my bed-fellow a cold cynic.
I will be plain too. If he have no coat

I'th' herald's boots, I say again the better ;
His kindred shall not awe me with a statue
Wanting a nose or ear of his great family,
Though they swear 'twas John-a-Gaunt's. My father was
A soldier, and for that my mother lov'd him,
His title of an earl was no charm to her.
And when I find a perfect and a poor one,
Still take me with you, cousin—if a soldier——

JOYNT. There are few of 'em rich.

LOVE. I have the better choice then.
That perfect poor one I will make my husband ;
It is resolv'd ! I'll tell thee more ere long, wench.
[*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda, TOPSAIL.

TOP. Let the quarrel sleep a while ! to win this lady
Concerns me nearer. If I get her, I have honour
And never fight for't, policy must take place
In this of valour, and I will omit
No helps that may make for me. Let me consider !
Her uncle's powerful with her, if I can
But make him mine, with the aids of those
Rich ornaments Cable so admires,
Though he seem'd to contemn them in his choler,
All's cock sure !
He comes most timely, I will upon him.

Enter TRIFLE *with a table book.*

TRI. Here are all the points
I am to treat of. This for Alexander,
For Godfrey of Bulloigne this, and good King David
I have for thee too. If I wrong the least
Of the nine worthies, yet I'll firk 'em home too,
May I never prove the tenth.

TOP. Sir! one word with you.
TRI. I am to speak not hear; you trouble me.
But that I am a christian myself,
I should incline to Hector; Julius Cæsar
Did very well too, and the rest, brave men all.
As I am their advocate, their fees alike too,
It were injustice if I should be partial.
Good Sir, forbear! I have many strings to play on.
TOP. I, but one suit.
TRI. Pray you give me leave! I know it.
In your particular fancy, you affect
Above the rest, one worthy. Tell me his name.
I'll not be dumb in his praise.
TOP. Worthy! what worthies?
TRI. Make it not strange. Are you not one of those
That are to-night to hear the worthies' causes
First pleaded, then decided?
TOP. You are jeer'd, Sir.
TRI. A hundred crowns adjudg'd to him whose worthy
Should have precedency?
TOP. There's no such matter.
Seawit's device to send you off, while he
Courted your niece in your absence, on my life!
There was no such thing intended, or e'er dream'd on.
The company is dispers'd.
TRI. Have I then lost my hopeful preparations?
TOP. You are wrong'd.
TRI. Not I. Posterity suffers for the loss
Of what I had deliver'd, which recited,
I had a stationer of mine own to print it.
I am exceeding melancholy.
TOP. Go aboard
With me, and purge it. Do me a favour in
Another kind, you shall not lose your labour,

I'll help you to an auditory, that can judge too
Of your tropes and figures.
TRI. Who are they?
TOP. My sailors!
I have taught 'em not to cavil at the things
They understand not. I'll be silent too,
You shall speak all your self.
TRI. How you engage me!
I'll take the pictures along to make distinction
For whom I plead.
TOP. It will do well.
TRI. Your suit now!
What e'er it be 'tis granted, for this courtesy.
Out with't, I pray you!
TOP. I'll tell you in the cock-boat. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CABLE.

CA. Sure this lady's honest! Or if she be not
There's but small advantage to my hopes, whilst that
Tempter, young Topsail, hovers near her eye.
The rogue has qualities for love, which I want.
Why he will sing you like any widow's daughter
That's working of bone-lace; no weaver at
His loom comes near him; and dance till he tire
All the tabours in a wake. Now the truth is
I cannot sing, for with eating
Butter, when I lay amongst
The Dutch ships at Delph, my voice is quite gone;
And for matter of dancing, you may expect as much
From a lobster on a fishmonger's stall.
I would the wind would turn. No money! and in
A harbour too: Truth, 'tis a pretty calamity
For a gentleman of my inclination!

Enter a PORTER, CARRACK.

POR. I left him walking from the quay, towards

The back-door of your worship's garden. Look!
There he stands, and very sad; sure, he had
But a light dinner at your worship's house,
For he's eating's nails already.

CAR. Get you home!
And, sirrah! see you pile those billets up
I'th' yard; and, do you hear, make haste, and fetch
The glazier strait to mend the casement in
The darnex* chamber.

POR. Yes, forsooth!

CAR. And let me see; be sure you bid the baker
Send in more bread to-night, and let the kid
Be made into a pasty!

POR. I shall forsooth. [*Exit.*

CAR. What, melancholy, captain!

CA. Widow, in troth, my thoughts were somewhat busy
About division of a prize.

CAR. Why, have you taken one?

CA. No, widow, no! But when it shall please heaven
T'allow us the good fortune, I was thinking
With how much conscience, and discretion too, I might
Dispose it into shares. I am

* Darnex, a coarse sort of damask, used for carpets, curtains, &c., originally manufactured at Tournay. It was composed of different kinds of material, sometimes of worsted, silk, wool, or thread.—*Halliwell.*

Linen cloth having certain figures raised in the weaving; diaper—*Jamieson.*

"He fand his chalmer weill arrayit
With dornik werk on buird displayit."
Lyndsay's *Squyer Meldrum*, 1594.

MEMORANDUM OF LINEN AND FURNITURE AT LINDORES, 1530.

Item ij gret claths of fyne dorne werk wytht ij towels of ya samyne;
Item ij smaller claths of dorne werk wytht out towels.
Chartularies of Balmerino and Lindores,—Printed for Abbotsford Club, 1841, *from MSS., in Advocates' Library.*

Very just in my nature.

CAR. Well, captain, I observe of late, and truly
With some compassion too, that you are full
Of troubled thoughts, and much opprest in heart.
Heaven keep you from lying in a chamber
Where there is a cross beam.

CA. Why, do you think
I love activity, and will swing at
Midnight in my shirt?

CAR. Nay, they above
Know all; but certainly y'are very sad!

CA. As other mortals use to be, that want
Money, wine, or a wench.

CAR. Lo you there now!
Just such another man was my husband,
And would talk so, too. Well, peace rest his soul,
I'm sure his body had but little rest
On earth; for he was a woman's man, captain,
A good one too; he lay not idle, he,
I speak it in my tears.

CA. Now can I hardly forbear to cry too,
But that I left my handkerchief in my
Cabin, and want somewhat to dry my eyes
When they are wet. Widow, thou do'st
Not know how much thy kindness hath prevail'd.

CAR. Ay, Sir, if you but guess the cause.

CA. Nay, I find no cause, but
Your good parts.

CAR. Good parts, indeed! you are so like my husband.
And just, as they say, such a rough hewn man
Was he: so troublesome to maids and women,
Of meek behaviour, that they would all cry
Out on him, yet they lov'd him too. Truly he was
Scarce to be trusted in the dark.

CA. A modest gentleman belike, for he
Would do no lewdness before the sun's face.

CAR. No, truly! and, when the happy knot
Was tied, good heart! he was reclaim'd. We lov'd
Like any house-doves, ever more billing
To the comfort indeed of all young people.
CA. What knot do you mean, widow?
CAR. Why, of matrimony.
CA. O, is the wind fix'd there still? If you, or
Your vicar get me into your fool's noose,
I'll give you leave to pull hairs out of my beard,
And bridle fleas with 'em. Draw in a yoke!
CAR. In sadness, captain, I could chide you now;
What is the reason you renounce marriage?
Is it because you do not love to come
In a church? the priest can do't in a chamber.
CA. No, no, I love churches. I mean to turn
Pirate, rob my country-men, and build one.
CAR. Why, well said! there is some hope in that.
CA. But for marriage, do not think on't. It is
A most excellent receipt to make cuckolds.
The short truth is, if you will ply your malmsey,
Rejoice o'er your spic'd bowl, and learn to drink
Your self into a comely trance, I shall
Love you, but then sometimes you must consent too:
I mean in the dark, widow.
CAR. Fie upon him! He is so like my husband.
CA. Farewell! Get thee to thy closet, and drink
To thy husband's ghost a whole pint of mum.
Remember matrimony makes cuckolds:
'Tis to be us'd after fourscore, when thy days
Of temptation are so long past, thou canst
Not endanger a smooth brow.
CAR. Well sir! I'll make you tamer, or else lose
My woman's wit with watching. [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter BOATSWAIN, SEAWIT.

SEA. Boatswain, well met! thou must instantly
aboard,

And fetch the knight that is my charge ashore.
BOAT. You mean Sir Furious Inland! Surely one
Of the winds got him, his cradle was a drum,
And he was nurs'd upon a belfry.
He hath more rage and noise than a winter storm:
Only his virtue is, he will outlast it.
You that are his captain, sir, may rule him;
But, in your absence, he hath got the trick
To rule your officers.
SEA. Does he make mutiny?
BOAT. Your master, purser, gunner, and his mate,
And I my self feel him about the shoulders:
Had he but my office two days, he would
Wear out a cable
With castigation, as he calls it. Look!
He's come ashore already.

Enter INLAND.

SEA. Away, leave me! [*Exit Boatswain.*
My fiery charge! Why hast thou left thy wooden walks
In my good ship, to tread on slippery pebbles here?
Where men of waves meet, and conspire
To cozen men of war.
IN. What should we do at sea without a wind?
SEA. These winds are mad blades, they'll do what they list.
IN. Would they had bodies that we might fight with 'em.
SEA. I rather wish th'hadst an old aunt in Norway,
That would command them with a charm. But who
Hath chas'd my little Lybian lion thus
Into a foam? Methinks thou look'st, as thou

Didst come from slaughter, and from prey!
IN. A rogue vex'd me as I pass'd through the High Street.
SEA. How, my dear charge?
IN. He askt me what a clock it was.
SEA. Was that offence?
IN. Death! Do I look like a watchmaker? Am I bound to take charge of the hours, and give Every rogue intelligence how they pass?
SEA. Well! and how did you proceed?
IN. I beat him.
SEA. A little calmer, my brave charge! In sooth Thou hast choler enough t'enflame nine fat Dutch burghers, and make 'em all turn fencers. I've heard of your fierce discipline aboard.
IN. What would you have me do? Shall I rust Like a sword in a scabbard for want of exercise? Shew me the King's enemies, and I'm satisfied! If not, let's subjects look to't, for I must fight.
SEA. Thou shalt see the King's enemies.
IN. But, where are they?
SEA. Why, gone aside to make their wills, and pray, They know they are but dead when they appear.
IN. Captain, I love the King! and am bound In conscience and good nature to kill his enemies.
SEA. Why, right! th'art my disciple now, just to My will, and wish. But prithee tell me, charge! Besides divine, and moral reasons, I Would know what secret int'rest thou hast in The King, that makes thee leave thy hawks And hounds, to hunt his enemies.
IN. Why, I love him!
SEA. Ay, but some cause for it That is particular, and personal?
IN. I have a good one, but I'll conceal it.

Sea. How, Charge, from me? your friend that must direct
You in the day of fight! Come! what is it?
In. Why, he cur'd me of the evil.
Sea. Charge, I thank thee!
This day, I will both reward thy good nature
And employ thy courage. There is now lodg'd
I'th' town, a lady of excellent wit and beauty.
In. Does she love fighting?—
Sea. Nay, do but hear me! Topsail and Cable,
Both captains in our fleet, are now in controversy
For her love, and do advance their hopes
With so much fury, and ill-manner'd rage,
That they are both become her trouble.
In. I'll fight with 'em!
Sea. A little patience, and observe, you shall
Fight with 'em, and subdue 'em too, till they
Have temper, and civility. But know,
She hath an uncle, call'd Sir Solemn Trifle.
In. I'll fight with him too!
Sea. Nay, mark me! you must court him:
I have design'd it so. Follow and I'll instruct you.
'Tis fit, whilst windbound thus in a dull port,
We ease our want of business with our sport.
[*Exeunt.*

Act III.

Warwell, Bumble, Sailors.

Bum. Vellecome, vellecome en shore, mine here, veele haben a geloffe now.
Houndsfoot, run for 20 dozen of cans!
War. Captain, you are free and noble, yet I wish
You would forbear this ceremony; my occasions
Command me some where else, and with much speed too.

BUM. Teen towsand divels on business! part with drow lips after our boon
Voyods? Ick been noe here Captaine Bumble, but Shellum Bumble,
If I give not mine here his gelloffe; here on de rey.
So, so! ha wetht you.

Enter SAILORS *with cans.*

Mine here!
WAR. I thank you, captain! though it be out of fashion
To drink thus openly, I will not contend,
Nor break your custom.

Enter SEAWIT, *and* SIR FURIOUS INLAND.

BUM. Up be de maniere van Hollandt mine here.
FU. Dear tutor, stay, here's a rare fight, I'faith!
These are mad blades! drink i'the streets, O rare!
SEA. Thou child of wrath, observe me! Think on what
Adventure thou art bound. I must present thee
In thy full trim to a brave amazon;
A lady that loves bilbo men, and such
As on their warlike thighs, like thee, my charge,
Wear their old grandsires' fox.* Thou art deriv'd
From mighty heroes. I have heard thy father,
When sword and buckler was in reputation,
Environ'd with his basket hilts, and blue coats,
Hath stood in the head of his troops, and fought
Pitch'd battles in Smithfield, without blood.
FU. Ay, that was an age!
Would I had liv'd in't! now the surgeons mourn
For want of work. Good tutor, stay!
SEA. Thy reason?
FU. Why they drink hard, and if the liquor work

* The old English broadsword.—
"He scowers an old foxe."—*Drayton.*

We may have a quarrel. I would breathe myself;
I am grown exceeding testy: I have not us'd
Mine arms these two hours. Stay but three minutes, tutor,
Their colour rises.
WAR. I can stay no longer!
One parting health if you please.
BUM. Let it come, let it come!
WAR. To the King's health!
FU. A brave fellow, I warrant him,
And a true subject. I love him heartily!
What's he that is to be his pledge?
SEA. A Dutch-man,
I guess by his habit.
FU. How! A butter-box!
He pledge the King's health, being an alien,
Before his natural subjects! on our allegiance
We must not suffer it, by your leave, flounderkin,
Or without your leave, I care not which. Do not grumble!
By the sword of St. George,
I'll make him eat up mine, that drinks this health
Before my tutor; he hath commission for it,
And I'll give way to him.
SEA. Prithee, be quiet!
FU. Off with it, then! 'tis treason to deny it;
And I were a traitor if I should conceal it.
SEA. To thee, my charge, then.
FU. Ho! we have the van,
Come you Hans in the rear.
BUM. All veale, all veale.
FU. Leave not a drop!
WAR. This is strange rudeness.
SEA. True,
But who can help it? as you affect your quiet
Cross him not in't, for beside blows, there is nothing

To be got from him.
WAR. I am better temper'd, sir,
Than to quarrel o'er a can.
SEA. I hope so too,
BUM. Ick haben done right, younker.
FU. Ha, younker!
Tutor, what's that? a word of disgrace?
SEA. No, pupil,
It signifies a brave gentleman.
FU. On with your health then!
BUM. Tot, mine heres, de states van the provinces.
FU. How!
Second the King's health with remembrance of
Mine heres, de States?
SEA. Hold, charge! [*Breaks the can o'er his head.*
FU. A very hodgebodge
Of gorbelly'd burghers! Here's an affront! unhand me!
I'll beat a firkin of butter out of his sides.
Nay, let e'm come on! Have we no Queen, nor Prince
To sacrifice to, but that you must bawl out
Mine heres, de States?
BUM. Ick sall meet you at sea for dis.
FU. I'll beat thee there too.
WAR. Do your best to keep him off, I'll quiet these.
SEA. Thou hast shewn thyself a rosidere. But preserve
Thy fiery metal, and remember thou art
To fight a lady's battles.
FU. This, by the way,
Does no hurt, I hope.
WAR. This for my passage: this
To cure your bruises: every one hath got
Something. There's balm for you, and you.

BUM. All too much, mine here.
WAR. If I am prodigal, I have some ends in't ;
Be not too modest, take it !
FU. 'Tis the King's coin ! it is against the law
To have it transported, I'll not suffer it !
Let 'em keep their double blanks, their doits and stivers.
These carrot-eating Dutch have filch'd already
Most of the Bulloigne out of the land ; they exhaust our gold,
And send us pickled herrings. Down with it, mongrel !
SEA. What, vers'd in State points too ? I honour thee.
But, on my love, forbear now. Let not zeal
Too far transport thee. Clear thy stormy looks !
Thou art to visit ladies.
FU. And fight for 'em.
SEA. Thou shalt, and do it bravely !
[*Exeunt Seawit and Furious.*
WAR. Farewell, captain !
I am sorry for this disaster. [*Exit Warwell.*
BUM. Adieu, mine here !
Ick sall meet him at sea, and den he ducks for't.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARRACK, PORTER.

CAR. I like thy disguise.
POR. I wonder at your worship's,
Heav'n bless the mark ! you look in this light habit
Like one of the suburb-sinners. I may pass too
For your officious squire.
CAR. Sirrah ! leave prating,
And do what I command. I would appear
The very thing thou speak'st of. Thou art acquainted
With those common creatures, and canst teach me how

To imitate their behaviour, how do I walk?
POR. You have their pace already, but you must carry
Your gown a little higher, your silk stocking,
Your dainty leg, and foot, will not be seen else.
You must sometimes take occasion to command me
To tie or untie your shoe, or blow your roses,
And as I kneel to do my office, strike me,
And cry, you dog, you hurt me! This I assure you
Your satin gamesters practice.
CAR. Easily learn'd,
Am I not an apt scholar? [*Gives him a box of the ear.*
POR. I'm sure your tutor smarts for't.
CAR. I lose time. This is your house?
POR. A simple one.
But 'twill serve the turn: my wife has trickt it up,
And waits for your worship.
CAR. 'Tis well, leave me here!
And having found Cable, do as this directs you.
[*Exeunt.*

TOPSAIL, TRIFLE (*drunk*), MUSICIANS.

TOP. Ho! let him down! the noise of the great ordinance
At his coming on, and going off, sans doubt,
Hath turn'd his brains; the wine too works, and that
Which forces other men to talk hath silenc'd
His everlasting tongue. He held me three hours
In his discourse of the worthies, till the sailors
And ship-boys fell asleep, and ne'er gave over
Till he perceiv'd all eyes were clos'd, then, tir'd
And angry too, he was no more observ'd;
The worthies suffer'd execution in
Their pictures, for he took 'em one by one
And flung 'em over board. Sir Solemn Trifle's
Not to be waked with thunder! I must now
Speak for my self, or rather sing. Begin!

SONG.

O thou that sleep'st like pig in straw,
Thou lady dear, arise!
Open, to keep the sun in awe,
Thy pretty pinking* eyes:
And, having stretcht each leg and arm,
Put on your clean white smock,
And then, I pray, to keep you warm,
A petticoat on dock.
Arise, arise! why should you sleep,
When you have slept enough?
Long since, French boys cry'd chimney-sweep,
And damsels kitchen-stuff.
The shops were open'd long before,
And youngest prentice goes
To lay at Mrs' chamber-door
His master's shining shoes.
Arise, arise! your breakfast stays,
Good water-gruel warm,
Or sugar-sops, which, Galen says,
With mace, will do no harm.
Arise, arise! when you are up,
You'll find more to your cost,
For morning's-draught in caudle-cup,
Good nutbrown-ale, and toast.

Enter LOVERIGHT *and* JOYNTURE.

LOVE. I told you 'twas no common voice. Good morrow!
You are an early lark.
TOP. I wish my voice
Were worthy of your ladyship's ears. I should
Have chosen some sad note to plead a pardon
For my late breach of manners in your presence;
But studying your mirth, I thought this apter

* "A hungry fox lay winking and pinking, as if he had sore eyes."—*L'Estrange.*

To call you from your rest. The angry powers
Are pleas'd with human sacrifice, but ladies
Of your soft temper will, I hope, accept
Of my submission.
LOVE. This acknowledgment
Would expiate a greater crime. Who's this?
JOYNT. Your reverend uncle!
TOP. Hurt a little, madam,
In a sea-entertainment.
JOYNT. He begins [*Trifle stretching himself.*
To wake already.
LOVE. Too soon, I fear! and with
The danger of our ears.
TRI. Heigh, ho! Where am I?
Cable me up, the shot plays thick upon us;
I have fought enough for a Justice of peace and quorum.
JOYNT. How do you, sir?
TRI. As well as man can do
After so hot a sea-fight, give me leave!
LOVE. He will not out of that tone, or drunk or sober.
TRI. What make you abroad? you'll say to cure my wounds;
I thank your care, for I am shot through and through.
Touch me not! if you do, you are blown up:
I am all gun-powder, and bullet, lady.
We have done the king such service.
LOVE. What, dear uncle?
TRI. We have pepper'd the Holland hulks! I saw three of 'em
Through the smoke in the gun-room sink, while I bestrode
The cannon, and caper'd. Go! get me pen and paper. [*Falls in his chair.*
I'll write the courant my self, and have it printed

By a stationer of mine own, one that shall do it
In spite of the Statute, for—[*nods and sleeps.*
LOVE. He's fast again!
Captain, you wounded him, and 'twill shew nobly
In you to cure him.
TOP. Leave him to my care!
I'll see him safe, then wait on you.
[*Exit Topsail with Trifle.*
LOVE. At your pleasure.
JOYNT. Here are other visitants.
LOVE. And those I look for.

To them, Enter SEAWIT, INLAND.

SEA. That you may see I'm loyal to your ladyship
And fit to be believ'd, I here present
The gentleman, whom late my promise did
Assure, a servant to your wit and beauty.
LOVE. Sir Furious Inland, or my aim deceives me.
SEA. You give him both his name and title, lady.
He will deserve the honour to kiss your ladyship's hand. [*He brings him to salute the ladies.*
Why, how now, charge! stark dumb! you have no more
Compliment than a fish. Go, speak to her!
IN. You'll give me leave to rub my elbow first,
In sign that I am taken! All Staffordshire
Cannot shew her fellow.
SEA. Come, your address! an old haberdasher*
Hath as much courtship. Do but speak to her!
IN. Madam, have you any quarrels?
LOVE. Sir, I
Deserve not any, for I do no wrong.

* This expressive designation has of late years been rejected in favour of the more aristocratic appellative of "draper," which in turn is gradually being superseded by the broad and more elevated title of "merchant." Now-a-days, we have "fish merchants," "silk merchants," and even "potatoe merchants," in consonance with the ambition of the vulgar to be thought of higher degree than what they really are.

IN. Right or wrong, that's not the business. If you
Have none, despatch and make some, as many
As you please too: I'll fight 'em over and over.
LOVE. I'm sorry, sir, my patience and my quietness
Is such, I cannot furnish you; 'tis pity
You should want employment.
IN. Lady, have you any quarrels?
JOYNT. None, sir! but with my glass, when it doth render
My face less handsome than it is.
IN. Captain! Would thou wouldst call for wine, and get
These ladies to drink hard.
SEA. To what purpose?
IN. Perhaps they're given to quarrel in their wine,
It matters not with whom, or why, so I
May fight for 'em.
SEA. 'Las, that affords small hope.
Sure, charge, thou dost not use to pray, for else
Thou couldst not be thus destitute of place,
And fit occasion for a quarrel.
LOVE. Sir, I had thought you kept your anger charg'd
Against the king's enemies, not ours; and that
You left your land, your bugle horn, and lute,
In search of them. And, though y'are wind-bound here,
A fair gale may shortly come, and bring you where
You may employ your sword, till your wrist ache.
Preserve yourself till then.
IN. That will be no thanks to your ladyship.
I'd fain see you, in the mean-time, so well
Natur'd to beget so much of a quarrel,
As may but hinder me from being idle.
And now I think on't: if you have a little dog

That's quarrelsome, let him bite my Captain
By the shin, and I'll defend the manner
And the cause.

LOVE. This is such a dagonet *
As outdoes your character, captain, believ't !
You did deliver him with a faint breath,
Story and travail cannot find his fellow !

JOYNT. You should look to his diet. I'm afraid
He feeds on gunpowder.

SEA. My dear lady ! let me beseech you both
To move a little distance by ; and you
Shall see sport enough to prove him a miracle.

Enter CABLE, TOPSAIL.

CA. Ha ! Topsail here again ! he dances himself
Into her company. I would there were
A good chain'd-shot embracing your fine legs ;
But yet if they were cut off, he would sing still :
No way to spoil's voice but to cut his throat.
[*He beckons Topsail.*

TOP. You see I am obedient, Sir ! heave but
Your crooked finger thus, I'm at your beck.

CA. If thou beest an honest fellow, steal away,
And hang thyself ! I would fain have thee dead,
But am loth to disturb the company.

TOP. 'Tis a fair motion ; if you would begin,
Considering too you can despatch the business
Sooner with your weight, I'll stay till you have done.

CA. Now, the pox take thee ! for th'ast no more
kindness
Than a shav'd sergeant has to a Templar.
But we shall meet in a fit place, and then
If your sword can find the way to let a soul out
Sooner than mine, sing on ! you have the fortune.

TOP. It is a poor blind weapon, sir, but I
Shall make shift to lead it in a straight line

* A small hand-pistol. A fire-eater.

SEA. Charge, I foretell a storm! those captains, there,
Mark but their looks, they swell, and breathe into
Each others' face the fumes of direful wrath.
Is't fit? In such a gentle presence too?
IN. Captain Topsail! one short word in your ear,
And you may be thankful 'tis not a blow.
TOP. I am thankful, Sir! This monsieur will meet
At last with some body mad as himself,
That knows not's humour, and then he is defunct.
CA. I hope a quarrel, 'tis a fiery villager.
Bring me a fig in September, and I'll
As soon take a lease of his life as of
That dragon's.
TOP. I pray, your business?
IN. How dare you, sir, appear before this lady,
That lately in her presence were so rude.
TOP. Sir, I have ask't her pardon, and am reconcil'd.
IN. How! reconcil'd a quarrel without blood?
TOP. You must consider, sir, 'twas with a lady.
IN. No reconcilement can be made with honour,
Till one or both have bled for it; be the
Defendant man, woman, or child.
TOP. These are new sword-cases, but I shall learn.
IN. If you will learn, you shall be taught; but I
Have heard there is a mortal difference 'tween
Cable and you! How chance y'are both alive?
TOP. There's reason for it, sir. W'have not fought yet.
IN. But, sir! How chance you have not fought?
TOP. Why there you question me unto my wish:
I've had th' ambition to expect so much
Kind friendship from your self as may entreat
You, Sir, deliver him a challenge from me.
IN. Where is the paper? give it me! I'll do't!

Top. Your chartel's out of fashion, sir! here is
My glove, which if you'll but present him as
My gage, and bid him name the time, and place,
You are my noble second, and my friend.

In. Your glove shall serve; he shall receive it though
'Twere sheep-skin.

Ca. Now for shelter! the storm draws near me too. [*Takes Cable aside.*

In. Topsail my friend defies you; there's his gage!

Ca. Troth, I am sorry that his choice could find
No other bearer than yourself.

In. You undervalue me! I'm fit to be
A second to as good a man. If you
Believe it not, put it to trial straight.
I'll fight with you first.

Ca. You mistake my grief,
For you are he I had design'd my second.
And now I'm destitute of one to bear
My gage in token I accept of his.

In. Why, Sir! I'll be your second too; give me your glove!

Ca. Marry, sir, and shall! There, convey it to him.
If this Zwitz had but a two-handed sword,
He would depopulate the island, leave none but
His huntsman alive, the rest should be minc'd
For his hounds. [*Inland beckons Topsail aside.*

Top. I protest, Sir Furious, this noble favour
Hath tied me to you in everlasting bonds.
And how, dear sir, what says he?

In. He doth accept your gage, and has return'd
You his by me. I am his second.

Top. How, sir Furious? why! you are mine!

In. Sir, I am any man's that will fight, and you
Had best agree both upon a meeting,
And fall to't handsomely without satisfaction.

I'll have no satisfaction, 'tis a base word,
And fitter for the bottom of a bond,
Than for a soldier's mouth.

TOP. 'Fore me, a young Balthazar !

SEA. The very ghost of Botevill
Met in an English skin. How do you like him, Madam ?

LOVE. I dare not but like him,
An challenge me.

JOYNT. Beshrew me ! the danger hath spoil'd the mirth.
Will they proceed ?

LOVE. Seawit, we may depend
I hope on your discretion, to preserve
Things safe, and keep the matter qualified ?

SEA. You may presume so, madam, or I'm sure
I shall deserve but little of your trust.
[*Takes Inland aside.*
Do'st thou hear, charge ! If they should fight it out
After the French way, where the seconds must
Encounter too ; how will you find an opposite ?

IN. I thank you for that question, governor.
But now I think on't, you may chuse which side
You please, and we'll fight two to two !

SEA. I kiss your hand, dear charge ! you do me honour,
But I'm a dull manager of these affairs
You must give me a little time to consider !

Enter NIGHTINGALE.

NIGHT. I was desir'd with special haste to give
Your ladyship this letter.

LOVE. With so much haste ! How is't subscrib'd within ? [*Opens it and starts.*

IN. Is't a challenge, madam ? I'll be your second !

LOVE. It shall not need, sir ; the contents will ask

No answer that is hazardous.

In. The spirit's tame that sent it then ; for men
Of mettle never write but challenges.

Love. Captain ! I must entreat some privacy,
And truce among these men of wrath, and their
Bold second for an hour. You'll procure it ?

Sea. Your own command is full authority
To teach us how we shall obey !

[*Exeunt Loveright, Nightingale.*

Joynt. When these, sir, are dismiss'd, let me desire,
On some important cause, your company
I'th' orchard walk.

Sea. I shall attend you, lady !
Lend me thine ear, charge——Thou wilt do it ; within
One hasty hour, I'll come ere you can pledge
Two romekins* of wine ! Farewell, charge !

[*Exeunt Seawit, Joynture.*

In. Gentlemen, no words here ! besides, it is
My governor's request I lead you both,
Where we may drink together, and appear,
Not like to things enrag'd with malice, but
Provok'd to battle by our honour ; those
I take it were his words. He'll meet us straight.

Top. Lead on the way ! sir, if our legs hold out
We'll have the hearts to follow.

Ca. Were this skirmish but painted, it would sell
For that of the Centaurs. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Loveright, Warwell, Nightingale.

Love. Leave us to bid you welcome as a stranger.
[*Exit Nightingale.*
Custom commands. [*They salute.*

War. And that I hope will bind you
To keep your promise, lady.

* Romkin, a drinking-cup,—now called, a rummer.

LOVE. When I know
How the conditions are perform'd on your part,
You may hear further.
WAR. You enjoin'd me, madam,
As I prefer'd th' enjoying you before
My lands, or dearer studies, to appear.
A man possest of nothing but my hopes,
In being your creature, to deserve your favour.
LOVE. 'Tis true, I did, nor will I have my husband
Borrow addition but from my self;
Nay, he must part with what he call'd his own,
If he would be the master of what's mine.
WAR. I have obey'd your will, and that you may
Receive me as the subject of your pleasure,
My money's vanish'd; for, by your fair hand,
I have not one small piece of the King's coin,
Nor care to get it. Now I shall not tempt you,
Like an Alderman-widower, with showing you
The thousand pound bags in my counter, mortgages,
Or statutes of poor debtors. I have freed all,
And sold my books too; to serve you shall be
My only study. If you search my pockets
And find the Tale of Troy, or an Almanack there,
Or William Wisdom's metres, yet renounce me.
I have no trunks of clothes; you see my wardrobe.
And if you do not now new rig me,
I have vow'd in this to be extremely lousey,
Rather than I'll cross your humour.
LOVE. This is a good Imprimis
Of your obedience; but you have lands yet,
And those may make you proud, and nourish hopes
You may command me.
WAR. They shall be all employ'd
To pious uses, sell some part of them
And build an hospital, I'll assure the rest

For the maintenance of maim'd soldiers, and that
It may appear 'twas not vain glory, or
Ambition in me of an after name,
You shall be writ the Foundress. What would you more?

LOVE. I would have you a perfect soldier. Without that
The rest is nothing.

WAR. I come now from sea,
And I have serv'd at land, for how many years;
Would you have me prentice to the trade?

LOVE. Till you turn a right and good one; 'tis not roaring
Or fighting for my glove can make you such.
I would have you rise up to command an army
By brave desert, not favour. In my cabinet
I have the character of a true soldier,
Writ with my father's hand; when you are such
As he describes him, I'll forbear to be
A mistress, and acknowledge you my master.
So, once more, welcome!

WAR. There is no resisting
Such strong temptations and sweet pay. I'll put on
What shape you please.

LOVE. I'll chuse one shall not wrong you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEAWIT, JOYNTURE.

SEA. A little farther, lady! Here's a shade
Secret and cool, where you may breathe your thoughts
With a safe voice, unless we are traitors to
Ourselves. And look! where a sweet primrose bed
Invites us, if you please, to lie down and talk.
The flowers are innocent, and surely mean
No harm in the temptation.

JOYNT. I am not weary, sir: if you'll admit
My business in this posture, I'll deliver it.

SEA. A little nearer, lady! You have shown,
Believ't, an excellent courage already
T'adventure that alone with one of my
Profession and desires.
JOYNT. Which I should hardly do,
Had not my observation mark'd you out
A man of fair demeanour and civility.
SEA. Well, take your sex's privilege, your will,
And to your business. Come! your business, lady!
JOYNT. I would induce it with a question if
You'll give me leave.
SEA. My ears are large and open!
JOYNT. Sir, are you married?
SEA. By this light! she comes to jeer me. Loveright
And she have laid their little heads
Together, and mean to make me their sport.
JOYNT. You promis'd a reply! Are you married?
SEA. No, I'm a maid!
JOYNT. I'm serious, sir! would you would be so too.
SEA. Well, I am not married. On with your business!
JOYNT. My next demand will press, perhaps, nearer
And boldly on the secrets of your breast.
SEA. I shall confess all.
JOYNT. Pray tell me, and with words intentive as
I purpose mine, how far the lady Loveright and
Yourself have mutually consented either
In hope, or promise. Part of this secret
Is mine already; for I know she loves you.
SEA. I am jeer'd! 'tis now as evident as day!
I'll give her scope, and see what 'twill come to.
JOYNT. Will you not answer, sir?
SEA. I have promis'd her.

JOYNT. What, sir? Speak!
SEA. To come to supper!
In sooth, that's all th' engagement between us.
JOYNT. 'Tis very strange! One question more,
And then you have leave to censure my manners.
Pray, what estate have you?
SEA. D'you take me for a lawyer, or a citizen?
JOYNT. For neither.
SEA. I know none in these times
Have or can get estates, but they! We soldiers
Account estates but transitory things
And can shew you text for it.
JOYNT. Have you none, sir?
SEA. Yes! Now I think on't,
After the death of an old aunt, I have
The toll of a wharf near Rotherithe will
Yield me about four marks a year.
JOYNT. These are but narrow blessings to entail
Upon your heirs male. But now, sir, I hope
I shall a little comfort your long sufferings.
How much would you esteem your self oblig'd
Unto that woman should redeem you from
These wants, and danger of the war, and take
You to her lawful bed, there furnish you
With sleep, and peaceful thoughts; but when you wake
Shew you her cabinets, and chests, shining
With jewels, and with gold; that may maintain
These joys still fresh and new?
SEA. Good, very good!
I was never jeer'd by a smock before.
JOYNT. Are you struck dumb? What fair appliances
And love might such a woman merit from
Your tongue and heart?
SEA. First, I would fain know where that woman breathes

That can deserve a man like me. Suppose
She be a virgin ; alas ! poor green thing, what
Is she good for ? why to steal gooseberries,
And eat young apricocks in May, before
The stones are hard. Or pick the mortar from
An aged wall, and swallow it most greedily.

JOYNT. If mirth be all your wealth, sir, it were good
You us'd it sparingly !

SEA. But for your wealth, 'tis no more than a hermit's,
Compar'd with a soldier's hopes. Imagine now
The wind stands fair, we hoist up sail, we meet
A Persian junk, or Turkish carrack, board her,
Take her, and, in her, force a Bashaw prisoner,
That hath a diamond in his turband, weighs,
Let me see, about six ounces !

JOYNT. Would the Bashaw
Were here, captain, though lodg'd in the major's house.

SEA. I would you were among your smooth curl'd suitors
That have little beard, and less brain, that have
Estates, and are fit to be jeer'd. You think
Y'are mistress of a fine wit ; go ! go home !
And keep it warm.

JOYNT. Methinks y'are angry, sir.

SEA. Be sure you eat no philberts, nor green cheese,
They'll make you short-winded, and so you'll lose
Your fine conceits for want of words to utter 'em.
[*Exit.*

JOYNT. Well, I believe yet, the dainty Loveright,
And this subtle seaman, interchange
Kind opinions of each other's heart :
I'll cross it if I can ; it is a fellow
Of a strange spirit ! lord, how merry these

Soldiers are without money! I would I had him
Safely made over by the parish priest.
'Tis here! Fitly contriv'd. Something I'll do,
T'appear still scornful, and yet make him woo.
[*Exit.*

Act IV.

Enter Cable, *a* Porter.

Ca. Come, your affair, squire of the frock! briefly
Dispatch! Where is this courteous damsel?
Por. At my house, sir! it joins to the churchyard.
Ca. O, I know the mansion. It is a goodly
Palace! all Genoa has not such another;
The roof, as I suppose, is supported
With a mud-wall, and it is thatcht.
Por. Ay, sir! I built it in that year I was
Collector for the poor, a profitable time,
And I thank heaven, I made good use of't.
Ca. Well, to the point; does she praise my good parts,
And tell thee too, that she knew me in London?
Por. She knew you by report, sir, and hath heard
A reverend friend of hers, a bawd, speak much
In your behalf.
Ca. There's never a poor gentleman
In England, so much beholden to those
Matronly people as I am. But proceed!
Would she, saidst thou, have me come to visit her?
Por. Truly, captain, that's her request, and she's
A modest gentlewoman; she did so blush
When she desir'd me there might be no body

In the house when your worship came to her.
CA. Is she handsome? But what a leather-headed dunce
Am I to ask thee; thou hast no skill in beauty.
POR. How, sir, no skill?
CA. In nothing, sir, I take it, but the weight
Of a tray of beef, when 'tis transported
Through the shambles, on your right shoulder.
Go!
Commend me to her: say I am coming!
POR. I shall. Remember, sir, 'tis hard by the church. [*Exit Porter.*
CA. This is some London punk, late fled from persecution.

Enter TOPSAIL.

O, are you come?
TOP. You see I am your willing follower!
But what's the business you desir'd to intimate
So privately? Seawit and's hot disciple
Are at hand; 'tis fit we prepare for action.
CA. I'll have no fighting, sir.
TOP. How, sir?
CA. I'll be as bold with you as with myself.
We are both fools, and Seawit in his care
O' th' ladies' healths prescribes our fighting for
Their morning's mirth. Sir, this is palpable.
TOP. But is this certain?
But where is our revenge, then?
CA. Troth, to be serious in't will render us
More fit for scorn; we'll use his own weapons—wit.
Trust time and me!
TOP. There will be other treaties, sir, ere yet
A truce be made between us. I must enjoy
The lady to myself, and you forego
Your hopes and claim.

CA. Take her! she is thine, Topsail.
TOP. Say you so, sir?
CA. Yes, and I'll ease your wonder too.
There is a certain poor twelve-penny sinner,
Come from London, will serve my turn as well
As any lady in Europe. My blood
Is humble, nor have I the patience, sir,
T'expect or court, and then to be denied.
This game is sure, and easy to be got.

Enter SEAWIT, INLAND.

IN. They are here, governor! By this day, gentlemen,
When we could not find you, we thought you had
Been fighting in a deep saw-pit; and how,
Dear blades, how is't? Let's to it cheerfully
Pell-mell, like loving friends.
TOP. Believ't, Sir Furious,
He had a hard heart would deny you any thing.
IN. Governor, give me thy right hand! Because
I owe thee for my breeding, and love thee tenderly,
Observe me, governor!
SEA. I do, dear charge! proceed!
IN. Go, chuse which side thou wilt, and let's fall to't.
SEA. The proffer's fair, and full of courtesy.
But, charge, we must observe the laws and rules
Of fight; seconds were first ordain'd to be
Spectators, and take care of an equality,
And just demeanour in the principals.
IN. Governor, I hope you will not use me thus.
SEA. Your blood doth boil too much, pray cool't a while!
These gentlemen must both be search'd, and have
Their counsel ask'd in the main cause, which, as
I told you, charge, is the just laws of fight.
IN. Dispatch then, sir, or I will make new laws.

SEA. You see, gentlemen, there's immaterial fire
In him not to be quench'd. How thrives your anger?
CA. Much like your wit; it is declining, sir,
Towards our selves, and growing towards you.
Seawit, do not believe us still fit properties
To whet your saucy fancy, and to make
Your ladies laugh.
TOP. Nor do not bait us with
Your whelp; for if he show his teeth, we shall
So pull them out, that he will scarce be able
To grind more biscuit.
SEA. Then you are both agreed?
CA. Not to be your fools, but to make you melancholy
If you continue your sport.
TOP. Yes, and to drive your charge unto his kennel,
Where he may keep company with's hounds again,
Husband his tillage, and pay you the rent;
You'll find more profit, and more safety too
In that than in your bold designs on us.
SEA. Troth, I am glad!
CA. Of what, I pray?
SEA. To see two fools converted without a
Silenced minister. You must be quarrelling,
And, like tall men of war, fright poor ladies
With your love. 'Twas very comely, was't not?
CA. We commit our folly at our own cost.
TOP. And when we pay for't, we will have leave, sir,
To cast up our own account.
SEA. This I must signify unto my charge.
CA. Take your pleasure, for we will take ours, sir.
SEA. Oh, charge! Sad tidings, charge! Now shall I pierce

Thy heart more than thy mistress' sighs!
IN. Why, have they false breast-plates, or coats of mail on?
SEA. No, no! alas, charge, they are reconcil'd!
IN. O, tame devils, it is impossible!
SEA. Nay I exhorted 'em! Us'd all the power
Of friendship and of grace, took each aside
And told 'em what a wicked thing it was
To be pacified without blood. Pleaded
The cause with love and vehemence, as thus:
Good friends, dear hearts, do but kill one another,
Take care your honour lies upon't, or do
But order't so that one may die.
IN. And the slaves would not.
SEA. So far from it,
That as I am a soldier, they are ready
To put out money, and buy annuities
For life.
IN. Give room, I will assault them both.
CA. Let him come! he shall make less haste back again.
TOP. Yet take his choice too, and have single opposition.
IN. Unhand me, governor!
SEA. Hear me a word!
Let me but breathe a secret in thine ear,
And take thy course.—Are these dull men
Fit combatants t'encounter thee in battle?
Know, charge, thou warm'st me
With thy brave flame. I love thee, charge, and can
Enjoy no rest, nor sleep, for taking care
To provide thee quarrels. This happy hour
Thou shalt defeat one of the King's enemies.
IN. Where is he? let him in!
SEA. If I have truth about me, charge, this is
The very point of time, wherein the foe

Threaten'd to approach!

IN. The King's enemy! Let me kiss thee, governor—

SEA. This morning I did incense the Dutch captain
To call you to account for striking him,
And he hath sworn more oaths, than hours
Past since, to send him a challenge.
I wonder 'tis not come!

TOP. Farewell, Sir Furious! Be rul'd by your governor,
And let your fellow subjects live.

CA. And when you kill, kill hares and purlue* deer.
There's more sport in't!

SEA. Let them alone! th'are Justices of peace.

IN. Rogues! Go, tame slaves!
Your swords are fitter for a kitchen than
The war; they will serve to roast larks upon.

TOP. Away, thou see'st he's mad! I'll to the lady
Loveright, and pursue my hopes.

CA. And I to my girl of Cheapside.

[*Exeunt Cable, Topsail.*

SEA. This was th'appointed place! 'tis strange he is
Not come. O, he has sent it by his Boatswain.

Enter DUTCH BOATSWAIN.

BOAT. Ick heb een brief veur den English ruller!

SEA. Yaw, yaw dit is de selve ruller.
He has a letter for you, charge. I'll interpret.

IN. A challenge in Dutch from the captain
I beat on the quay. My bonny burger how
I affect thy Flanders' metal. Read, governor.

SEA. Englishe rullers warome hebb ghy myn up den Cop ghestachen? Ghy wete niet darome mot

* The grounds on the borders of a forest.

ghy sturone. So ghy willt accorderen wy mot up den sea met we Scypen, vechten ghy synt nock een grooden Rutter, anders een Schellum dit is meen virendt ghet him te vele den plalse en den tyte Ne mier

Hans van Bumble.

This is the finest medly of both tongues
Confus'd, that e'er I heard.

In. What says he, governor?

Sea. English knight, why have you cond* me o'er the pate? you know not: therefore you must die. If you'll agree, that we shall meet with several ships, and fight it out at sea, you are still a good knight, otherways a rogue. This is my friend! give him to understand the time and place, no more,

Hans van Bumble.

In. My honourable Hans! my brave old Bumble,
Why I do love thee more than thou lov'st butter!
I will embrace thy long loose slop, and kiss
Thy drivell'd beard, though drown'd in Breda beer.
Is this his second? I'll fight with him too!

Sea. He'll be aboard his captain's ship! Believe
It, charge, you'll have a shrewd fight on't.

In. No matter! it is the King's enemy,
And let the cannons roar! 'tis fit our souls
Pass through a smoke ere they ascend the clouds.
I do begin to love him, whoreson herring-eater.
Who'ld think that fish would stir up so much mettle.

Sea. What shall I say unto this worthy peer?

In. Desire his captain meet me in this walk
An hour hence, that we discourse friendly;
And then appoint both time and place.

Sea. Secht tot de capitaine so hy belieft

*Filliped.

Strachens heir comen, Hy salt sier well ghtractect
Wesen : en dan de tyt en den plate weten.
This Dutch comes forth like treason on the rack !
BOAT. Ick verstoe ye ick verstoe ye. Ghoden dach ! [*Exit Boatswain.*
IN. Governor ! the world will eternize our
Friendship. I cannot chuse but kneel to thee.
[*Kneels.*
This is the King's enemy ! thou shalt lend me
Thy ship. Our amity is seal'd : no denial.
SEA. Rise, charge ! Do not I know, that if I rig
My cockboat, and arm thee with a birding-piece,
Thou wilt beat him.
IN. Ay, but the winds may take his part, and, in
Foul weather, what's a cock-boat to a ship ?
SEA. No more ! we will discourse it as we walk.
Here will be new vexation to rid me
Of this request.

Enter NIGHTINGALE.

NIGHT. My lady, sir, is much importunate
To speak with you.
SEA. I shall attend you to her. More plots stirring ?
Come along, charge ! thou shalt board this Hollander,
And lead him captive through Stafford Town.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

A curtain drawn by DASH (*his clerk*) TRIFLE *discover'd in his study. Papers, taper, seal and wax before him, bell.*

TRI. O, are you come ? 'Tis well ! I was about
To ring for you.
DASH. Your clients wait dispatch, sir.
TRI. They come for news ; man's nature's greedy of it.

We wise men forge it; and the credulous vulgar,
Our instruments, disperse it. I have it for 'em:
News of all sorts and sizes. I have studied hard,
Dash,
And from the general courants, gazettes,
Public and private letters from all parts
Of Christendom, though they speak contraries,
Weigh'd and reduc'd 'em to such certainties,
That I dare warrant 'em authentical
Under my hand, and seal. Captain! you are welcome.

Enter TOPSAIL.

TOP. Your friend, Sir Solemn!
TRI. I shall give you proofs,
And real ones, I am yours. I have wrote here
To one that will believe it first, then vent it
In the taverns of Mark, and eating academies,
Frequented by the gamesters, that you are
Assur'd to my lady niece.
TOP. Have you mov'd her for me,
And got her grant?
TRI. No, I have not yet
Spoke one word to her; but be confident
She'll make it good, rather than I; her uncle
Shall suffer in my credit, for reporting
A thing which was not.
TOP. This is a weak foundation
For me to build on.
TRI. It shall pass for news,
And I will make it true; this does appear strange news
To your captainship, but you shall hear stranger,
And have it better'd too.
TOP. Sure the wind and noise
He heard in my ship are humming in his head still.

TRI. Dash, call in Scarecrow, Zeal the wrong way, and Prattle!
I will dispatch them first. But for the gull
[*Exit Dash.*
Your Seawit put upon me, I have taken
A full revenge.
TOP. Pray you, in what, Sir Trifle?
TRI. I have writ to a merchant, and I know it will be publisht
On the Exchange, that he and his charge, Sir Inland
Were bastinado'd on the quay by a Dutchman,
One captain Bumble.
TOP. This is quite contrary;
Bumble was cudgell'd.
TRI. No matter, so it break
His credit in the city, and undo him.
I have my ends.
TOP. But, say he call you to account for't?
TRI. I am not bound to answer him, being a justice,
And duels too forbidden. Then in the law
'Twill bear no action.
TOP. The more the pity:
This privileges cowardice, to wrong true valour.
TRI. Give me leave! you trouble me! matters of more weight
Are to be treated of. If you would acquaint your friends,
And at the first hand, with the designs of Europe,
Draw out your table-books.

Enter DASH, SCARECROW, ZEAL, PRATTLE.

TOP. What's here? Kent Street,
Or bedlam broke loose?
TRI. Contemn 'em not! they are useful
To propagate my designs: set 'em in file!

Now, hear with reverence! Scarecrow, to you:
You would know this summer's service? on my credit,
Though I grieve to report it, Rome is taken
By the ships of Amsterdam, and the Pope himself,
To save his life, turn'd Brownist. Here's a letter
From the matron of the courtezans that confirms it.
SCAR. May I swear this?
TRI. And get more charities by it
From your little ruff'd Geneva-man, or Fleming,
They being apt to believe that which they wish for,
Than by your lame-leg, or pass-port.
TOP. The first truth he spake to-day.
TRI. Let me see! Here's something rarer
But of undoubted truth. The Spanish Fleet,
That anchor'd at Gibralter, is sunk
By the French horse.
TOP. This is rare indeed!
TRI. From Florence:
All the silk-worms are dead, and an edict made
Unbenefic'd ministers must give o'er their satin,
And damask cassocks, and wear friars' habits;
Punks must not trade in taffetas; Serving-men
Must rip out the plush entrails of their liveries,
And lay 'em up for their masters. From the Low-Countries:—
Antwerp is plunder'd, Brussels burnt, the cannon
Brought before Lovaine, and the Prince of Orange
Stands to be Emperor.
TOP. The Emperor lives!
TRI. But is to die the tenth of October next,
And he has it in reversion. From France:—
Rochelle recover'd by the Huguenots;
And the fifth of July last, yes 'tis the fift,
The Cardinal Richelieu, as he slept in his tent,
Had his head cut off with an invisible sword,
By the great constable's ghost.

TOP. For shame, give over!
TRI. This is all that's certain.
ZEAL. Antechrist is converted!
That is enough; it will be joyful tidings
To the exil'd congregation.
SCAR. May you lie long, sir,
TRI. How, rogue?
SCAR. Live, I would say, an like your worship.
TRI. I had forgot thee, Prattle; thou shalt have thy dose too.
Venus and Mars are in conjunction, here
I find it, and so often, this dry year,
That every wench unmarried, that knows man,
Shall be seven times brought to bed, and the father's name,
In Hebrew characters, wrote on the child's forehead.
PRAT. No matter who's the father, so I have work,
And eat the groaning pie, and drink, and talk
Over the gossip's bowl. Health to your worship!
[*Exeunt Dash, Scarecrow, Zeal, Prattle.*
TRI. This morning was well spent.
TOP. It may serve for ling,
For the devil's breakfast. But what's your end, Sir Trifle?
Or the delight you take, if there be any,
In broaching these unpossible untruths?
TRI. All's true, I assure you. Can the gazets lie?
Or the courants fail? or, grant it should be false,
It will give satisfaction to the State,
How the people stand affected; and for the pleasure
Of publishing certain varieties, you call lies,
I have another for't. But I'll dispatch you
With my niece, then tell you further.
TOP. Make that truth,

Though you lie your whole life after I regard not.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PORTER *and* CABLE.

POR. This is the house!
CA. Thy house? the roof so poor.
And the inside so rich! Impossible!
Come, tell me truly, though you built it as you said now
By cheating the poor man's box, where did you steal
This gorgeous furniture?
POR. 'Tis my brave guest's, sir,
To entertain your captainship. And if
You wonder at this, ere long you'll be astonisht.
CA. I am, already. Fortune's coming towards me
Faster than I durst hope, for I am a made man.
I feel't with joy. This is no twelve penny trade,
That cozens the marshall, under a pretence
Of selling ale or tobacco, or two penny pasties,
Part cat, part mutton.
POR. How he ruminates.
CA. It must be so! 'tis some rich wanton, that
Hath heard of my strong performance, and e'en longs
To bear a boy of my begetting, for
The maintenance of the sport. Gramercie, back!
When drouth beggars graziers, and much rain poor farmers,
Thou art a sure revenue. Ha! these are not
[*Music.*
The scrapers of the town, that fright men's sleeps,
And are paid in chamberlie? Say they should be the musicians
Of the lady Loveright, and she her self come hither
To prove if the report be true goes of me?

I must nor fear nor hope too much. A song too,
And a light note, as I live!

POR. Pray you listen to it.

A SONG.

A banquet brought in, CARRACK *following.*

Thrice happy he, who cares laid by
Tastes pleasure with variety,
That knows, and feelingly, the bliss,
To print a soft and melting kiss
On his saint's lips, with that delight
Not to be nam'd but in the night.
Such joys wise nature doth prefer,
While she's our guide, we cannot err;
The miser's gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud;
The courtiers' pomp, or glorious scar
Got by a soldier in the war,
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
That studies to preserve mankind,
Which cannot be unless some hours
Be freely spent within these bowers.
Come boldly on then! fear not to begin
That fight, which Jove himself held not a sin.

CA. Beyond belief! I dream, sure! prithee give me
A tweak by the nose, to assure me that I wake.
Too hard, you rogue!

CAR. This shall come softer to you,
And print a welcome on your lips. [*Salute.*

CA. Rare!
Once more, I pray you. Here's no ambergris
To help the foulness of the lungs; your breath is
As sweet as my mother's red-cow's.

CAR. Which you have kiss'd, sir!

CA. Every one as he likes.—You know the proverb.
A delicate doxy, there's fire in her eyes!
A moist palm, which assures me that she will not
Be satisfied with a kickshaw. Venus assist me!
If I do not my labour truly at the first,
I am turn'd out of service.
CAR. Pray you sit, sir!
You are not merry.
CA. I'll laugh if you'll lie down:
My appetite's sharp. I have kept a long Lent, lady!
I need not your eringos, I bring 'em with me.
Or I can find 'em here. Shall's to't? [*Kissing her.*
CAR. To the banquet:
That follows by degrees. Or, if you please,
We'll dance to stir our blood.
CA. Fie, no! no dancing.
Look on my bulk, I was not built for cap'ring.
I'll rather sit.
CAR. Fill, sirrah! How! in a thimble
When I am to drink a health? A bigger glass!
To the good success of the fleet.
CA. I like this well. [*Pledges and drinks again.*
To my pinnace, lady.
CAR. Is it well rigg'd?
CA. And sails well.
CAR. You must not forget your friends. To every ship
A health, and then to bed.
CA. She'll make me drunk, sure.
CAR. Ah, captain Flinch!
CA. Pray you, let me sound a parley,
The third grape is for Bacchus, not for Cupid.
Besides if I am drunk I shall get wenches,
And I know you would have a boy.
CAR. 'Tis that I aim at.
CA. Hear me a word! You are rich?

CAR. My neighbours say so,
And I have lands.
CA. But held in petticoat tenure?
I am bold with you, lady.
CAR. For that I affect you.
CA. I see you can drink, and dance. Can you sing me asleep, too?
CAR. I had rather keep you waking: I hate a dormouse.
CA. And you'll be private to me?
CAR. I'll know no man else.
CA. I am made for ever, and you'll endure my roughness?
CAR. The rougher the better.
CA. Let the wind stay in this quarter
Till all the victual be spent! nay, the voyage lost,
I am provided for. Let's to bed, wench.
We prate too long!
CAR. Stay sir, there is one ceremony
To be observ'd first, and then all is perfect.
CA. What ceremony?
CAR. You must marry me.
CA. Marry a whore? I'll be eunuch'd first. I begin
To know that voice, and face.
POR. You have seen mine too,
Her disguis'd porter, sir.
CA. I am fool'd on all sides.
CAR. Fool not yourself. I do confess I love you,
But love you honestly.
CAR. There's wormwood in
That wicked word honesty.
CAR. You'll find it wholesome, captain,
When you have digested it. You may perceive
I can take any shape, or ways to please you,
And can maintain both too. You shall not build

Upon uncertainties, as dice or dead paies,*
Nor stand in fear of the commissary, my dear Cable,
Nor talk of monsters you have seen in the deeps
For a dinner, captain, nor swear yourself in credit
With your woollen draper, or make his wife your agent
For service done, or to be done; you shall not,
If you marry me. And why should you refuse it?
My breath's as sweet in an honest woman's habit
As in a strumpet's, and my skin as smooth, and,
When you please, may prove as well in bed too.

CA. A taste of it first, as thou art.

CAR. Not a bit, captain.
But if you do desire to be still a rambler
Till you are so pepper'd, that you hate the sight of't,
And then become a prey to your apothecary,
And defy your chirurgion, or perhaps
Be practis'd on in the spittle, who can help it?
Both ways are markt before you. Take your choice!
Be honest, and you may be rich, and happy;
Continue a whoremonger, and, you know, what follows.
You may consider, and so, farewell! sweet captain.
[*Exit.*

POR. You look as you had labour'd hard; will you please
To have a caudle, captain? I have seen
One like you in a play, after hot service,
Spoon it upon the stage.

CA. Avaunt, you rascal!
What will become of me? no sport but on
Such hard conditions? No means to take down
My mettle but a priest? Must I be honest
Against my will? And a woman the first temptress

* Dead paies. Qy. arrears of pay?

To eat forbidden fruit, to fright me from it?
Shall I steer this, or that way? Yet, I find
My resolution wavering as the wind. [*Exit.*

Enter BUMBLE, *an English* SKIPPER.

BUM. De Teufill! wat wilt tou sechen.
SKIP. I cannot bear this, captain. I have renounc'd
England this ten year, and serv'd in your ship
Against my own country, and still thus us'd!
BUM. War is de botsen warcom comet by niet!
SKIP. Why, sir! Your boatswain delivered your message
To the young knight.
BUM. Yaw, well! wat fecht de knight?
SKIP. Why, sir, the knight speaks lovingly, and desires
To meet you ashore, and thank you for your
Challenge: and then he will appoint the time
And coast where you shall fight! This, your boatswain
Bade me tell you, who is now gone aboard
To make things ready for the combat.
BUM. Ick veistoe, ick veistoe, Ick sall meet him on schore.
Mare you will oke veckten, allens de Rutter
Is your landsman.
SKIP. Ay, sir! I'll help to kill him too; though we
Are both born within a musket-shot, 'twere fit
I should lose my month's pay else.
BUM. Dat is vele, dat is vele.
SKIP. You'll meet him a'shore first in the morning?
BUM. Yaw, yaw, te morghen! comt 'tis goet Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WARWELL, *a paper in his hand.*

WAR. Is this the soldier's character, that she
Would have me imitate? Death on my hopes!
I am abus'd, markt out the pleasure and
The triumph of her scorn! Should I attend
Her laws, and, by slow method and degrees,
Raise up to that perfection she enjoins:
Or this strict written schedule intimates,
I might marry her but so late, that it
Were fit t'enter my coffin and her bed
At once! I fear I am supplanted by
Some rival dearer in her eyes. This is
The chamber of retreat: where she doth use
To waste the hotter time of day in conference.
My nature and my manners must consent
A while unlawfully to hide me here,
That I may listen and observe. She comes!
[*He steps behind the hangings.*

Enter LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE.

JOYNT. Madam! I do acknowledge you the best
Remainder of our chiefest blood, and, by
That title and your former love, you ought
To challenge my respects: but not so much
As shall restrain the freedom of my heart.
LOVE. 'Tis no delight to me t'observe and chide
Your guiltiness, but, when it doth proceed
To falsehood and hypocrisy, I must speak.
JOYNT. Speak all your knowledge and your wrath; I shall
Have power to vindicate myself.
LOVE. You were the cautious damsel that had read
Morality, that lov'd not with your eyes
But with your brain, as were your heart not in
Your tender breast but in your purse: thrift was

Your chief design, and all your lover's virtue was
His land. Soldiers were transitory things,
Fitter to beget a famine than children
That march o'er other's lands, but never plough
Their own.

JOYNT. And what would this infer?

LOVE. But little reputation unto you,
That after all these documents could train
Seawit t'a private meeting in the orchard:
Although belov'd of me, and first my choice.

JOYNT. You have your spies?

LOVE. Yes, orchard spies; forsooth!
Whilst you are gathering unlawful fruit.

WAR. Patience! Behold thou trivial god of love,
A stranger can employ her envy and
Her strife, but I am cancel'd in her scorn.

Enter SEAWIT.

JOYNT. Here comes the gentleman! If you can show
A charter to engross the worthiest to
Yourself, or by his promise can assure
Your interest more strong than mine, I will
Disclaim my nuptial hopes, and dance
When Hymen celebrates your joyful day.

LOVE. Speak, sir! and with the fervency of truth
If to my cousin here you have engag'd
Th' assurance of your love, more than to me.

SEA. And is this the business I am sent for?

LOVE. Is't not of consequence enough? freely
Declare yourself! I know your spirit is
Too noble to disguise your thoughts.

JOYNT. And I, with equal confidence both of
His virtue and his love, expect my doom.

SEA. D'you hear, gentlewomen! pack up your ribbons,

Your lawn, your pendants, and your chains, with all
The rest of your free virginity-trinkets, and
Get you gone out of the harbour, or by
This light I'll plant my ship against your house,
And batter the walls about your small ears.
LOVE. Sir, this is strange! I am not guilty of
Your anger.
JOYNT. Nor I! your own heart can witness.
SEA. Were you never beaten? never for stealing
Conserves? Never swaddled for losing your
Sleeve silk, or making your work foul at tent-stitch?
Never for picking plums out of mince-pies,
Or breaking o' your lutes through negligence?
Had neither of you an old grandmother
With a short ebon staff, that us'd to beat you
For these faults? Sure, had you been ever beaten
You would not dare to use me thus.
JOYNT. This was not wont to be; your envy, madam,
Hath thus incens'd and alter'd him to me.
LOVE. My envy! In thy own false breast seek for
The guilt with which thou striv'st to slander me.
I know thy arts, but I will lay myself
And fortunes at his feet ere thou shalt have him.
WAR. I cannot hold! Hear me, fantastic maid!
SEA. What! another new jig to the old tune?
WAR. I now am learn'd in all thy falsehood, and
Thy scorns; th'are such perhaps as may perplex
Another's love, now they are tir'd with mine.
Know thou hast vex'd my nature, till't begin
To relish of the devil, for all the joy
I feel is hope of fellowship in my
Tormenting pains. Your darling here may suffer too.
SEA. Excellent good! A male conspirator!

WAR. Though you have fool'd me to a vain destruction of
My money, and my books, my land's still left,
With which I shall endow one better tried
In constancy.
LOVE. This is a rudeness, sir,
Not fit for to be forgiven, thus to intrude
Into my privacies; but I'll divorce
Me from your sight: let me behold you here
No more! For you, false cousin, be you sure
You are but little welcome to my company,
Therefore divide the house, this part is mine.
JOYNT. Mine the remotest from your eyes and sight. [*Exeunt Loveright, Joynture, several ways.*
WAR. You, sir, have the felicity to wear
The garland, and disdain it, too. You see
The ladies strive who shall be first prefer'd
Unto your choice, whil'st my poor wreath is willow!
SEA. Of what province, I pray, are you? What bridegroom
Are you, or what King's son that you should think
I am oblig'd to bear this familiarity?
You wear no petticoat for privilege!
WAR. I thank you, sir! and yet I scarce believe
That you will make the lady yours, and me
So tame to be your merriment:
You shall not carry her with so much ease.
SEA. Again! In good faith hold your tongue,
Or I shall run my hilts between your teeth.
WAR. You can be angry then, some comfort yet
That she hath plac'd her love on one dares fight:
Whose courage makes him fit to render me
A satisfaction for her vanities.
SEA. You durst not be so merry, sure, but that
The house and women must not be disturb'd.

WAR. Still pleasant with your fortune! Go, meet me,
If that thy title, or thy blood, dare prompt
Thee to't, i'th' meadow westward to the sea!
Single and guarded as thou art.

SEA. Lead on the way! Thy scorns are fit to be
Rebuk'd. Thou noble planet of the day
Show red when thou declin'st, as thou didst wear
My anger in thy looks, thou being set
May'st proudly rise unto the public view
Again, but one of us or both, before
Thy light is lost, shall sink and rise no more.

ACT V.

Enter CABLE, *letters in his hand.*

CA. These come from London, sure. I know no part
O'th' realm, allows me a friend, or enemy,
But that unlucky town; where now, 'tis dead
Vacation too, a time of great calamity
With younger brothers, men o'th' camp, and the
Distress'd daughters of old Eve, that lie windbound
About Fleet-Ditch.

Enter PORTER.

POR. What! In your melancholy fit again?
[*Steps aside.*

CA. They are from creditors! would I were valiant
Enough to open 'em. To my noble friend
Captain Cable; this superscription is
The kindest; and seal'd with a farthing, too:
That were enough to fright a poor man's augury—
Sa! sa! courage— [*Opens a letter.*

POR. These dumps are doleful.
I'll go fetch my mistress to him. [*Exit.*

CA. Hum! forborne you above seven years—
hum! promis'd
With oaths to pay me last Cales' voyage—hum!
Never drunk for my worship—hum! Three of
my children
Lie sick of the measles—hum!—but one bunch of
turnips
Among twelve of us these four days—Hum! my
sheers
And my wive's best kirtle at pawn—Hum!—
commit
My self to your conscience—Hum!—your friend
as you
Use him, Gregory Thimble.

Enter CARRACK.

CAR. I hope he's at his prayers!
Indeed, melancholy is a good sign
Of contrition in men that drink much.
CA. Here are two lamentations more, to the
Same tune. Were Hannibal alive, and these
Directed to him, he would not have the heart
To open 'em. O, these are bitter pills!—
[*Puts up the letters.*
And now for marmalad to close the stomach up;
This morning I had news of a fiery cutler
That will greet me with a *Ne exeat Regno*.
CAR. Just such a sad man was my husband wont
To be in's youth, when he receiv'd letters
From London! and fac'd me out still, they came
To borrow money. Poor city souls! they sent
But for their own.
CA. There's no returning to town without money
Unless I could move underground. For though
I know each lane and alley, fit for ambush or retreat,
Yet the serjeants know me better. Full many

A sad gripe have I had on the left-shoulder,
And in the King's name too. Fine rogues, to use
The King's name to him that has none of's coin!
Well, I must turn chaste, marry my dear widow,
And be rich! No remedy!

CAR. Good morrow, captain! I am come to seek
You out; and know how far you are resolv'd
In the main point. You understand me, captain?

CA. Widow! Would 'twere Sunday, widow!

CAR. And why, I pray?

CA. That we might have clean linen,
Fresh nosegays, and go hear exercise. I know
You love to frequent the silenc'd parties;
Let but their lungs hold out, and I'll listen
Till my ears ache. Widow, thou never knew'st
A rogue so suddenly reclaim'd.

CAR. It is glad tidings, sir!

CA. No more drinking now! I will undertake
To walk throughout all the sandy hot desarts
Of Barbary, with one flagon o' water.
Alas! The dew's enough to satisfy
A temperate man, so he travel by night,
And with his mouth open. And for whoring,—
If my example should prosper and reclaim
The sinners of this town, there's many
A poor Justice of peace will get but little.

CAR. You are strangely alter'd.

CA. It is too true.
Would'st thou believ't? I was about last night
To sell my trumpets, and, in their stead, buy
A pair of virginals; thou know'st it is
The more precise harmony. As for my feather,—
Here, take it! and stuff pillowbers*; it is
A vain wearing, argues sin, and a light head!

* Pillowbeers—Pillow cases.

CAR. Is't possible, you can be so precise?
CA. This day I'll cut off my main mast, and for
No other reason, but because me thinks
It looks like a may-pole.
CAR. I can but wonder and rejoice.
CA. Widow, I'll marry thee! Let that suffice.
Go buy a wedding ring! and, dost thou hear?
Lay out money! here are bills of exchange
Newly come from London will discharge all.
[*Pulls out's letters.*
CAR. Are all these bills of exchange?
CA. All but some few postscripts of news.
CAR. It is no news, captain.
CA. What is no news, widow?
CAR. That you owe money! Know sir, there is now
Arriv'd, a short hair'd, small notch'd-messenger,
That calls himself an apprentice; he rails
Against your captainship, and says you owe
His master money; and those letters come
From others too that suffer in the same cause.
CA. Dost thou not know, widow, men of courage
Will owe money.
CAR. 'Tis evident! But what, I pray, are your debts?
CA. I am no arithmetician, widow. I cannot tell
To a just scruple.
CAR. But you may nearly guess.
CA. About a hundred, or a thousand pound!
CAR. No land, nor living, captain! yet owe
A thousand pounds?
CA. These are silly examinations! Go, go!
Put on clean linen, widow, and let's to church.
CAR. You did consider, sir, and must not I
Have respite to consider too?
CA. I'll follow,
And shake these thoughts out of her head. His hopes

Are at the last gasp, that gives a widow
Leave to consider. [*Exeunt.*

Enter INLAND, BUMBLE, ENGLISH-SKIPPER.

IN. Ah, my belov'd Bumble! thy kindness hath
Converted my heart to butter; it melts too.
Good friend!
Render this to him in elegant Dutch.

ENG. SKIP. Verssat ye de rutter capitaine?

BUM. Yaw, yaw, ick verstoe: ick hebb een true heart.
Maer warome bebt by by myn so liefe?

ENG. SKIP. He would know why you love him, sir, considering
Your quarrel is depending still.

IN. For his valour tell him, 'cause he will fight:
My country-men scarce know what it doth mean.
Good kind, meek souls, they'll straight be reconcil'd!
Desire him we may join together in
A Flanders' hug; embracing coarsely, like
Two lofty younkers of the Hague.

ENG. SKIP. He understands you, sir——
[*Inland and Bumble embrace.*

IN. I am the servant of your dog, Bumble!

BUM. Ick byn yare hunt foot——

IN. Houndsfoot! What's that?

ENG. SKIP. Why sir, he is your dog's leg.

IN. How! dost thou compliment old flounderkin?
I must kiss thee. Buss me, Bumble! I say, buss!
[*They kiss.*

BUM. Maer wee mot noch vechten.

IN. Yes, yes, we will fight too, Bumble! heaven willing,
I will cut thy throat for all this, and throw
Thee over-board among thy kindred, haberdine,*
And ling; who shall meet thee some four days hence

* Salted cod.

Ten fathom deep. But first I've a suit to thee:
Tell him my governor plays the false friend,
He will not lend me his ship.

ENG. SKIP. Hy en koat niet een skipp kveghe.

IN. Therefore, if he please, we'll encounter like
Two valorous angry herrings, and fight, swimming,
In any sea-coast that he will name.

BUM. Ick verstoe! maer ick mot in een skipp veckter.

ENG. SKIP. You must excuse him, sir! he cannot fight
Without a good ship under him.

IN. Tell him he hath two now in his command!
I'll borrow one, and man it with my falconers,
Huntsmen, and my women.

BUM. Nien, nien, dat mat niet wesen.

ENG. SKIP. He will not part, sir, with his ship.

IN. Bumble, if you have no courtesy, Bumble,
I will make bold with your body here. Take that!
[*Kicks him.*
And for more solace that,—and that for old reckonings!

BUM. Ick sall meet you at sea veur all.

IN. I'th' mean time a kick or two more on shore
Is not amiss. And, country-man, because
You take pay under him, thus I salute
Your haunches.

BUM. Ick sall meet you at sea!

ENG. SKIP. Ay, or in Amboyna. There you shall swing for't.

IN. March on! I must kick you to your cock-boat. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOPSAIL, PORTER, *like a Pursuivant.*

TOP. But art thou sure he holds little power
Over his niece?

POR. That little is too much, sir!
He hath none at all. He may pretend she owes him
Respects as to her uncle, but I have heard
Her woman, Mistress Nightingale, and she is
The key of her lady's secrets, swear her honour
So hates his tedious babbling, that she would part with
A good round sum to have assurance not
To be afflicted with it but once a quarter.
TOP. That way I may do her service. But art thou perfect
In my directions?
POR. If I miss my cue,
Let me forfeit my reward.
TOP. Stand close, and when
I hold my hand up thus, rush in upon him,
And do thy office!
POR. With as much rudeness, captain,
As a drunken beadle drags a kneeling beggar
To the house of correction.
TOP. He appears!
I'll have some sport, though I lose the lady.
Sir Solemn Trifle!

Enter TRIFLE.

Met to my wish! I have dispatch'd my letters
To my friends in London, presuming on your promise
I shall have your niece. [*Porter aside.*
TRI. Pray you, give me leave!
TOP. Nay, more,
I have disposed of my ship too.
TRI. Hear me, I pray you!
TOP. I build my confidence upon your credit,
And, if I fall, you perish in my ruins.
Imagine, sir, how monstrous 'twill appear

If a grave Justice, add to that a knight,
Of such a reverend beard, the oracle
Of wisdom to his brothers of the bench,
Nay their still open mouth, a Statesman too,
That holds intelligence in all the courts
Of Christendom, and from that frames his counsels ;
I say, if such an eminent man should fail
In his assurances of a lady's favour,
His niece, and one he may command, that will not
Hazard the reputation of her uncle,
But with her own loss carefully preserve it,
Who will give credit to your hand and seal,
Touching occurrences far off? And, therefore,
For your own sake, Sir Solemn, do me right,
Or you are like to suffer.

TRI. I confess it
An irreparable loss. Now ; give me leave
To make you understand with what discretion,
Art, judgment, language, elegance of phrase,
I have proceeded for you.

TOP. Briefly, I pray you !

TRI. I went to her, and at the first receiv'd
Slight entertainment, then I came upon her
With my rhetorical flourishes, set you off
In the full height of lustre ; nay, observe
How much I ventur'd for you. I assur'd her
Upon my credit, that the next employment
You should be chosen admiral, then bring in
The King of Spain's plate-fleet, and for the service
Should be made an earl.

TOP. I am bound to you.

TRI. And yet,
Do you think she would believe me?

TOP. She had little reason. What wrought it on her?

TRI. Nothing, as I live ! all was cast away, nor gave I o'er so,

But urg'd authority, and told her plainly
Her uncle was a second-father to her,
And she bound to obey him.
TOP. What replied she?
TRI. The girl laugh'd at me, flung away, and will'd me
To teach my clerk, Dash, his trade; she was old enough
To govern her own affairs.
TOP. Does this fruit grow
On the tree of your assurances?
TRI. Captain Topsail,
Preserve my reputation! Recall
Your letters by a winged post. I'll bear
The charge, and undergo what loss soever
You suffer'd in the parting with your ship.
Dear sir, be good to me! I would not be taken
In a lie, for my estate.
TOP. You speak so honestly,
That, troth, I could forget it; but suppose
I should, I fear yet you'll be call'd unto
A strict account for the other news, to which
You have set your hand and seal, and publish'd them
By your subordinate ministers.
[*Holds up his hand.*

PORTER, *Within.* Break ope the doors!
I'll have him, if he be above ground, though
I raise the force of the county.
TRI. I begin to quake all over.
POR. Ah! I am glad I have you.
Sir Solemn Trifle, in the king's name, I charge you
T' obey my warrant.
TOP. Use him gently, Pursuivant,
Remember he's a Justice, and a knight;
He'll put in bail!

Por. Bail will not serve ; he must
And shall along with me, presently. I'll not take
A jury of Justices for his appearance.
Tri. I am undone !
Por. It is a kind of treason.
Tri. Ay, me !
Por. He hath put the Kingdom in an uproar
About his news, under his hand and seal.
Top. Sir Solemn, I foresaw this.
Por. Scarecrow and Zeal
Have kiss'd the whipping-post, and your gossip, Prattle,
Hath tasted of the rack for venting of
Your trumperies, and the rack will make him yield
A reason why he holds intelligence
Without commission, and with foreign Princes.
You must and shall go, sir !
Tri. O, Trifle, Trifle !
What hath thy pen and wisdom brought thee to ?
Top. He will go quietly, tie not his legs
Under his horse's belly.
Por. As I see cause, sir.
Tri. Am I come to that ? hear me ! I am a traitor
In the highest degree. If e'er I had intelligence
But from play-houses, and ordinaries, and sometimes
Courants, gazettes, and ballads, those were the
Undoing spirits I work'd by. [*Weeps.*
Top. I believe him.
Troth, Mr Pursuivant, his fault may be
Thought greater than perhaps it is, and if
A hundred pound, in present pay, may teach you
The art of connivance, do not see him till
He hath sued out his pardon.
Por. I shall run
A dangerous hazard.
Top. This is certainty.

Give it him, I say!

POR. For my security
He must instantly leave the town.

TOP. Besides the warrant
There's a necessity for that.

TRI. How, captain?

TOP. Seawit, I know not how, h'ath heard of the wrong
You did him to his merchant, and he hath vow'd
To pull out your tongue, and cut off your right hand;
No less will serve him.

TRI. I'll rather go with the Pursuivant.

POR. And be rack'd to death.

TRI. What shall I do?

TOP. Steal closely
Out of the house! vanish as in a mist!
That way. Not a syllable, on mine honour!
[*Exit Trifle.*
There's no Sir Solemn here. So, you are paid for
Your ship.

POR. The best that ever porter was, sir.

TOP. This will I hope take off his edge of lying,
And fright him to tell truth. Now for the lady!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE, NIGHTINGALE.

LOVE. Mischief and shame upon thy silent tongue!
Why didst not tell me this before?

NIGHT. Though I o'erheard their quarrel, madam, I
Believ'd they would proceed no further than
In words, but, 'tis too certain, they were seen
Just now hast'ning to the field.

LOVE. Quickly, my coach! In the adjoining meadow,
Westward to th' sea, did they appoint to meet?

NIGHT. That was the place they nam'd.
LOVE. You have enflam'd this anger, cousin, by
Persuading emulation in their love.
JOYNT. You wrong me, madam, with a calumny
That must result upon your self.
LOVE. Within there, ho! My coach!
JOYNT. Some call the captains to assist us thither!
Pray Heaven, they do not fight! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEAWIT, WARWELL, *in their shirts. Stand at distance.*

SEA. This ground is equal to us both; or, if
Your better eyes can find a diff'rence in
Ascent, you have the liberty of choice.
WAR. I like my station, sir, and you must join
Some fortune to your strength to move me hence.
SEA. You are as merry, sir, as if you thought
Of nothing but a triumph.
WAR. Our weapons have one measur'd length. If you
Believe the opposition of the sun
Unto your face is your impediment,
You may remove, and wear him on your back.
SEA. Your ceremonies, sir, are troublesome.
I love his beams. If they can see me faint,
'Tis fit they punish me
With everlasting night. Prepare your self!

Enter LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE, CARRACK, NIGHTINGALE, *to* SEAWIT *and* WARWELL. TOPSAIL *and* CABLE *following.* LOVERIGHT *and* NIGHTINGALE, *hanging on* WARWELL. JOYNTURE *and* CABLE *on* SEAWIT.

SEA. Who have we here?
WAR. Your land-plot, Captain Seawit,
To fetch you off!

SEA. Your studied stratagem, Warwell,
With your confederate lady wits; you had paid else
For your part of the jeering scene.
WAR. I shall forget
Civility and manners if you persist thus.
Have you first cast me off, abus'd my service,
Then hold me while your gallant cuts my throat?
CAR. Do you think to fright me with your naked weapon?
My husband was
A captain, yet when he has drawn upon me
In's drink, I have made him sheath his weapon, and
Repent he drew it on me.
CA. Here's a fine medley!
SEA. We cannot do that which we came for, sir;
We must wait another hour, and, till then, truce!
[*Puts up his sword.*
Silence becomes men best, when women talk.
WAR. I follow the example.
SEA. What new device
Succeeds this, Madam Marchpain?* Wherefore come you,
And you her compeer? If you would both be cur'd
Of the green sickness, and from me take physic,
Fall to it presently, and scratch one another
Till you have torn off the paint and flesh together.
I'll have no other fee. I am mad such baubles
Should steal away my patience. When will it speak?
Hath it lost its tongue? Borrow an inch or two
Of its uncle, Sir Solemn.

* Marchpain was usually prescribed as an item in the desserts of our ancestors.

"March-panes are made of verie little flowers, but with addition of greater quantitie of filberts, pine-nuts, pistaces, almonds, and rosed sugar."

LOVE. Ha! ha! ha! Is it angry?
Or its pleasant wit tied up, and turn'd to railing?
JOYNT. Shall we put one purl of our gorgets out of order
For such a face?
LOVE. Or fight, or scratch, for a quibbling
A part of your revenue?
CAR. Or I run mad,
If I marry not this great belly? or forswear sleeping,
If it be not made my pillow?
CA. I am brought in too.
LOVE. But to be serious—
WAR. Which you cannot be.
You have it not in your nature, fickle lady.
LOVE. Be your own judges, for I'll speak my thoughts
To all, and freely. But I am interrupted!

Enter INLAND.

Quiet this storm! and I will give you reason
For what we do, or have done.
[*Seawit, Warwell, Cable, Topsail, confer. The women step aside.*
IN. None kill'd yet?
I have heard of the quarrel, and I will make one,
I care not on which side. Ha! how comes this?
Three women 'gainst four men! it must be so!
I have read, in errant books, of fighting ladies,
And these no doubt are such, and I love 'em for't.
They are disarm'd! the men have got the day,
And I stand bound to rescue 'em.
SEA. Second me, 'twill do!
CA. We'll put him to't, and try his temper.
IN. You have been my tutor, now I will be yours.
You have wrong'd these ladies, and my honour binds me

To teach you better manners.
SEA. Thou weak compound
Of clownery and rashness, that ne'er knew'st,
And art past teaching, what true valour is ;
Bridle your tongue, or I must tell you, boy,
You will be whip't !
IN. Boy ! I defy thee !
TOP. Stay, sir !
Be not so hot ! I must have some cool words with you.
You have been saucy, and from my forbearance
Grown insolent. I'll put you to the test.
Fall off, and instantly ! or I'll beat you to
A place to do me right.
IN. Beat me ! lead on !
CA. We must not part so. You cub, I'll make you feel
You are not now amongst your tenants' sons,
Swaggering at a wake, in your own village,
Or stealing away a May-pole from your neighbours ;
But with such men, as if you dare but scratch,
Can pare your nails to the stumps, and spoil your clawing.
IN. Three against one ! 'tis foul play !
Thou art not worth
The anger of one boy that has true metal,
Or courage in him. You love quarrelling,
Be it right or wrong, and fighting, as you say, too.
But look upon thy sword !
TOP. Or frown.
SEA. Cast lots
Who shall do the drudgery of cudgelling him.
You shall part with the name of furious,
And from henceforth, be call'd Tame Inland.
JOYNT. How they awe him !
IN. Cowe me with odds ? were your number ten times doubled,

I would not budge. Ladies, stand fair! you shall
Perceive I am not awed, nor tongue-tied. Tutor,
For my bringing up, I will despatch you first!
At your great belly next. I will spoil your pipe too.
And you shall find I dare look on my sword
When I prick your guts with't. Come one by one, or all
Together! I care not.
CA. Sure the devil's in him.
TOP. You must take another course.
SEA. I'll rather suffer,
Than part with such a charge.
WAR. I do recant.
SEA. Thou shalt be
Our admiral.
TOP. And kill the King's enemies
By dozens.
CA. Be but reconcil'd!
IN. I am!
Upon these terms. But let me have enow
King's enemies to kill.
SEA. Thou shalt, my charge.

Enter BOATSWAIN.

BOAT. Aboard, aboard, the wind stands fair!
One sent too from the admiral to command it.
CA. How! the wind turn'd westward?
TOP. 'Tis! the rack runs that way.
SEA. Constantly! No stay than
Your l'envoy, ladies.
LOVE. I will not hinder
Your voyage with long discourse. This is the man,
For whose wish'd sight, with some doubt to mine honour,

I came to Plymouth, having had intelligence
Four days before he had set foot in Holland,
And was bound hither. You had such entertainment
As I could give you : Other accidents
Were but to pass time. I am serious, sir,
And, all imperious humours of a mistress
Cast by, I thus embrace you as a husband,
And, as such, will obey you.

SEA. Heaven give you joy, sir.

WAR. This satisfies for all, and, if you please,
Here ends our difference.

SEA. 'Tis my desire, sir.

JOYNT. One word with you, sir. I shall still report you
A noble gentleman, and am so chang'd
With your behaviour, though you want a fortune,
At your return I'll make you one, and do it
A lawful way.

SEA. I kiss your hand, and seal my self
Your servant.

CA. Now, widow, what's your doom
Of me ? Shall I stay at home,
Or weigh up anchors and be gone ?

CAR. Get honour !
And bring home a rich prize, like my other husband,
And you shall have his place. Yet though you thrive not
But come home ne'er so poor, forswear your whoring,
And I am your wife ; and to encourage you to it,
Give a particular of your debts, I'll pay 'em.
You shall come home a free man.

CA. By this kiss I thank thee ;
I'll prove such a notable husband !

SEA. All stands yet in supposition.

Top. I may find a wife too
At my return, till when honour's my mistress.
Sea. Our navy now puts forth to sea, and, if
You wish us a good voyage, we shall find
Our new trim'd sails fill'd with a prosp'rous wind.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE BY SIR FURIOUS.

For your own sakes, dear hearts, you had not best
Believe my rage, or humour so opprest
I'th heat of the last scene, as that you may
Freely, and safely too, cry down our play!
For if you dare but whisper one false note
Here in the house, or passing to take boat,
Good faith, I'll mow you off with my short sword!
Gentleman, squire, knight, lady, and her lord,
With conscience too; for since my metal lies
Still to destroy yours, and our enemies,
Can I do less,—be your own judges,—when
You lay sad plots to beggar the King's men.

THE FAIR FAVOURITE.

This is another of the six plays which were not printed until after the author's death, and then embodied in the folio edition of his works in 1673. The piece, which has been styled a Tragi-comedy, appears to have been one of Sir William Davenant's earlier productions, inasmuch as it was licensed on 17th November 1638, and although there is no record of its having been acted, it is highly probable that it had been produced on the stage about that date, if not previously. The political events which immediately followed may account for its having been laid aside, and the change which had taken place in public taste, calling for Entertainments of a different kind when the Royal Dynasty was restored, probably precluded its revival.

Among the fifty-two Manuscript Plays of Mr. Warburton, Somerset Herald, which, all save three, were treated by his female servant as waste paper, and used accordingly, in the usual contemptuously careless manner in which women, generally speaking, have ever treated books and papers, there was one called the Fair Favourite, which it has been conjectured was a copy of the original version of the play as presently printed.

Geneste remarks of this piece :—"This is, on the whole, a good Tragi-comedy. It was not printed till 1673, but it was doubtless written, and probably acted before the civil wars."

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

KING,
PHYLENIO, } *two Statesmen.*
RADEGOND, }
ORAMONT, *Brother to Eumena.*
AMADORE, *his Friend.*
THORELLO, *a travell'd Gentleman.*
SALADINE, } *Courtiers.*
ALERAN, }
SOLDIERS.
OLD COURTIERS.
BOY.

QUEEN.
EUMENA, *the Fair Favorite.*
GARTHA, *Eumena's waiting woman.*
THREE COURT LADIES.

THE FAIR FAVOURITE.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Saladine, Aleran, Thorello.

Aler. Troth! thou art now a pretty toy of State,
Art grown as grave, and hast as great a share
Of business in thy looks, as an old Legate
Sent to a land of heretics. Ambassadors
Of Spain compar'd to thee, are mere French posts;
Dispatch'd with love letters from th' army to
The Court. O, the excellency of travel!

Salad. Right, Aleran! Mark, but how much it perfecteth
Your very ape. Ere he hath travel'd,
Alas! what is he, rude and unqualifi'd?
But having once seen countries, gone from town
To town, he strait accepts your pippin,
Kissing his hairy hand, most Monsieur like.

Aler. Good faith, and that is very much!

Salad. Nay more! he rides
And manages your English mastiff, sir,
As he had lain in Pension for't at Paris.

Thor. Signiors! you have very passable wits
O'th' Queen's side here. Sure, they are employ'd too,
When part'clar pleasures have call'd aside
The nobler spirits, and left you necessary
To the ladies. What! you read Alciod's* emblems

* Alciatus. "Here comes Ancient and honest Alciatus with the almost endless impression of his works; some with copper-plate, others with wood-engraving, decorations."—*Bibliographica*

To'em, and the fables of Æsop in
Your elegant mother tongue?

SAL. O, ever sir, upon long winter nights.

THOR. And, on my conscience, they believe those tales
For true, whilst you put off the old morals
As fine new observations of your own.

SAL. 'Faith, like enough!
We have the pretti'st things in petty-coats.
Sirrah! They'll admire thee,
And 'twill be held a sov'reign sign of luck,
That thou and the King arrive here together
In one day; thou from thy travels, he from
The wars, and the treasure of thy court collections
In France will be no less valued then his
Victories on the coast of Sicily.

THOR. Youth and success in your amours hath made
You as wanton, as maids at midnight with their lovers are. [*Flourish.*
——Hark! the King!
Remove, and borrow gravity a while.

Enter PHYLENIO, KING, RADEGOND, *Soldiers of his train.*

PHYLE. Y'arrive so early sir, that you will find
The Queen asleep; if she can ever rest,
Whose careful fears, both for your safety and
Return, have lessen'd much her health.

RADEG. And this is worthy of your pity, sir,

Decameron, Vol. I. p. 225. Dr. Dibdin in a note on the text says: "The Library of the Marquis of Blandford [afterwards Duke of Marlborough] is supposed to contain the richest collection of emblems in the country." This was in 1817. At a later date this collection, which was rich in the productions of Alciatus, was brought to the hammer. Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Polloc and Keir, Bart., present Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, is possessed of a very large collection of the works of Alciatus.

To find a lady of her youth,
So earnest to destroy her beauty
In seeking to deserve your love.

KING. Advise her, Radegond, to love me less.

RADEG. Love you less! That were to kill her, sir.

KING. Would thou couldst help me to another heart!
Nature allows but one, though to a King,
And it were cruelty, not kindness to
Exact more love from that, than it can give.

Enter QUEEN *and two* LADIES.

PHYLE. See where she comes! Already she hath learn'd
You are arriv'd, the spies of love are swift
And universal, as the beams of light. Look on
Her, sir, with gracious eyes——

QUEEN. My joys are more than I can hide, for I
Have liv'd to see my vows grow prosperous.
How shall we welcome you enough with praise,
Since you have brought home peace, and fame, left death
And black dishonour with your enemies?

KING. Madam, I thank you as I ought. How bless'd
Had we been, if he that made such haste to join
Our hands had staid till he had got the skill
To join our hearts! But he was more a Statesman than
A priest, and married provinces, not us.

QUEEN. Alas! This is a little sudden, sir!
'Tis like a morn o'ercast with clouds, ere men
May say the day doth break. No sooner can
I boast my joys of seeing you, but I must
Become your sorrow, and
My punishment. How vainly do I wish,

That, like your better angel, I could wait
About you still, and be invisible to you;
That I might ever serve you, sir.
And never be discern'd.

KING. Would you had all your wishes, Madam, and I,
If it were fit to ask't of heaven, had mine.
But since we are so cruelly proscrib'd,
Let's strive to mitigate our sufferings,
By making still our visits few, and short;
For we can never meet but we must mourn.
And you are wise, to know our sorrows ill
Become the triumphs of this day.

QUEEN. You are too quickly weary of our griefs!
I could endure 'em longer, sir, so I
Might tarry here. But 'tis as hard for me
To disobey your will, as hinder fate.

KING. Be kind then to your self; you may possess
That happiness alone, which we
Together never can enjoy.

QUEEN. The peace, which by your valor you have brought
Your people home, increase within your breast,
And, as in war, so may you prove victorious,
Though at my charge, in all the love you make.
[*He leads her to the door.*

THOR. Look Saladine! The King may well be held
The chief of his profession, a grand courtier,
For I ne'er saw so much ceremony
With so little love.

SALAD. It is your new
Court-justice now! They ever pay the want
Of their affection to their wives, with overmuch
Civility; but 'tis in public, sir; at home
They think it too much pains.

KING. Unarm me, Radegond!
And now, I would thou couldst un-King me too.
RADEG. How, sir?
KING. Phylenio, I am sure,
Thou dost not love the King; had I
No title left, I should have friends. Why must
I struggle then beneath this load?
PHYLE. This melancholy, sir, is treason 'gainst
Your self; and such, as if we durst, we would rebuke.
KING. Of what a false
And consuming composition am I made!
Resolv'd by all most absolute, yet not
So free, as he, that daily fights for food.
You are happy, for you are subjects still.
RADEG. Your subjects, sir; and that we justly may
Esteem our happiness.
KING. O, you are wise,
And constant to your selves; had you but any share
Of love for me, you would un-King me strait,
And then teach me a sudden way to be no monster.
PHYLE. A monster, sir! We understand you not.
KING. What am I else, that still beneath
Two bodies groan; the natural and the politic?
By force compounded of most diff'rent things.
How wearisome, and how unlucky is
The essence of a King, gentle, yet by
Constraint severe; just in our nature, yet
We must dissemble; our very virtues are
Taken from us, only t'augment our sway!
RADEG. Your judgment is too cruel of yourself.
KING. In what's our pity, or our kindness more
Express'd, than when we father other's crimes?
As if it were a great prerogative

To make the guilty safe. Our wealth serves but
To keep men's hopes in pay ; only happy
When we can purchase friends, because they share
And ease the glorious torment of our power.

Enter EUMENA *and* GARTHA.

PHYLE. The burden of your thoughts will now grow light.
Behold the fair Eumena, sir !

KING. Hail, virtuous maid ! Why, my Eumena, did
I strive for victories abroad, when all
My conquests there could never recompence
My absence from that beauty which I left
At home ? 'Tis true, that I have done such deeds
As fame her self shall chuse, even for the last
Great story that must fill her book. The aged
And the young
Have had sufficient cause to curse thy coldness
In love ; for hadst thou kept me here, they still
Had been alive.

EUME. Could my obedience pay
The debt we owe your valor, Sir, thus I
Would kneel, till I grew old, so long
You should not know me when I rise.
[*He takes her up.*

KING. Eumena, this becomes thee not ; for love
Hath made us equal; and how poor a thing
Is majesty, compar'd to mighty love !

EUME. The changes of my fortune, sir,
Have made me now so wise, I dare not trust
Too much to happiness, whose danger comes
From its excess; the joys you bring are so
Extreme, they needs must suffer an allay.
Already I have found it too ; for as
I hast'ned hither to behold the true
Success of all my horisons—your safety and

Return—I met beneath the cypress shade
That borders near the garden rivulet,
Your beauteous Queen, but sad, and mourning like
A virgin at her lover's tomb. Even she,
That is so fair and good, I saw
Thus newly ruin'd by your frowns.

KING. The poor hermit that nightly is assur'd
By visions in his sleep, fasting all day
With zealous hope of nourishment from Heaven;
The young unpractis'd child, that hath not yet
Out grown his native innocence, hath skill
To shape disguises for his thoughts, as much
As I. I cannot hide the anger of
My grief, and all th' observing world
Can witness it is just; though 'tis as sad
A truth, that she is guiltless of the cause.

EUME. You make a brave confession, sir. Yet where
There is no guilt your least unkindness seems
Too great a punishment.

KING. But I have heard, during my forc'd
Unwilling absence from thee, in this last
Sicilian war, she us'd thy tenderness,
As if her jealousy had practis'd a
Revenge in envy of my noble love.

EUME. Forgive my anger, sir!
They are as false as men that cheaply swear
For hire; who thus have wrong'd your royal ear
With forged whispers, in dull hope to win
My favour by officious wicked courtesy.

KING. Thou art so full of truth, I must
Believe thee 'gainst thy self. Go, Radegond!
And let the Queen know I am penitent;
Fall at her feet, and sigh in my behalf,
Until thou find'st my pardon in her eyes.

[*Exeunt King, Eumena, Radegond, Phylenio.*

THOR. Gentlemen, may a man without suspicion

Of treason, think a little oddly of the King,
Having a virtuous lady to his wife,
Must he needs get a mistress? But you'll say
This mistress is surpassing virtuous too.
Let that be granted; yet———

SALAD. Disclose your meaning, sir!

THOR. Faith, Saladine, I mean to ask, why he
Allows his wife the lesser share of's heart,
Or rather none at all? 'Tis such a royal
Riddle. Well, the devil is in't, and I
Suppose at least ten devils more; for less,
Signiors, cannot suffice this court.

SALAD. Thorello! thou art a right traveller,
An old acquaintance in every town
Abroad, and a new stranger still at home.

ALER. Instruct him! 'tis a raw youth, but he will learn.

SALAD. Long ere our King was married, know he was
Most fervently in love with fair Eumena,
And yet our politicians to join Otranto to
His crown—which neighb'ring province was the dower
Of our sad Queen—did force him to this match.

THOR. Could he be wrought to wed a Princess for
Dull human ends, when's love was formerly
Engag'd? Where are the old Arcadian lovers?

ALER. Why, in their graves, where they sleep quietly.

THOR. Had I but once made love, though to a poor
Inheritrix of thirteen pistolets a year,
The Queen dowager of China should not
Remove my suit, Signior. I pray, proceed!

SALAD. I soon shall vindicate the King, for, sir,
These subtle managers of his affairs, before

They treated with him for the Queen, surprized
Eumena from his sight ; proclaim'd her dead.
And, more to cozen his belief, did celebrate
Her funerals with much solemnity
Through Naples here. Eumena, all this time
Closely immur'd, some two years after they
Did work his sorrows to give way unto
Necessities of State, so perfected
This marriage with the Queen.

THOR. And during this Eumena ne'er was heard of?

SALAD. She was most carefully conceal'd, and at
The nuptial feast presented to his sight.

THOR. So suddenly retriev'd !

SALAD. Your politicians
Have ever more a taint of vanity,
As hasty still to show, and boast a plot,
As they are greedy to contriv't. But he
Requites the falsehood of their care with banishment.
Though married, yet refus'd to bed the Queen,
And to Eumena strait renews his love.

THOR. You have untied the knot.

SALAD. 'Tis a full Court !
Let's hasten to the privy gallery,
And whisper there a while ; for so
We may be ta'en for cabinet Statesmen,
And at least be held secret, if not wise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORAMONT *and* GARTHA.

GAR. My suit will meet much danger in delay,
I gave my lady this, sir, in her ear ;
But she replied, I'm busy with the King.

ORA. Hah ! Busy with the King ! that sounds not well.
Go back ! say my affair concerns her life.

GAR. I will attempt to tell her so. [*Exit.*

ORA. She is become the people's secret scorn,
Yet from the earliest dawning of her eyes,
From the first budding of her beauty, she
Was bred with all those bashful fears that guard
A virgin's innocence ; but who can be
Secure in Court, where every tempter
Looks so full of power,
As if he could forgive more crimes
Than's leisure suffers him to act? and not
To yield to King's desires, although unjust,
Is disobedience here, not virtue styl'd.
His message makes me wonder : yet if
There were no other cause of fear, but guilt,
I should enough of courage find to dare
All danger, but what comes from heaven.

Enter EUMENA.

ORA. Can you find nothing, Lady,
In this face, that may direct
You to remember it ?
EUME. My brother, Oramont ! That you are he
appears too unprepar'd
A truth, to be so suddenly believ'd.
[*He steps a little back.*
Do not distrust my joys, because they come
In tears thus through mine eyes, from whence our griefs
Spring forth. My heart, were not the gates too narrow,
Would sally out the self-same way to meet you.
ORA. Hath she a stock of tears for joys, and such
A debt of them to pay unto her sins,
'Twere easier to believe her innocent.
EUME. Why seem you so reserv'd ? Why will you wear
A gravity, that doth as ill become
This meeting as your years ?

ORA. I am a prisoner!
Though for a little space my bonds are off.
EUME. How, Oramont!
ORA. The King hath brought
Home victory from the Sicilian war.
But our attempt upon the Tuscan camp
Was bloodily repuls'd.
EUME. This he hath heard,
Yet 'tis a loss he mentions with neglect;
For his intelligence believ'd you safe,
And marching hither with's remaining troops.
ORA. Fame like a cunning falcon falsifies
Her flight. Know, by the treason of our scouts
I was surpris'd, weakened with many wounds;
Those pitious heaven hath favor'd with a happy cure,
But th' avaricious enemy impos'd
Upon my liberty the ransom of
Two hundred thousand crowns; the value was
No less they laid upon my gen'rous faith,
Since they have trusted me to visit thus
My native soil, and ta'en my word
For my return within the circuit of
One moon, or else to pay that mighty sum.
EUME. It is a mighty sum, indeed!
ORA. Such, sister, as our ancestors ne'er knew
But by report. Nor can I think they would
Have laid so vast a rate on worthless me,
Had they not heard your greatness here in Court.
EUME. Can such a trivial grief as this contract
Those wrinkles on your brow, and make you old
Ere time hath perfected your youth? Would they
Had doubled what they have impos'd, that I
Might yield a worthier trial of my love.
ORA. Eumena, do you know what you desire——
EUME. Here, sir, take this! It doth contain in jewels, [*She reaches a cabinet.*

Enough to ransom you as oft as fortune can
Betray you to the foe : Take it, and pay
Those fools of Tuscany, that had not skill
To lay a greater price on Oramont.
You are my brother, sir ! a title which
Includes all that my judging love calls wealth.
ORA. Are you so rich ? Eumena you have found
[*He takes the cabinet.*
A bounteous master of the King. I dare
Not call him yet your lover, that would wound
My ear as much as yours ; although I know
A maiden's tenderness is struck even with
The nicest injury of words.
EUME. But were the King a lover, sir, I can
Not think that word would injure me.
ORA. Are you so well
Resolv'd ? Take heed, frail maid ! And, heaven take heed
Of me ! If ever yet her blood hath been
Defil'd, make choice of one that is no kin
Unto the purer part of it, to let
Out the impure. I would not punish her.
EUME. What mean you, Oramont ? How were I bless'd
Could I no more resent those cruel words
Than heaven, to whom you utter them in vain.
ORA. Take back your precious trifles and repent
Your treasure is so strangely got ; that 'tis not fit
For noble minds to use it, though they want.
EUME. Strike me with stupid dullness, you kind powers !
That in excessive wonder I may fail
To understand the meaning of his speech.
ORA. Away ! O fly ! Fly from the Court, thou young
And silly sophister in arts of State.
The favourites of Kings are chosen but

To own, and wear their master's worser sins ;
And what a load thou wilt be taught to bear,
When his, oppressing thee, must needs be laid
Upon as great a burden as thine own.

EUME. Thou cruel, and suspicious Oramont !
Whither is all thy virtue gone ? I ne'er
Believ'd I could be angry until now.
My heart rebels within my breast, and chides me
For every tear I shed, as if on thee
My pity were misspent ; yet 'cause thou wert
My brother once, I would not have it said
I left thee in captivity. Procure
Thy freedom with this wealth—For misery
Doth seldom mend, but makes the wicked worse.

ORA. I rather will return, my bonds
Still wear, as gaudy bracelets on my wrists ;
In a dark dungeon sit, there mourn thy loss,
And curse that treacherous fate, which first did bring
Thy luckless beauty to the tempting King.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ORAMONT, THORELLO, SALADINE, *and* ALERAN.

ORA. You can instruct me, sir. I have a suit
Unto the King, and would attend where I
May stand within the level of his eye.
Take's he this way in's passage from the park ?

THOR. 'Tis not in's pow'r t'avoid you, sir, if you
Stay here ; but in our judgements, that have got
The bold ambition to be styl'd your friends,
'Twere fitter, noble Oramont, men of
Your early virtue, and still growing worth,
Should have the fortune rather to command,

Than wait among the common crowd.

ORA. You grace me with your kind opinion, sir;

But we must rest contented with our stars.
Could we attain the power to pick and chuse
I' th' firmament, he that created them
And us would lose his eminence on earth,
For we should make a god of every poor astronomer.

SALAD. 'Tis piety to wish
You'ld throw your cloudy sorrows off, and not
Affect to wear your virtues in the dark.

ALER. My lord! we need you here in Court, and are
Not ignorant that you may make what choice
You please in your desires.

ORA. Alas! I want
The skill how to grow great, the patience to
Permit those wrongs which they that rise
Must not alone endure, but praise.
Thorello, you have travel'd long, d'ye find
No change i' th' Court, since your return?

THOR. Faith, sir, not much. Now, as before, the steps
To high command, like such as up to steeples reach,
Are worn a little with the num'rous tread
Of fools that climb to gaze upon the top.
Therefore, 'tis harder to ascend than if
The number of those men that press to rise
Were few; but 'tis the same way still, though,
As I said, the steps must be uneasy, 'cause
Th' are overworn.

ORA. I want good parts; my head's too light t' ascend.

SALAD. O take't on my experience, sir, you should

Not load your shoulders with a weighty head-piece,
when
You mean to mount; the greatest will be thought
The wisest still, therefore they seldom lend
A hand to lift a wiser than themselves.
Besides a little head may weigh enough,
When cozening fortune holds the scale, which she
Hath ever done in Court.

THOR. Little intelligences of little things
Will serve for universal knowledge here,
If whisper'd often with a travel'd face.

ALER. And then, an inward safe content we all
Enjoy, since every one believes he hath
Enough to be above others, 'cause he hath learn'd
How to contemn 'em.

THOR. Nor is
There danger, sir, in enemies; for though
Each table feeds a sev'ral faction here,
Where they despise the absent still as heartily,
As they do eat; yet in the presence-chamber
The opposites can smile, laugh, and embrace
Like neighbours, that were newly met
Upon a foreign coast.

ORA. Your observations much encourage me.
The King! I pray remove a while.

Enter KING, PHYLENIO, *and* RADEGOND.

KING. Is that young Oramont?

RADEG. It is! And I believe he means
t'address
Himself to your compassion, sir.

PHYLE. He wears his troubles handsomely.

KING. Leave us! and bid the rest avoid the
place. [*Exeunt. Manent King, Oramont.*
Come hither, Oramont, you carry in
Your looks a discontent, which shews not grief
Alone but anger too. I shall admire

Your courage if it points at me.
ORA. Far be it from that humble low degree
In which my duty ranks me with
My King, that I should cherish grief till it
Grow up to anger, sir; so I might turn
The virtue of that sorrow into sin.
KING. Young soldier! you are strangely wise, and have
Already got the providence not to
Permit your tongue betray your thoughts, but I
Am pleas'd when you are safe; if your
Attendance here imply a suit, give it a name!
ORA. 'Tis call'd my ransom, sir; a debt
Which fortune, not my error throws on you.
I lost my precious liberty on an
Unlucky day when I was active in
Your service, and 'tis just you now redeem't.
KING. Be taught the art of thriving in the Court;
Reserve my favour for a higher use, although
This tax upon your liberty be large,
My bounty may exceed it far; which I would keep
To make you wealthy, not your enemies.
ORA. I value freedom, sir, above all wealth.
KING. Do so! But let your sister purchase it.
Such kindness to a brother, may advance
Her nature much to popular esteem;
Which I endeavour, for I love her well.
ORA. 'Twere better she had lov'd her self.
KING. Hah! Give me your meaning!
ORA. It is not worth your taking, and I think
My sister's treasure of less value than
My thoughts. 'Las! How should she get riches, sir?
KING. Dost doubt I am not lib'ral where I love?
ORA. It were a lasting happiness for her,
If my suspicions did no more concern
Your love, than liberality.

KING. Away, thou jealous fool!
ORA. My honor is engag'd for payment of
Two hundred thousand crowns, or to resign
My self to everlasting bonds. Shall I
Return?
KING. Thy honour Oramont is forfeited
Already in thy jealousy. If thou
Hast any valour left, return and die! [*Exit.*
ORA. What strange divinity is that which guards
These Kings—the lawful terrors of mankind—
Keeps them as safe from punishment, when they
Oppress the tame and good, as it secures
Them from the treachery of the fierce and bad.
Be safe, then, cruel monarch! since still hid
Within thy dark prerogative, which is
Divine indeed: For 'tis most fear'd, because
It least is understood. I will submit
Unto my bonds, and keep my honour free.

Enter AMADORE *disguis'd, with a warrant seal'd.*

AMAD. Health and renown to Oramont!
ORA. You greet me with a lib'ral wish! your haste
Would be consider'd too, next to your love.
AMAD. In thy pursuit I have been swift
As falling torrents, or th' Arabian from
A battle lost; the Tuscan gen'ral's son,
Young Amadore, salutes thee from his heart!
And thus presents thy freedom sign'd
[*Gives a paper seal'd.*
By's father's hand; thy ransom is forgiven.
ORA. Though Amadore be noble, and bestow'd
His courteous visits on me, when my wounds
Were large, and I was hopeless of their cure;
Yet this is such a wondrous bounty, as
Requires as much of faith to make it be

Believ'd, as gratitude to see it paid.
AMAD. Take thy assurance, and thy friend together. [*Pulls off his disguise and embraces him.*
ORA. The Roman race of men sure is not yet
Extinct in Italy. I hold within
Mine arms, the heir, and never fading branch
O'th noblest stock. Make me as worthy, Heaven!
As I am glad for what I have receiv'd.
AMAD. Couldst thou believe I would permit soft sleep
To hover o'er my father's eyes, till he
Had seal'd thy liberty? Alas! Why should
The valiant to the valiant be unkind,
Pursuing anger more than cruel beasts:
For in their hungry quarrels they inflict
No bondage, where th'are weary to devour.
ORA. I have more happiness than I can well
Contain, unless I waste it in a boast;
For now I shall not need to be oblig'd
Unto my sister, or the King.
AMAD. In mighty minds, the pleasure's more sublime
To give than to possess, freely like clouds
That uninvited still their treasure shed
In plenteous flowers. [*Oramont draws his sword.*
ORA. Join now thy noble hand
To mine, and let us vow a friendship here,
More lasting than ourselves; for that may live
With our immortal parts. Danger, henceforth,
Be it in virtuous glory or in just
Revenge, we equally will share.
AMAD. It is confirm'd! [*They kiss the hilts.*
I shall not need to serve you in disguise;
For this commission will authorize me
Here to reside in treaty from the army
And the Tuscan State.
ORA. 'Twas luckily contriv'd.

Fair Favorite ; my sister in thy name,
Not blood, take heed! although
Intrench'd i'th' arms of the lascivious King,
The windy tempest doth begin to swell ;
The taper of thy life, now I have join'd
The fury of another's breath to mine,
Must be blown out, unless it clearer shine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN, THORELLO, SALADINE.

QUEEN. Saw you the King so harsh to Oramont ?
THOR. If 'twere no error in my loyalty
To censure him, I should profess he was
More rigid than became his nature in
The first encounter of a servant, so
Approv'd by general consent.
QUEEN. Indeed, though's last success i'th' Tuscan war
Shews him unfortunate, yet he hath gain'd
Fame from his enemies, and hath more fame
Than usually belongs unto his years.
SALAD. Most certain, Madam, 'tis an envied truth
That's fame wears many wings upon her feet,
For she hath much out-gone his time.
QUEEN. Did he refuse to ransom him, as if
He grounded his denial on the last
Defeat?
THOR. We stood not in the reach of their
Discourse, but that it was denied we both
Are well assur'd, and have some cause to fear
That Oramont looks on his sister with
Suspicious eyes.
QUEEN. Such doubts are dangerous !
Try if you singly can get him hither,
I gladly would confer with him alone.
THOR. Let's hasten to the terrace walk.
[*Exeunt Thorello, Saladine.*

QUEEN. How greedily at Court knowledge doth still
On others' secrets feed, though 'tis too false,
Too nice a nourishment, and shews her appetite
Not sound; for she is weary strait of what
She hastily devour'd. Alas! What need
My knowledge taste another's private grief,
When secret sorrow is her daily food?
But here each man his forward duty pays
In needless whispers to his Prince, and thinks
He merits by revealing what he should
Conceal.

Enter ORAMONT.

ORA. O cruel King! How couldst thou wrong
Such virtue and such beauty too? Were it
My crime, angels and men might laugh when they
Should hear my groans in hell, yet not be tax'd
For want of fit compassion.

QUEEN. He brings his sister's eyes! Their influence,
I hope, will not so fatal prove to me.

ORA. I am commanded to attend your Grace.

QUEEN. Sir, though mine own calamities stand in
Continual use of pity and redress,
Yet I neglect them now to comfort you.

ORA. Madam, such holy kindness can but add
To my undoing; for you then will lay
Too great a debt upon the conscience of
The poor.

QUEEN. The King, sad Oramont, is much
To blame; but we, like good physicians, must
Forbear to make our medicines violent,
And not apply them whilst his fever holds
The raging fit.

ORA. You wisely may suspect

My patience ; but shall ne'er have cause to doubt
My loyalty.
QUEEN. You must take care of both ;
And that you may perceive how gladly I
Would have you prosperous, I will dispatch
Urselli strait to Venice, and discharge
Your ransom from that bank my father left
Protected by the Senate for my use.
ORA. Can there be still such goodness in the sex,
And yet Eumena false ? Thus on my knee
I pay my wonder and my gratitude !
'Tis for a bounty that can ne'er be equal'd, till
Your self shall find another in distress.
QUEEN. Rise, sir, and fetch Urselli hither !
ORA. No, beauteous Excellence, this yet restores
Me to some kind opinion of my stars ;
I shall not need to use your Princely gift,
Till I grow worthier to receiv't. This day
My ransom was releas'd, and sent me from
The Tuscan general.
QUEEN. Thy joys are newly budding, Oramont,
But time will quickly make them ripe. Tell me,
And by thy love to truth, canst thou receive
Such blessings from a cruel enemy,
And to thy sister be unkind ?
ORA. Madam, it seems you know too much. It would more help
The quiet of your sleeps if you dismiss'd
Your thoughts, and could be ignorant
In others' ills, as heaven is of your own.
'Tis such a wish, if not too vainly made,
As I would covet for my self.
QUEEN. The King, and then your sister, Oramont ;
Two bonds upon your duty and your love,
Which you must never forfeit, sir ; nor can
They e'er be cancel'd, but by nature, when you die.

ORA. Good night unto your Grace! may it be long
Ere th' angels call you hence; were such a great
Example of fair virtue gone, what would
Become of your remaining sex?

QUEEN. 'Las! I perceive no words, although contriv'd
In charms, can soon allay the mutiny
Of thoughts. I'll cease to trouble you in vain,
Yet be assur'd that I believe those doubts
Upon your sister urg'd, as much
Injurious unto her, as they will prove
Unsafe to you. Good night, unhappy Oramont! [*Exit.*

ORA. How have they fool'd this righteous Lady to
A simple, self-abusing faith. That she
Forgives, with credulous consent, the arts
And falsehood of her rival's love, no less
Inspires my rage than doth her beauty or
Her bounteous heart. Though my revenge were dull,
And such as noble justice could not move,
'Twould now take fiery motion from my love. [*Exit.*

Enter EUMENA, *under a canopy.* BOY *that sings: A taper and book, cabinet, cushionet.*

EUME. Sing me that air, Renaldo, sent to Grittiline!
It is a song of jealousy.

The Song, which ended

Enter GARTHA *with a letter.*

Gartha, in errands you are ever slow!
Were but your feet as nimble as your tongue,
My business would have quick dispatch.

GARTHA. Madam, we have been laughing and shrieking
In the lobby.
EUME. Shrieking! At what?
GAR. At cavaliers
That start upon us in the dark, like tumblers in
A warren* at their game. Your ladyship
Will spoil your self with melancholy songs
And books: you'll grow as grave as an old abbess!
EUME. Y'are very pleasant. What letter's that?
GAR. The Queen has sent it to your ladyship.
EUME. A letter from the Queen! It is her character! [*Reads.*
Your brother Oramont is free, his enemies
Releas'd him. If then
His foes find him so worthy of their care,
Why should you want the pow'r to raise him
With the King? He hath a great
And daring heart. I wish, Eumena,
It were as little vex'd, and troubled at
Your loves, as mine hath been. Go, gentle youth!
[*Exit Boy.*
GAR. Why, madam, do you weep?
EUME. I prithee, Gartha, leave me too! I shall
Have company enough, though left but with my thoughts. [*Exit Gartha.*
In all those tragic tales of which love's history
Is full, no virgin can be found whose fate
May equal mine; I am beloved where I
Not dare to love, and yet not dare to hate,
Forc'd to do wrong, yet I not guilty of
The doing of it; and 'gainst a Queen,
Whose goodness works in such extremes, as it
Betrays her own felicity, that it

* Tumbler. A species of dog formerly employed to capture rabbits. Its wont was to roll and tumble itself about in a careless manner till within easy reach of its prey, which it then sprang upon.

May add a safe continuance to mine.

Enter KING.

KING. Light of my soul! my heart's refined part,
Of which, my better thoughts are form'd, why dost
Thou weep? why like distilling roses waste,
Dissolving thus thy sweetness to a dew?
Eumena, speak!

EUME. Give me your leave
To be offended, Sir. Can you that cause
My sorrows wonder at my tears? Why will
You force your visits on me in the night's
Suspicious hours? making your Kingly pow'r
Shew tyrannous, where you would seem most kind,
Discolouring the beauty of my fame
Till she turn black, and all the strictly chaste
Gaze on her now with pity, and with fear?

KING. Who is't hath frighted thus thy innocence,
And makes thee entertain my virtuous love
Thus tim'rously?

EUME. 'Tis equal, sure,
To have no honour, and to have the world
Believe that it is lost. Honour's a rich,
A glorious upper vestment, which we wear
To please the lookers on, as well as to
Delight our selves.

KING. Honour's a word, the issue of the voice.

EUME. The voice, Sir, was ordain'd to satisfy
And fill the ears of others, not our own.

KING. Where is the courage of thy virtue fled,
When, valiant with thine own integrity,
Thou didst resolve to slight opinion as
The vulgar doom? Oft hast thou said, honour
Doth dwell within, and cannot live abroad;
For, like extracted spirits in
A viol shut, it keeps its vigour whilst

'Tis close retain'd, but, when dispers'd and mix'd
With open air, the virtue so evaporates,
That all its value is for ever lost.

EUME. O that the world cou'd be instructed thus!
But the severe mistake on women's honours,
Must last like other heresies, and be
Too strong for truth or reason's force, because
'Tis popular and old.

KING. We all delight
In fair well-looking Fame, but, should we dress
Her face in every various glass which fond
Opinion makes, the world would quarrel strait
For sev'ral judgements of her shape, and she
As seldom gain the public vote as ours.

EUME. I feel a mutiny within my breast,
But why should others' thoughts disorder mine?

KING. Neglect those cruel men that injure thee
With doubts, and take a piteous care of me.
Sustain that love, whose diet is thy looks;
If banish'd from thy sight 'twould starve for
Want of nourishment. Love is a mighty Prince,
And keeps his revels when the sun is hid.
Shouldst thou, in sullen fear of jealous fools,
Forbid great Love these visits in the night,
It might be said thou but penuriously
Dost feed that monarch, whom thou ought'st to feast.

EUME. No more! I will resign my sorrow, Sir,
To those that are possest with guilt enough
Still to maintain, and make it last;
And were it not an injury to her,
That claims, by sacred rites, a title to
Your heart, I could not easily refrain
From wishing I might meet your love with equal flame.

KING. Let me forget I am confin'd; at least,
Not hear it from thy tongue. 'Twere cruel when

Thou seest a captive in his sleep to shake
His chains ; he would be more tormented with
That noise, than with their weight. O, do not say
Thou canst not love ! I rather will beguile
My hopes, fondly believing what I dare
Not doubt.

EUME. I shall forget the rigour of my fate,
Rememb'ring yours ; and send my pity forth
To call those sorrows back, which I too hastily
Dismiss'd.

KING. So thou wilt kill whom thou dost strive
To cure ? to bed my beauteous Favorite,
And, when thou wak'st, the watchful morn— taught by
The lustre of thine eyes—will learn first to
Begin, then perfect day ; she through the night's
Dark clouds must break, thou through the mists of suitors' breath,
Who wait in throngs, upon thy regal pow'r,
For their redress.

EUME. Let me resign your favour, Sir,
Though to be mighty is a just desire in all
That covet to do good ; yet you may place
That painful office on those that can
With safer eyes out-look the staring world.

KING. Eumena, no ! Could every one, that careless sits
On his high throne, depute his pow'r
Where it might mingle with such innocence,
Monarchal sway would be beloved : for 'tis
Our worst mistake, to think the arts of government
So hard ; since a perfection in the skill
To rule is less requir'd than perfect will.

EUME. The envious waste the night observing us.
Let us depart though only to become
So good, as not to hinder, Sir,
Our very enemies from rest.

KING. To bed, to bed!
And whilst in gentle dreams—the sweets of sleep—
Thy heart doth revel, mine the watch shall keep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ORAMONT, AMADORE.

AMADORE. Without the use of my commission, sir,
The courteous Radegond procur'd me, from
The King, a licence for my stay,
Which I believe may last, as long as you
Shall think my service fit for your command.
ORA. In this disease of grief, that poisons all
My blood, and strives to taint my heart, no help
From Heaven could keep me living, Amadore,
But the most precious cordial of thy love.
AMA. I wish, sir, you would stop the current of
Your doubts, unless you were provok'd by
More receiv'd authority than men's reports:
Two of the lesser whisperers, that rule
But at a distance 'bout the King,
To make a friendship with you, have this morn
Reveal'd all others' secrets to you, and their own.
ORA. They've overcharg'd mine ear; were I to meet
Them now, I would be deaf.
AMA. Could they discover aught that will detect
Your sister by such reasons, as her friends
Must needs allow, as well as enemies?
ORA. Last night the King i' th' dark, and unattended too,

Stole to her chamber, where he stay'd until
The morn did seem most bashfully to blush
In's face, but then return'd to his own bed,
As secretly, and single as before.

AMA. Unless your judgment be severe and nice,
What can it urge from this?

ORA. Enough to cause thee hate her too, when thou
Shalt read those comments which observers make:
His secret visits, and his favors to her
Have perfected so much the suff'rings of
The Queen, as now, that patience, which
Before was but necessitously kind, is grown
Most willingly devout.

AMA. 'Tis strange to me!

ORA. Sir, though affliction at the first doth vex
Most virtuous natures, from the sense that 'tis
Unjustly laid: yet when th' amazement which
That new pain brings is worn away, they then
Embrace oppression strait, with such
Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came
From Heaven, not men.

AMA. The Queen is then resolv'd?

ORA. Most strictly, sir! just now she did implore
My aid to that effect. [*A shout within.*

AMA. What noise is that?

ORA. My glorious sister comes abroad to-day;
I'th' fresh and early breathing of the morn,
She airs her sinful beauty in these walks.
It seems a crowd of slaves, whom, in her pride,
And bounteous ostentation, she redeem'd
From Turkish chains, salute her in
Her passage hither. Let's hasten from her sight!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter EUMENA, GARTHA, LADIES, PHYLENIO, RADEGOND, SALADINE, THORELLO, ALERAN, OLD COURTIERS, CAPTAIN, *and* SUITORS *with petitions.*

EUME. Yond' slaves! are they of Corsica, or those
Of Maltha, which I bought from the gallies of Algiers?

RADEG. Of Maltha, madam, whom you last redeem'd.

EUME. Go back! and let the Provost know, they must
Be cloath'd, and bid my auditor give
Them a thousand crowns; but, pray,
Prevent their loud return of thanks.

[*Exit an old Courtier.*

RADEG. Madam, I beg your goodness would procure
The Genovese may be dismiss'd without
A tax upon his goods; you will oblige
A noble family.

EUME. It shall be done!

PHYL. The Treasurer o'th' Customs doth present
His humble suit unto your gracious care, and hopes
The pattent for the place may be renew'd.

EUME. My lord, he hath too hastily enlarg'd
His lands. He toils, and reckons for the King,
But gathers for himself. I dare not mov't.

SAL. The Abbot of Cajeta, Madam, sends
His brother here, to be protected by
Your favour, in his first request.

[*He presents a Suitor to her.*

EUME. I know your business, sir,
The Chancellor of Cuma's dead; and, for
Regard unto your brother's piety,
I'll strive you may succeed in that command.

[*Other Suitors present petitions.*

You, sir, have got the common hope to help
An evil cause with importunity.
Pray, trouble me no more !

THOR. This, Madam, is a captain of Puteoli,
A modest and a valiant man ; he sues
For his arrears since the last war.

EUME. I shall deserve his trust ; and see it paid.
[*Exeunt all but Saladine, Thorello, Aleran.*

THOR. Here, gallants, you must make a stop ! for still
The privy lodging doors are shut to wit,
Greatness doth love't at distance, but not near;
'Tis held too sharp a spy.

SAL. How lovingly
Yon brace of lords hug, and consent before
The public face as they were twins, and now,
Grown old, would both pursue but equal hopes ;
Yet th' are of diff'rent factions, Aleran.

THOR. Right, sir ! and hate each other with
As true devout a heart, as over-zealous fools
That differ in their faiths.

ALER. 'Twere good the King would reconcile
These civil factions in his Court.

SAL. You must excuse him, sir, the King's too wise :
He'd so deprive his ears of those complaints,
Which, utter'd sev'rally in dull revenge,
Furnish his knowledge with their secret faults.

THOR. How, Aleran ! Talk of atoning factions here ?
I tell thee, 'tis not profitable for
The King, that they should reconcile themselves ;
For, in good troth, they seldom do't but at
His charge, since they begin that friendship still
With mutual courtesies of begging suits,
One for the other, till both sides grow rich
In their new truce, by kindly cozening him.

Enter OLD COURTIERS.

SAL. Look there! the rev'rend waiters are return'd;
The living furniture o'th' Court, though spent with age;
Yet such his Highness' grandsire never bought,
But they paid dearly for their places, sir,
And so bought him.
THOR. Good faithful squires!
Their everlasting business is, slowly
To move behind, when the King walks; and
When he dines, to stand in a selected crowd, as
They would stare him out of count'nance.
SAL. And yet they take it ill they are not rich.
THOR. With reason, sir; for they have waited hard.
That is, worn out his Grace's hangings with
Their backs, and, with their feet, his mats. I would
Have men of brain and courage fill a Court.
ALER. Come, let's in now! and hear them rail at us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EUMENA *and* GARTHA.

EUME. Who is't that's so importunate?
GAR. Your brother, madam, and he brings
A lady with him, vested like a nun.
EUME. Give them admittance, and retire a while!
[*Exit Gartha.*
The choice he makes of his society
Is very sad and strange. The Queen disguis'd!

Enter ORAMONT, *and* QUEEN *in a nun's habit.*

ORA. The blessings of the day, great sister, are
So much at your command 'twere idle ceremony
To salute you with a courtly wish.

EUME. Brother, you look
Upon my fortunes with a scornful and
A troubled eye, but from your soft temper,
Most illustrious madam, I expect
Much more than I deserve, a courteous joy
For all I dare possess ; since what I am
Your patience only can allow, and what
I have I prostrate at your feet. [*Kneels.*
QUEEN. Eumena, you deject your self too much!
it is my turn
To kneel, that am a suitor to you. [*She lifts her up.*
EUME. Forbid, just Heaven, such misbecoming
sights!
And give me your forgiveness too, if I
Demand the cause of this attire, that hides
More sanctity within than it presents without.
QUEEN. I dare not trust my griefs to my own
tongue ;
For so, my patience would be injur'd much,
By narrowly expressing what I bear.
Your noble brother justly may assume
My office of complaint, since he hath ta'en
Most charitable pains in my redress.
ORA. Eumena! happy wert thou in thy ignorance,
Could not thy guilt soon prompt thee how to know
What I am weary to express. The most renown'd
Of all her sex, stands here divided from
Her royal lord ; that sacred knot untied,
By which the righteous have been taught to
Think she grew unto his heart. Another sad
Example that might match the fate of this,
Would damn the world, for we should willingly
Believe religion were no more than form.
EUME. You powers that are so loth to be discern'd
Appear a while to sense, and let them know,
If it be just, that I should be accus'd
For what your selves ordain.

ORA. Live still triumphant in the Court,
Flatter thy beauty with presuming hope
It ne'er shall fade ; think nature only weak,
And subject to decay, in trees, and flowers,
As if thy spring could last without her help ;
Whil'st this great type of virtuous love, —
That vainly is, what others ne'er can imitate—
Retires into a shade, cloister'd i' th' dark
With holy nuns, hiding her eyes from all
Those shining glories, which th' ambitious seek
Till they are blind.

EUME. O ! let me wear that solemn weed,
And, madam, stay you here to mend what is
Amiss. Why should you live in a monastic cell ?
The virtuous need no pattern, since they are
Already what the chief should be. Let me
Make trial of that dress.

ORA. Would you invest your self, i' th' ornaments
Of pious maids ? 'Las ! vain sister ; that were
To cozen heaven, as you have cozen'd her.

EUME. Madam, I'll turn me from that cruel man,
And sigh away my soul, if what he says
Hath any leave from your consent.

QUEEN. Your love to me is so injurious, Oramont,
I dare not trust it, till you know
The error of your thoughts ; forgive him, fair
Eumena, and so often too, as you
At last may purchase heaven by pard'ning him.

ORA. What angel but her self could ever
Have such mercy, and such wrongs at once ?

QUEEN. Rest sure, this solitary shape is not
In envious anger worn, because
The King continues constant to your love ;
Your meritorious beauty had the fate
To be his first kind choice ; he does you right,
And me no injury, to let that love
Continue growing where it first took root.

Yet I could wish I ne'er had seen his face,
Or my affection could pursue it less,
Since both my passion and the object were
Ordain'd to meet too late.

EUME. Let me reclaim your purpose with my tears!

Leave not the Court! What resolution can
The King assume, but such a strength of virtue
May in time subdue?

QUEEN. It were unlawful hope, since then
He needs must heap discourtesies on you.

ORA. Wonder of women, and my soul's delight!

QUEEN. Enjoy, Eumena, what thou dost possess,
The King! the King! A blessing so supreme,
That I have oft rebuk'd th' ambition of
Desire, when I did dream that he was mine.

EUME. O misery of sense! we are enforc'd to hear
And feel, without the licence of our will.

QUEEN. This I request, when happier hours shall give
Your beauty more especial grace, you would
Entreat him I may keep my holy calling still,
And from my dower he would allow
So much of's useless treasure, as may build
A little convent, where the virgin sisterhood
And I may with our prayers expiate
The sin against our marriage vow, which he
Unwillingly commits.

[*Oramont takes Eumena aside.*

ORA. If those be penitential tears, weep on!
Thou shalt behold poor Oramont no more;
For our dear mother's sake, that prais'd thee with
Her dying tongue, and bless'd us with her last
Cold breath, I will not do thee so much wrong
To wish those sorrows short, or thy life long.

[*Exeunt Oramont and Queen.*

EUME. Must my entire and lasting innocence
Be still rewarded with a curse, and from
A noble brother too, whose jealousy
Can ne'er be cur'd, but by my vow'd
Perpetual absence from the Court, which is
A remedy that will destroy the King.

Enter AMADORE.

AMAD. This is her chamber, sure! I watch'd with heed
If the Queen and Oramont in their return
Took not their straight immediate way from hence.
I'll make the door secure to hinder all access——
EUME. What are you, sir, that rudely press to so
Reserv'd a place?
AMAD. With wise intent did Oramont detain
Me still from seeing her. She looks as she
Were made to conquer or betray.
EUME. Why do you gaze with such amazement, sir?
Come you t'admire, or scornfully to kill
What you behold?
AMAD. T'instruct you who I am,
Know, I am proud to call my self the friend
To Oramont.
EUME. Was't he that sent you hither?
AMAD. No, lady! by my own contrivance,
I come resolv'd, through all the dangers death
Can minister, to find you here; friendship
Hath given my resolution strength to meet
Even that which overcame the valiant King,
Your beauty's force.
EUME. Discover quickly your intents!
Ere fear distracts my understanding so,
That I shall suffer, and not know the cause.

AMAD. Your brother thinks your youth defil'd, which breeds
Such a distemper in his breast, that now
His stronger senses yield to ev'ry doubt.
This melancholy sickness I would cure,
And can invent no means, so fully fraught
With hope, as to convey you from the Court
In this disguise———

EUME. Stay! Whither would you lead me, sir? I dare
Not trust my self to furious men:
To me you are a stranger, and may feign
The story of that cause which tempts you so
Uncivilly to gain my brother's love. Take heed!
If you abuse the royal privilege
That guards this place, an army call'd
To your defence cannot secure your life.

AMAD. Danger's a vain, unbody'd blast; let it
Prevail with infants often frighted in
Their sleep; with judges grown effeminate
In their warm furs; who think most fearfully
Of death, because 'tis terrible to those
Whom they condemn; with priests, who at
Their frequent visits find the sickly in
Despair, that hourly see the guilty die,
And, by uncertain faith, derive at last
Their fears unto themselves. To such
As these preach danger, but to me it is
The music of the drum, ordain'd to fright
Cowards, but gives the valiant appetite.

EUME. Is there no help, but what with unprepar'd
Devotion, rudely I must call from Heaven?

AMAD. Delay me not in hope of a surprize,
But strait put on this borrow'd shape, and then
With silence follow me, or on thy heart
My sword shall spoil the figure of the King.
[*Draws his sword.*

EUME. Did I believe that dying is the worst
You would enforce, I should invite it now.
Kill her —— that is most willingly prepar'd.
AMAD. Have you the vanity to be believ'd
So innocent, as that you fear not death?
EUME. Sir, if you think I borrow virtue for
A safe disguise, here I present my breast.
AMAD. Assemble all your thoughts together, and
Consult within; are there no terrors near
The grave? No angry spirits, whose
Employment is to hurry, and transmit the soul
From flame to flame, from wind to wind—poor
Vex'd and weary stranger—till groaning
With the burden of its long remembered sins,
Shall wish that its too soon forsaken flesh
Were on again?
EUME. I cannot think of any willing crime,
I e'er commited, that may make me fear
I shall be troubled after death.
AMAD. Yet study more; perhaps I have
Defac'd your memory with the disorder that
My threats have made.
EUME. 'Tis you are guilty, sir, and may suspect
The confidence you brought, not what you
Find in me; besides my innocence, I have
So many griefs, as may declare I am
Willing enough to die. Begin that work
You thought you could so quickly finish with your sword.
AMAD. Thou but pretendst this virtuous boldness to
Beguile my wrath. Receive the just reward
That such hypocrisy provokes!
EUME. What interrupts you now, why are you slow
To execute what you did promise with such eager haste?

AMAD. Then she is clear! and I am lost, betray'd!
And by the easiness of friendship wrought
Basely to place suspicions on a saint.
Upon my knee, I beg you, by
Your hasty pardon, would prevent that curse,
That black dishonour, which your brother's
Jealousy might lay upon your sex.
[*Knocking at the door.*

EUME. Hide, hide your self, if you desire to live!
Perchance it is the King.

AMAD. He comes most timely, then; for had I power
I would command him here.
If life will satisfy th' arrears of guilt,
Take it, who e'er thou art, for I will let
Thee in! [*Opens the door.*

Enter KING.

KING. This, mistress, is a pretty needless safety,
D'you guard your door with bolts? Hah! Amadore!
That gave to Oramont his ransom, with
Such brave munificence.

EUME. Was he the author of my brother's liberty?
Then I shall more lament his loss.

KING. How, sir! Your sword naked, as 'twere drawn
For violent designs! If treacherously
It aims at me, thou shalt have cause to praise
My valour more, than thou dost fear the King.
I will not call for help, but thus unarm'd
I dare resist a traitor's force.

AMAD. Had I not wrong'd that lady, sir, with most
Unworthy doubts, then free from guilt I
Should have boldness to encounter all assaults,

Though num'rously address'd; but as I am
Th'abuser of her fame, I weakly yield
My weapon to your hand. Revenge her cause,
Whom you so nobly love!
[*Kneels, and gives his sword.*
EUME. How strangely he becomes this penitence!
O sir, believe him not! distraction makes
Him own a crime which he did ne'er commit.
KING. Eumena, he is safe! thou shouldst not think
I'll vanquish him that overcomes himself;
Yet it is just I give him to the trial
Of the laws; for ev'ry circumstance denotes
There is some great rash injury, which, sure,
Thy goodness labours to conceal.
AMAD. If your strict laws could punish me with death,
For saucily infringing thus the peace
And secret quiet of your Court, I then
Would cheerfully commend the doom.
EUME. For my sake, pity, sir, his madness 'gainst
Himself! Shall he that made my brother free
Be fetter'd and confin'd in bonds?
AMAD. My vile subjection grows more hideous to my sense. [*King takes Eumena aside.*
KING. Those little forms that bring authority
Regardful awe, and keep it great, should still
Be sullen and severe. 'Tis not with Kings,
Eumena, as with lesser men, that may
In gentle courtesy forgive; for if
The Lord of Laws should compliment
With crimes, the law it self that makes him safe
Would be but ceremony thought, and get
No more regard than as 'tis eloquently writ
Or spoke. Believ't, 'tis fit he suffer for
Example only, to deter the bad.

EUME. Have you not said, I ne'er should be denied?

KING. Y'are wondrous fond of men that do you wrong:
Is this deriv'd from pity, or from love?

EUME. There is no pity, sir, if it be meant
For benefit and use, but hath
Some little relish in't of love.

KING. Thou never wert too kind till now. There, sir,
Take back your weapon and be gone! but no
Return of words. Reserve your thanks,
'Cause it belongs to her; and you may guess,
Without offence, that I am loth to hear
She doth oblige another more than me.

AMAD. This favour I would ne'er receive,
Were not I secretly resolv'd to merit it.
[*Exit Amadore.*

KING. Eumena, you are merciful to all
Beneath your self. O! that I were no King,
If thy affection only can descend.

EUME. Why should old weary Time run on, and make
The world continue that deserves to cease,
Since ev'ry virtue now grows dangerous?
Can you be jealous of my mercy, sir?

KING. Farewell, neglectful maid! how long have I
Endur'd those narrow payments of thy love,
For mine, bestow'd with such excess, and in
A dull surmise thou couldst not love at all?
But I, alas! was ignorant of thee,
As men have ever been of things
Most excellent, making such judgement on
Thy beauty, as astronomers on stars;
Who, when their better use they could not know,
Believ'd that they were only made for show.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Oramont, Amadore, *severally.*

Amadore. Amongst the numberless affairs of life,
Not one can I remember that so much
Concerns my happiness, as now to find
Thee Oramont.

Ora. Inspir'd, thou dost foretell a joy
From the resentment of thy soul: For sure
I am the first can give it to thy sense.
The Queen, with soft appliances of love,
Is sent for by her Royal lord. Men hope
He will invite her to his bed.

Amad. This is a joy indeed! The noble are
Inclin'd to gladness when the virtuous taste
The just reward of their deserts.

Ora. Methinks thou dost but temperately
Receive what thou shouldst hastily devour.
Know, by his kind command, sh'ath laid aside
The holy robes; and now appears as she
Already did possess what only expectation
Yet can boast to have.

Amad. Thou hast declar'd enough to make me think
The destinies have careful been of her,
Though not of thee, unlucky friend. Thy jealousies
Betray'd me to such false ignoble doubts,
As must undo us both; for the abuse
Of ladies' honours never can be satisfied
With penitence, but blood.

Ora. What means my friend?

Amad. To chastise thee for those unmanly and
Too curious fears, that so have sullied the
Most fair complexion of thy sister's fame.

Ora. Thou hast but nam'd her, Amadore,
And I already feel a deadly weight upon

My heart, not 'cause I think my forward faith
Hath wrong'd her virtue with mistakes, but
That I find, it is with reason's help, too well
Assur'd of her defects.

AMAD. Thy reason is but circumstantial,
False as a coward's fear, which multiplies
Each danger, that he would not meet until
It grows into impossibilities. Thy sister I
Have seen, and know her to be pure, as first
Created light, new spreading buds, and flowers
Ne'er handled in their growth, are not
More innocently sweet. How fierce will then
My anger prove, when 'tis not only exercis'd
In a revenge for that foul heresy,
With which thou didst infect my soul, but
'Cause it took all quiet peace from hers.

ORA. With what prophetic care I fain would have
Preserv'd thee from her eyes. Now thou hast
Seen her, all the power of human art cannot
Redeem thee from her charms. She hath
Bewitch'd thee to a doating love, and told thee
Tales as void of truth, as those which Syrens sing,
When list'ning seamen perish in the flood
For what they foolishly believ'd.

AMAD. Can I hear this?
Shall I maintain fond patience at such great
Expense of my vex'd spirits, carelessly
T'encourage other men to slander her,
Whose piety did redeem me from just bonds?
Advance thy sword. [*Draws.*

ORA. Stay, Amadore! I knew not that she
Gave thee liberty, but that thou gavest me
Mine my memory doth now confess with so
Much gratitude I cannot be provoked
T' attempt thy life.

AMAD. Heavens! Why did you make me kind

If to do good draws on the consequence
Of doing ill? because I did procure
Thy liberty, am I oblig'd to take
A ceremonious gratitude for thy
Offence; forgiving all thy sister's wrongs,
And those low jealousies did force from me?
Prepare!

ORA. The furious winds are not
More senseless in a storm. What reputation will
Thy anger have, when it proceeds without
Dispute, not staying for the usual credit of
A cause? I shall believe th'ast none, unless
Discourse and reason give 't authority.

AMAD. To tell thee what I saw, or what
Eumena said, were strait to lose the brave
Just cause of my revenge; for then
I know thou wouldst repent.

ORA. I will not fight!

AMAD. O fates! What poor unworthy enemies
Do you provide for me? coward! thy former
Sins shall unregarded pass, compar'd to this;
For now thou wilt commit strange sacriledge,
Steal from th' hearse of thy great ancestor
All his victorious wreaths, and blast 'em with
The venom of a word. [*Oramont draws.*

ORA. The seals of friendship are broken now——
Let's not
Destroy our selves, like vain fantastic fools,
Thus in the public view, but follow till I lead
Thee near a grove; and, though too late, thou shalt
Be taught how soon thy anger's flame will die,
Fed by the false fire of Eumena's eye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALERAN, SALADINE, THORELLO.

ALER. This is the Queen's privy chamber, sure!
I wonder 'tis so empty, when so great
Disorders are at hand; each faction met

In several crowds.

THOR. 'Tis strange! As, after ev'ry raging storm,
Merchants and mariners flock to th' Exchange,
To hear what mischief's done at sea; so now,
Methinks, the politic, and those that would
Be thought such—men old in offices, and those
Whose infant hopes are newly crying out,
'Cause their reversions have not pass'd the seals;
Nay, and lovers of either sex, should all meet
Here, to scatter and to gather news.

Enter OLD COURTIERS, *picking their teeth, and striking off crumbs from their skirts.*

SAL. Behold the formal Antiquaries!
It seems the waiters' table's first broke loose.

ALER. Now, are they talking of religion?

SAL. No, we should hear 'em then; because,
Men at a loss are ever loud.

THOR. Th' are talking of our sudden change i'th' Court,
Which he in the dapple grey beard observes
T'important use; for, I dare warrant ye,
He swears if this inversion hold, he will
Recover by th' assistance of an old
Record, at least——another rabbit to
Their second course.

SAL. Pox! he can never do't.
That record has been sufficiently studied.

ALER. Y'are in the right! Besides, by a decree
Of the same date, they have lost the dried sweet meats
Due from his Highness' table, and 'tis thought
Can ne'er reprieve 'em by law.

Enter GARTHA *and one* LADY, *who curtsey to* THORELLO, *very low; then bow to the others, they to them.*

THOR. That's Gartha, Eumena's woman,

And that the lady Olari! 'tis such a short
Leg'd hen, but her chappeens,* sir, are so tall,
That th' other day, Ustalfo, playing with her,
And thinking he had pinch'd her knee,
Wonder'd at her patience; when all the while
He held her by the wood——

ALER. Sure th' other's very old.

SAL. Who? Gartha! She is the best annalist
Of all the back-stair and the lobby acts
In good Queen Joan's days, that are now extant.

GAR. Is not that Thorello a wit?

1 LADY. Yes! but he makes love, as loud
And tediously, as lawyers put the case. What
Call you it? the academic way? as if he
Would dispute a wench out of her maidenhead.

GAR. Those cavaliers, his friends, are wits too. Lord!
How maidenly they sit before the great ladies
Whom they visit, as if their silence did
Imply 'twas beauty struck 'em dumb.

Enter SECOND LADY, *who curtsies to all but* SALADINE, *they to her; then she sits on the rushes, and takes out a book to read.*

THOR. How coldly you salute your mistress, Saladine!
I know by that you'll marry her; for 'tis
A certain sign, those who embrace abroad
Do ever keep a sober distance here.

GAR. 'Slight! How strangely she is dress'd to-day!

1 LADY. She's prouder then a favourite's mistress at
A mask. Last night, Gartha, she'd needs compare
Her Flanders' peaks to mine: What think'st thou?

GAR. Alas, poor soul; it is a little mad!

* Wooden clogs used by the Venetian women, whether in the house or abroad. Some were "even half-a-yard high." See *Coryat's Crudities*, 1611. Also *Hamlet*, *Act* ii., *S.* 2.

1 Lady. Let us sit by her, and tell her
A secret or two of ours, that we
May hear all hers.
Gar. No, she'll read to us in that book,
Till we grow madder than herself.
1 Lady. It is some play!
Gar. She's excellent at driving perfect
Characters in plays. The Poets bow
To her, she is so critical.

Enter Third Lady *in white.*

3 Lady. Signior Thorello!
Thor. Your creature, sweet madam—
3 Lady. Sir, you perfume me with your
Epithet. I fear you have not sent to Milan
Yet for th' carkanet of pearl.
Thor. Your ladyship will make me languish
Much by your distrust; since your commands
My dispatches have been written twice.
3 Lady. Y'oblige me, sir.
[*She goes to salute and talk with Gartha.*
Thor. Sure she is fasting yet; her breath's
So strong 'twould overcome a bearward.
Sal. But thou hast writ for the pearl?
Thor. The devil I have!
3 Lady. Signior, I hear there are fair rubies there.
Thor. By my next letter, madam, I'll take
Care t'acquaint you with their size and value—
T'were good she'd bait on lemon peels,
Or eat pastillies* before she comes abroad.
3 Lady. Gartha, these travel'd wits are good for nothing
But to lie liegers here for lady's toys.
Why dost not thou employ 'em?
Gar. For what, madam?
3 Lady. For essences to Rome. Tweeses† to

* Pastil, a roll of paste. † Tweezers.

Brussels, and for fans to Paris. Make the
Poor souls write, they'll take it kindly.
GAR. Troth, and I'll put 'em to't; your
Ladyship must stand my friend, and tell 'em
That I'll read their verses to the Queen.
3 LADY. Let me alone, wench! Is your
Lady in the gallery?
GAR. I wait here in that opinion madam.
[*Exit third Lady.*
These great Ladies when th'ave tasted
Matrimony, grow so haughty; and think they
Can fool others as easily as their husbands.

Enter RADEGOND.

RADEG. Ladies and gentlemen, avoid the room!
[*Exeunt all but Radegond.*

Enter KING.

KING. Have you by private order so contriv'd,
That both in visits, and her passage through
The court, Eumena may perceive some general
Neglect, as if my favour to her were declin'd.
RADEG. I have been busy, sir, in your command.
KING. And are the throngs of suitors too, that
at
Her lodgings still address their hopes, forbid
Attendance there?
RADEG. All secretly dismiss'd.
KING. How does she take it, Radegond?
RADEG. As one that entertains the change
More with her wonder, than her grief.
KING. How vain is the revenge which
Lovers 'gainst their mistresses invent! Since
Still themselves more suffer in't, than those
Whom they afflict.

Enter PHYLENIO *and* QUEEN.

PHYLE. Your Grace will much confirm your

Happiness, if you can meet his proffer'd
Kindness with such looks, as may declare your
Discontents are not so lasting as your love.
KING. Why, madam, did you come at my request?
Or, why did I desire your presence here?
I want the common virtue of the poor,
Such a reserv'd and fearful bashfulness,
As makes indebted men asham'd to see
Those that oblige them most.
QUEEN. Are these the comforts that I sought
With such believing haste? Sir, 'tis not safe
To mock my misery, for so your errors must
Derive themselves; not from necessity,
But from your will; and when your hate
Prolongs its growth, until it ripen to a scorn,
I am not certain I shall have the pow'r
To pardon it.
KING. Alas! mistake me not,
Though I mistake my self; for I of late
Have felt such strange disorders in my heart,
That I can hardly find those thoughts, which I
Would utter first.
QUEEN. 'Twas ill that I was sent for, sir;
Why did you cruelly command that we
Should meet again? I am the hurtful cause
Of that disease which governs in your mind;
And till the cause be quite remov'd, there is
No hope of cure.
KING. O stay! thou didst divest
Thee from thy holy ornaments at my
Request. 'Twas kindly done; nor could I think
It fit to bury so much excellence
In unfrequented shades. Stay here! and love me still.
QUEEN. You make your serious invitation vain,
Where you are sure of such a glad consent.
KING. But wilt thou give me leave to love?

QUEEN Else, sir, I were unjust unto my self.
KING. Thy understanding is too slow! I
Would have such a liberty as is not fit
For me to ask, nor thee to grant. Seal me
A licence for each choice mine eyes shall make.
QUEEN. There is no harm in love; your nicety
Hath wrong'd us both. Peculiar and distinct
Affections are but small derived parts
Of what we call the universal love;
And universal love, undoubtedly,
Must be the best, since 'tis ascrib'd to heaven.
Take, sir, the freedom you desire!
KING. Shall I receive a bounty that must
Needs undo the giver, and yet nothing add
Unto the wealth of my content? for I am sure
That charter never can usurp upon
Eumena's heart. Begone! Some curse o'er rules
My nature. Shouldst thou stay, I must again
Invite thee to be wrong'd. Attend the Queen!

[*Exeunt King one way, Phylenio, Radegond, Queen another.*

Enter ORAMONT, EUMENA.

EUME. Sir, whither would you go with a wild look?
You shift from place to place, and move so fast,
As if your steps were hastened by your fears.
ORA. I find a happy emptiness
In all your lodgings now. What is become
Of that gay crowd of flatterers, who did
Attend your greatness here? Where be
Your suitors too? Are all dispatch'd? Y'have
Been a courteous favorite, and of your power
Have made a noble use.
EUME. Though you are come
To scorn this sudden change, I dare without
Much sorrow tell you, sir, the King hath eas'd

Me of that weighty power, as fitter for
His own judicious strength. And now this rich
Division of his glorious palace looks
As sad and vacant as the place where some
Great Prince's hearse is laid aside until
The funeral day. There but a few kind servants
Watch in duteous form, and weep for
Their dead lord.

ORA. Alas! What alteration's here? Good Heaven!
How comes it faithful lovers thus fall out?

EUME. Not for my own sake, Oramont, but yours,
I pity that decay of courtesy
And soft compassion which you still discover.

ORA. Why, you mistake me, sure! I am a wise
Prophetic courtier, and foresaw your fall
Ere I did practise my neglect. But yet
I may a little differ now from all
My subtle friends, bred up in palaces;
For, like a dull unskilful follower
Of Kings, I shall bestow a present on you,
A rich one too when all your power is gone.
[*Draws out a sword bloody.*

EUME. A sword, and newly stain'd with blood!

ORA. That your amazement may increase,
Eumena: you shall know this present is
A legacy sent from a lover at
His last expense of breath; and, by my soul,
He was a valiant lover, though his cause
Made him unfortunate.

EUME. What hath your jealous fury done?

ORA. An act scarce worthy of my fame.
I but despatch'd a dying man:
For thy bewitching beauty with strange charms
Had conquer'd and destroyed him ere I came
To make a trial of his strength. His name
Was Amadore!

EUME. My fears had in 'em too much cause ;
Sure he was slain in rescue of my honour.
ORA. You best can tell his undertaking that
Provok'd him to't; and would you hear't from me ?
EUME. O, I have heard too much !
Thou bloody harbinger of death, whose place
And hasty business is to take up graves
And tombs, where thou dost coarsely lodge
Men more renown'd and valiant than thy self.
[*Weeps.*
ORA. Weep'st thou for him ?
EUME. Young Amadore to all succeeding times shall live
Eterniz'd by some tragic pen, whose gentle numbers
Shall melt the most obdurate men when they
Shall hear the miseries of love, whilst thou,
The horror of the scene, shalt ne'er be mention'd
But to change their pity into rage.
ORA. O heart ! I've ever strove
To keep thee firm, loyal to virtue, and
Impartial to the world ; yet now thou art
Subdu'd with sorrow that proceeds from sin.
For I'm constrain'd to grieve, when I behold
Her mourn, although I know she lov'd him but
Unlawfully whom she laments ; else why
Did she employ his anger to revenge,
My kind and careful jealousy ?
EUME. Thou hast proceeded to such dire extremes,
That 'tis too late to let thee know thy error ;
And 'cause thou art my brother I am loth
To hinder thee of that excuse, which ignorance
May give, since th'ast no other shift to free
Thee from eternal punishment.
ORA. Her falsehood shews so comely in
Her sorrow's dress, that, if my judgment were

Not strongly arm'd with reason's force, I should
Be fondly overcome.

Enter RADEGOND, PHYLENIO, *and Guard.*

RADEG. He was observ'd to enter here.
It is the King's command that you disarm,
And strait imprison him i'th' fort.
[*The Guard seize on him.*

PHYLE. What fate hath govern'd you to-day,
My Lord? The people that beheld your fight
With Amadore have with tumultuous rage
Pursu'd you to the Palace gate, report
Him kill'd; his servants and his friends, assembled with
The noise, demand strict justice of the King.

ORA. Convey me straight to darkness, or to death!
What pleasure can I take i'th' use of light,
Since it no more can bring unto my view
My friend alive or my fair sister true?
[*Exeunt Phylenio, Oramont, and Guard.*

EUME. Let me entreat you, sir, to bring him back!
I've much to say, that may persuade him to
A fitting penitence: Why are you deaf
To my request? Or, how durst you presume
T'infringe the royal privilege of Court,
And force my brother hence?

RADEG. I'm sorry, madam, you will shortly find
More alteration in the King, than yet
You seem to know. What we have done was in
Obedience to his will. [*Exit.*

EUME. Then I shall feel too soon the sudden
Want of power; for I no more must see thee, Oramont!
A word so fatal, and implies such sad
Unlucky truth, that I did fear to utter it.
If now thy spirit, noble Amadore,

'Mongst thy immortal new acquaintance has
The leisure to attend my plaints, forgive
Th'injustice my fond nature prompts me to,
Since I must needs bewail a brother's loss,
Although that brother was thy enemy.

Enter KING.

KING. Since Amadore is slain, though by the
Rage of Oramont, which I lament so much,
That should remembrance entertain it long,
'Twould be my ruin too; yet such
A strange necessity my stars impose
Upon me now, that his lamented death
Is all I've left, to give some means of life
Unto my beggar'd and half famish'd love:
For if there be a room for love within
Her breast, he being gone that did
Inhabit there, why should not I succeed?

EUME. Are you here, Sir? Does it become a
King to look upon affliction, and not strait
Redress't? The poor physician is so nice
I' th' honour of his science that he ne'er
Will visit dying men: as if he were
Asham'd to look upon those inward wounds
He hath not skill to cure.

KING. Eumena, I
Did think to use a while a lover's art,
Returning harsh neglects for thine; but since
Thy fortune doth afflict thee more than I
Could do, I come to share and lessen what
Before I practis'd to augment.

EUME. I fear you come too late! but if
Y'are still a King, and still retain that lov'd
Divinity to which the virtuous bow, subdue
The wicked strait, by showing now that power
Which they so saucily suspect; call back from
His dark grave, the valiant Amadore!

KING. Ye angels take her senses to your care!
'Las! What a strange request was this? As
Much discourteous too as 'tis impossible.
She'ld have me fetch my rival from th' unknown
Far distant shades, to take a new possession
Of that love which only by his absence
I can hope t'enjoy.

EUME. If this exceed your high prerogative,
I will descend to what your mercy can
Perform, redeem my brother from his bonds:
For, in a dearth of comforts, we are taught
To be contented with the least. Why, by
Severe command, did you surprise him here,
And give no priviledge unto that place
Which you have often sanctifi'd with vows?

KING. Here I surprise him? No 'twas the
Just law; but who is he so rash, that can
Desire to be a King, since all the justice that
We do is father'd on the makers of
Our laws, and all their cruelty on us?
Make much, you greedy Monarchs, of that
Dignity, which with such toil in war
You labour to attain: I'm weary of't!
For, like the castle-bearing elephant,
We groan beneath that load, which we support
To guard and strengthen others, not ourselves.
And what a useless glory 'tis, to be the chief
Of men, wanting the charter to command
A tender lady's love.

EUME. Strange remedies you bring unto
The sick! You deaf'n those complaints, you
Came to hear, with louder of your own.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. O, mercy, mercy, Sir! Dare you derive
Your attributes from Heaven, yet mercy want,
By which the wiser chiefly are content

You should assume th' immortal power?

KING. Madam, methinks you sue too earnestly.

QUEEN. Eumena, speak to him! for
Oramont is now convey'd to suffer death. Just
Now, 'tis the letter of the rigid law; he, that
In duel doth survive, must be destroy'd,
Ere th' other, whom he slew, can be interr'd.

EUME. Alas! what weak encouragement
Have I to make requests on earth when, by my
Griefs of late, I've cause to doubt my prayers
Are not heard in Heaven, and ill it will become
Me, Sir, whilst I remember Amadore,
To ask that mercy which, however, is most
Fit for you to grant.

KING. A fond unskilful bargain I shall make
If I exchange Justice, the jewel that doth
Most adorn my crown, for her uncertain love
Which since she is so loth to promise, how
Unwilling she will be to pay.

QUEEN. Why, Sir, are you so slow, when
Time and danger move so fast?

KING. The people, Madam, call for Justice,
They wisely love't; that is, are well-content
When it is us'd to punish those above
Them, not themselves. Rude and ill manner'd
Are they to expect the valiant should be
Sacrificed not only by the foe abroad, to keep
Them safe, but suffer public death at home,
When they are pleas'd to see a tragic show.
Yet, since such valour is proscrib'd by law,
He needs must die.

QUEEN. If valour be
Proscrib'd, how wretched then will ladies be
Since they can only find the valiant true.

KING. Madam, I confess, that old coward,
Law, looks too severely on courageous youth;
And, know, in legal skill I should connive

At those disorders which the furious in
Their growing spirits oft commit; for else
The body of a State,—effeminate
With lasting peace,—when a strange war shall
Come, like bodies natural,—confirm'd by strict
And quiet temperance,—will want the benefit
Which the use of small disorders bring, that
Make each violent disease less new, and dangerous.

QUEEN. Sir, there is hope your reason will
Persuade your mercy now.

KING. Ay, but the people understand not this,
For that dull crowd, whom Kings through cursed fate
Must please, will have all laws observ'd, and
They must stand, not 'cause th'are wise, but
'Cause th'are old.

Enter RADEGOND.

RADEG. The hour, sir, is come! and Oramont
Must suffer death, unless you cancel strait
The written doom.

EUME. How fatal Oramont
Doth sound, when join'd with that severe word death!
Be free and bounteous of your pardon, Sir,
[*She kneels.*
For 'tis the last request I e'er shall make.

KING. Look on her, Heaven! Since you are
Mollified with such a piteous sight as this, I
Hope my Justice now would not be styled
Divine, but rather human tyranny. This ring
Unto the Provost bear! it shall suffice
To make him know Eumena gives
His prisoner life. [*Exit Radegond.*

EUME. May all the hours you have bestow'd on him
Be added unto that account which destiny

Hath numb'red for your Royal self.
QUEEN. And may they prove so happy too,
That you shall wish for immortality,
More for a change of being than a hope
To better what y' enjoy on earth.
KING. Eumena! hold,* poor begging priests
Assume the power to bless, and, with devout
Wishes, imaginary payment make
Of what they really receiv'd; but I
Will lay a nobler value on your gratitude,
And look you should return, not for your
Brother's life, but for my fervent passions that
So long have courted your slow love.
EUME. I am undone!
For I have rais'd your expectation to
Demands that I can never satisfy.
Sir, could my memory transgress so soon
To lose the thought of Amadore? yet my
Devoted heart so much adores
The virtues of your Queen, that I shall ne'er,
By the temptations of your crown, usurp
That love which is so justly due to her.
KING. Be careful of my inward peace, and
Call those resolutions back, or else deny
Them for a little space.
EUME. My soul's unalter'd truth
Confirms what I have said: but trust me you
May take this comfort, Sir,—I'll not be more
Unkind unto your matchless heart than to
Mine own. [*Exit.*
KING. So dying men receive vain comforts
From those visitants they love, when they
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,
With saying they are mortal too, and mean

* Consider.
"I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not."—*Shakespeare.*

T'endure the like calamity; as if
To die were from good fellowship, from free
Intent t'accompany departing friends,
When such last courtesy proceeds not from
Their will, but nature's obstinate decree.
So, if she mourns, 'tis not through willing
Kindness, but constraint.

QUEEN. Doubt not her kindness, Sir! You saw her weep.

KING. 'Twas by compulsion of my great
All conquering grief, not from her love, like
Eyes that from a secret sympathy
Water and weep at others, when they
Behold them sore. But, Madam, why your tears?

QUEEN. These are but leading drops; the
Showers are all behind that I shall dedicate
Unto the memory of your sad fate.

KING. Can you lament at my distress whom
I have injur'd with worse neglects? or can
You wish my sorrows remedy, when what
I gain must be your loss?

QUEEN. Sir, I shall claim no title to your
Breast, but what my patience and affection can
Deserve. He that did join our hands did give
Me but a formal interest, since to
Eumena you dispos'd your heart before
We knew those sacred rites.

KING. Are you not weary of your virtue yet?

QUEEN. Nor of your love unto my rival, Sir.
If it were low, and sinful love, I should
Not think it worth my envy or my fear;
If pure and noble, as my strictest faith
Believes, it is too great a treasure to
Be made particular and own'd by me
Alone, since what is good doth still encrease
In merit of that name, by being most
Communative.

KING. This doctrine, madam, will
Be new, and much unwelcome to your sex.
QUEEN. True love admits no jealousy; you
Shall perceive it strait, for I will hasten to
Eumena, sir, and woo in your behalf.
KING. Dare you employ your tongue against your self?
QUEEN. Do not suspect me, sir! I shall
Not lose by what she gains: For since your
Heart can have no peace, unless 'tis lodg'd
Within her breast, I will procure its entrance
There with reason too, because I find
My quiet only doth consist in yours.
KING. Leave me! Had I not goodness, yet my pride
Would ne'er consent to be so far outgone
In kind effects of love. See me no more
Till thou canst hope to love me less; till I
Have cancel'd this large debt, or can, at least,
Find out a juster and a nobler way
Than to increase that debt which I should pay.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter THORELLO, SALADINE, GARTHA, *and one* LADY.

THOR. W'have a coach, ladies, at the palace gate.
If you dare trust the treasure of your beauties
T'our charge, we'll visit Oramont i'th' fort.
SALAD. Some o'th' good natur'd Statesmen
Accuse the King for sending's pardon, and
Think 'twas ill advis'd to disappoint the
People, when they were all met for nothing,
But to see him suffer.
THOR. 'Faith, since they came in courtesy
To see't, Oramont had been a right Cavalier

Had he refus'd the pardon, and strait died
To prevent them from losing their labour.

GAR. Lord! How they love to see a proper
Man suffer! And when their wives come home,
Each tells her husband he was like him:
For he behav'd himself with such a
Courtly courage at the block.

SALAD. As he had been his own neat executioner,
And put off's head with the same ceremony,
As others do their hats, right alamode.

THOR. Your cavalier doth handsomely
Indeed; but 'tis not fit coarse fellows should
Arrive at such a public grace, and for no other
Merit but fighting o' duels.

1 LADY. The King, I hope, will let them
Fight it out, and not permit the laws should do
'Em th'honor to take notice of their quarrels.

SALAD. When ladies take the pains to dress
Themselves to see, and grace an executed
Gallant, were it handsome a poor quarrelling
Rascal should strait perk up in's place?
Perhaps he'll die stoutly; but how? in base
Old clothes, foul linen, and's face unshav'd,
Is that a sight for Ladies?

Enter ALERAN *and third* LADY.

THOR. Look! there comes Aleran, and with him
Your revolted mistress.

3 LADY. That Gartha, signior, 's strangely
Impudent; she's playing in the sun, whilst her
Poor lady is weeping wet under a cloud.

ALER. Pray advise her, Madam; she'll take it kindly.

3 LADY. How dost, good wench? In troth,
Thou look'st so temptingly that I could e'en
Kiss thee. The very corner of thine eye, stol'n
Out of a close-hood, would burn as much,

I think, as a sun beam, contracted in a glass.
GAR. I protest, madam, I am merely
Your ladyship's glass and reflect your looks.
Those are rare pendants ! I dare say a present ;
Some travell'd lover's, fool'd into a gift.
3 LADY. Prithee, who told thee of it ?
Thou hear'st all ; but I mean to change 'em.
Ustalfo says they wear slight emrauds now in
Venice, and, being set transparent, they shew
well.
1 LADY. W'are taking coach to visit
Oramont ! Has your ladsyhip the leisure
T' humble your self with so much charity ?
3 LADY. You do me honour in your
Invitation. I shall make the number more
Unworthy, by the poor addition of my self.
—Gartha ! This Alari's a very fool ; why
Dost thou keep her company ?
GAR. I keep her, madam, for intelligence.
She's well acquainted with all the Court
Matrons, that have the skill to drive out
Marriages, and make the parties meet. She can
Procure a catalogue of all the rich young heirs.
3 LADY. Sweet madam, whither do you go ?
Pray, stand and talk with us !
1 LADY. Your ladyship's servant !
3 LADY. We shall have tedious conversation
With those wits ; they'll nothing but discourse
Together of fine hard things, and ne'er
Mind us.
ALER. I bring a business for you, gentlemen ;
Would we were rid of our impertinent charge.
THOR. Widows are not so troublesome to
Their young husbands, when they relieve them
With good counsel instead of money ; the
Curse is, that they are chaste too. A very saucy
Virtue in them, considering they cannot

Make up our pleasure with handsomeness.

3 LADY. Come, signiors! Shall we take coach?

THOR. Your pardon, ladies!—Nay, I beseech you. Saladine, you still usurp my place. Strive to lead 'em. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter KING, RADEGOND, PHYLENIO.

KING. False and unlucky are you all!
Pretend great wisdom till y'attain to dignity
And place, then strait supply't with empty
Forms, austere and rigid looks; by which
Your age—made dreadful, with that power
High office brings—begets you an unjust
Esteem; or, if you have the skill to give safe
Counsels to your King; when's judgement
Is distress'd, y'are so unfortunate, I
Ne'er can feel their use.

RADEG. Sir, you mistake that power, which
Only we derive from yours. You never did
Include in our commission such a vast
Authority to alter, or to govern love.

PHYLE. How should we rule Eumena, sir,
Whom you—depos'd by th' cruel tyranny of
Love—must by constraint obey? or, if we could
Prescribe to you, and with th'advice of reason
Too, we dare not whilst your anger lasts.

KING. A curse
Upon your mannerly o'er-civil fears!
But you suspect it is not safe to speak,—
The Statesman's cowardice—more dangerous
To Kings intrench'd within their thrones,
Than are the dastard thoughts of sentinels,
That watch near sconces and redoubts;
Who still afraid to give th'alarm—lest being
Heard, they should be first surpris'd—endanger
Armies by that silence, when, like you, they
Basely practise to secure themselves.

RADEG. 'Tis better to be silent, sir, than give
Advice that may bring us ruin,
And give you no ease.
PHYLE. All thriving arts Kings are
Content to own; but when good counsels
Not succeed, their Ministers possess the blame.
KING. I thank your noble wisdom much,
Y'are kindly natur'd in your providence.
With wholesome policy you are content
To share the better fame and juster wealth
Of my prerogative, but not the envy that
Misfortune joins to it.
RADEG. If your distemper, sir, will needs
Constrain us to reveal th'opinion we would
Hide, let our obedience then excuse all that
Our judgement wants. We think you ne'er can
Have a free possession of Eumena's love,
Unless your Queen consent to a divorce.
PHYLE. Nor is this such a hopeless remedy
As doth consist in wishes, more than in
A probable effect; for she hath so design'd
Her love and life to your dispose, that she'll
Undo her self by giving what you ask.
KING. 'Tis well! y' have ta'en a worthy care
Both of my quiet and my fame. Make haste
In your address unto the Queen! let her be
Told I am prepar'd to visit her.

[*Exeunt Radegond, Phylenio.*

These are
The righteous State-physicians that attend
On sickly Kings, prescribing unto us,
As nature to the hungry disease of tigers,
And of wolves; when to preserve their lives,
They feed on all the weak submitting herd.
But how accurs'd would subjects be, were we
Not born with far more virtue than w'are taught!
I'll make my function lov'd, and rather die

Than owe my life to such a remedy. [*Exit.*

Enter ORAMONT *and* QUEEN.

QUEEN. Was holy Fryar Albert here to-day,
Your sister's confessor?

ORA. Madam, he hath,
In just obedience to your kind command,
Unlock'd my sister's secret breast, and laid
It open to mine eyes, shew'd me her heart,
Until my jealousy receiv'd a strong
And certain cure; but though I have out-liv'd
My doubts, my modesty, I hope, will not
Permit me to survive my shame.

QUEEN. In giving you,
By her unwearied intercession life,
She only hath engag'd your gratitude:
But rev'rend Albert, by revealing all
Those truths, the privilege of's function
Makes him know, hath much oblig'd your faith.

ORA. I am confirm'd!
And though the people's malice to her in
Their talk, by general consent,
Made me so credulous; though my nice care,
Still watchful to preserve a sister's honour
And my most duteous love of you, apt to
Resent your wrongs, and then believing you
Declar'd her chaste, more in your gentleness
Than your belief; though these apparent pleas,
Together urg'd, might prove me capable
Of some excuse, yet I am loth to own
Them lest, my guilt made less, I should be
Thought t'avoid that punishment, which I've
Resolv'd upon my self.

QUEEN. Beware! such resolutions, sir, are ill.

ORA. Your justice, madam, would conceive them fit,
Could you, with my vex'd thoughts, peruse

Those wrongs which I not only did commit
'Gainst her, but 'gainst the King, and my
Renowned friend, dead Amadore ; and, when
I name him dead, I hardly can forbear that
Fury to my self by which I rashly ruin'd him.

QUEEN. To be the unauthoriz'd author of
Your own strict punishment, would to your
Crimes such foulness add, as never could be
Wash'd away with all the tears of penitence.
Be govern'd by your better thoughts, and strait
Prepare to follow me! you'll perfect a
Design, to which I am importun'd by
The secret suit of Aleran.

ORA. I must not disobey you, Madam,
Though I shall but make an ill exchange of
This lov'd darkness for that light I am
Asham'd to see.

QUEEN. My own distresses are so great,
That I conceive them hopeless now of cure,
But I will try to lessen yours.

ORA. Her virtue is as restless as the sun,
Still moving, and yet never tir'd; and, like
His purer beams, it comforts every thing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALERAN, THORELLO, SALADINE.

THOR. The ladies are sullenly retir'd
Into their closets ; there to meditate
And study the perfection of new tires.

SALAD. They took it ill, that Oramont was
So reserv'd as to refuse their visit.

ALER. Gallants, y'are here invited to the
Funeral of Amadore !

SAL. Had not your summons been too hasty, sir,
W'had put our selves to th' charge of blacks
For the solemnity ; but we have borrowed all
The sorrow we could get abroad, which, added
To our own, will shew as doleful as long cloaks.

ALER. Well! you are high in my esteem,
And you shall both confess't; that very secret,
Which this morn I whisper'd to the Queen,
Shall now be yours. The party is alive!

SAL. How! Amadore alive!

THOR. This mirth is scarce becoming, Aleran.

ALER. It shall be when you find it truth.
Attend and reverence this tongue of mine
That hath contain'd it self so silently
These two days.

THOR. Dost thou grow serious?

ALER. It was my luck t'arrive where those
Great spirits fought, and just when Oramont
Had left the field, in fear that he had kill'd
His friend, there I beheld the conquer'd
Amadore grasping his mother earth,
And senseless with the loss of blood; whilst
Straight by the discovery of a few, a tide
Of people rushing in, they carry'd him
For dead unto my garden-house that stood
Upon the river side, it being luckily
The next adjacent dwelling to that place.

SAL. I hope this will proceed from wonder into joy.

ALER. Your hope, sir, will be satisfied;
For, with this violence of motion, I
Discover'd life, and by some skilful help
Retriev'd his wandering senses, till he got
The power to speak; but they were words
Of rage, most strangely vex'd. As soon as he
Had strength to know that he was overcome,
And when with all religious force we had
Persuaded him not to disdain his cure,
There being no impediment but loss of blood,
He was a while content, but did enjoin
Me to conceal his strange return to life.

THOR. What might that imposition mean

ALER. I cannot guess, unless, in melancholy
Sense of that disgrace, he did resolve
Perpetually to hide himself from men.
THOR. If Oramont had miss'd his pardon,
You would have been so good natur'd,
Aleran, t'have mock'd the law, by shewing
Amadore alive.
ALER. In troth! I think, I should, nor will
I more obey his fond injunction now.
For he'll relapse again for want of company!

Enter AMADORE *in a night gown.*

Look there! this shady walk contents him much.
THOR. It will be happy news for Oramont.
SAL. 'Tis like, ere this, h'has heard it from the Queen.
AMAD. Sir, you have fail'd my trust!
ALER. What I have done, my care and
Reason will excuse; for such a solitude as this
Would nourish your disease.
These, sir, whom I presume to make your
Visitants, are my choice friends, that hold
Your virtue and your honour in a high regard.
AMAD. Though I'm concern'd i' th' injury,
Yet you have most abus'd these gentlemen.
Why have you made the valiant lose their
Time so much to visit me, that by the falseness
Of my courage was subdu'd, when I was
Grac'd with such a noble cause?
THOR. This was your fortune's weakness, sir, not your's.
SAL. And you would grow unjust unto your
Self, to own the error of your fate.
AMAD. Fortune and fate are merely names;
For were they real pow'rs, they'ld not endure
That fools should prove them guilty of our ills.
SAL. Your passion makes you subject to mistake.

AMAD. 'Tis a sad truth, and no mistake of
Rage, if every star were guilty of those crimes,
Of which so sev'rally they've been accus'd
By th' long continu'd race of erring men,
They would have lost their hurtful influence
Ere this, for the supreme just power would
Then neglect them.

Enter ORAMONT, ALERAN *steps to whisper him.*

ORA. Sir! Heaven will soon reward your
Noble care. Those joys you would deliver me
The Queen already hath reveal'd.

ALER. 'Twere fit you should delay your
Visit, sir. I fear 'twill much distemper him!

ORA. Trust my discretion, and dismiss your
friends! [*Exeunt all but Oramont and Amadore.*

AMAD. My enemy! If I had any sense
Of shame, I should believe it now as much
Immodesty to live, as it was base
Before to be subdu'd.

ORA. Renowned Amadore!
Whom, if not my merit, yet my entire
Affection must call friend. Know, not by me,
But by unlucky destiny, thou wert
Subdu'd; so destiny became your enemy,
Not Oramont.

AMAD. A second curse is come upon me
Ere the first is gone! Wilt thou deprive me
Of revenge, by courteous false denials of
Thy act; expose me to repair my honour
On a high mysterious power, that we only
Know by words? let me be hidden in a grave!

ORA. These sad complaints become you not.

AMAD. Why do you scorn me, sir? And,
When my honour's lost, so vainly shift me off,
Thus to repair't upon immortal things?
Why am I fool'd, by telling me, I'm overcome

By some strange influence above? For, in
Disdain, you'ld bid me go and fight with
Heaven now.

ORA. Your valour, sir, is misinform'd, and
Your opinion weakly nice, to think the
Conquer'd lose their honour with their swords.
The noble sons of Pompey kept their honour
When they lost the spacious world, and will
Continue still as dear to fame, as lucky Cæsar
That prevail'd; they gain'd by being overcome.
For those that die get instant immortality,
Whilst victors that survive retard that
Happiness which early dying doth with
Greater safety meet, because with fewer crimes.

AMAD. You come to tell me, that I should have died?

ORA. Your anger still perverts my words.

AMAD. These are but vain sophistic toys.
If thou art real Oramont, and hast some touch
Of pity left, deprive me not of that
Renown, which such a noble cause might gain
Me, if 'twere manag'd with a prosperous arm.

ORA. I understand not what you would command.

AMAD. Be kind and gentle as thou ever
Wert, and fight with me again.

ORA. Not for the wealth of both the Indies,
Or all the treasure that the sea doth hide!
I am reclaim'd, and, with true inward grief,
Repent my jealous thoughts.

AMAD. What will become of me?
My honour's lost, and now I want a cause
That justly might suffice me to redeem't.
Be courteous yet! Could it be ever said
Of Amadore, that he denied one, whom
He styl'd his friend, th' employment of his
Sword when's reputation was distress'd?

The cause will yet stand good enough,
Since I'm not bound so quickly to believe
Your jealousies are by your penitence
Absolv'd.

ORA. You make a wonderful request!
Retire a while within! Till I can secretly
Provide to satisfy your will.

AMAD. All blessings, but this victory, be thine!
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter ORAMONT *and* EUMENA.

ORA. To say, Eumena, that my jealousy
Sprung from my love, and rumour gave
It growth, were such fond circumstance,
As both the Queen and your grave confessor
Already have confuted with severe
Rebukes. Thy causeless suff'rings have rais'd
Thee to the dignity of Saints. Thus low
I bow for my offence, which, since so great,
If thou forgiv'st, it would be styl'd thy miracle,
But that such wondrous mercy is the most
Familiar custom of thy virtue.

EUME. I must receive thee, Oramont, with
Tears, although thy happy news of Amadore's
Return to life might well command my joys
T'appear in a less doubtful shape.

ORA. You have been told the temper of
His soul; restore him by the soft
Persuasions of your love. Where are you, sir?

Enter AMADORE.

AMAD. Eumena too! Is the great hope of
Our brave fierce encounter turn'd to this?
Cruel and false! Dost thou present the object
To my view, that will revert mine eyes, until
They look upon my inward, hidden shame?

EUME. Y'are too suspicious, valiant

Amadore, of the condition of your Fame,
Which, since so precious unto all, you ne'er
Can lose what others with such care preserve.
My cause was dignified in your attempt; and
Though the noblest human enterprise is still
Uncertain of success, yet brave attempts
Get th' estimation of most prosp'rous deeds.

AMAD. All that is good the ill within me
Straight inverts to contrary effects; that which
Would render life to plants and stones doth
Strike me dead! for I shall now be kill'd,
Even with the music of her voice.

EUME. Make me not still unhappy!

AMAD. No, lady! I would have you keep
Your kind compassion for a nobler use, than
Thus to waste it upon me. Though I did want
The vigour to defend the justice of your cause,
And could not be victorious then, yet you
Shall find I can subdue my greatest hopes,
Even those that aim'd at you. [*Exit.*

ORA. Eumena, follow him! unless thy love
Can, for immediate rescue, force a passage to
His heart, he straight will ruin it.

EUME. O, what a change is here! You
That before set guards upon my modesty,
Now think it fit the wooer should be
Courted by the woo'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, RADEGOND, PHYLENIO, *and Attendants.*

KING. Proclaim a lasting joy to all that love,
Or are belov'd! Send 'em a bounteous share
Of mine! I have enough to furnish either sex.
I am so light that I could tread on growing
Flowers and never bend their stalks.

QUEEN. My joy is such, that till this hour
I never felt the like! And therefore, sir, you

Needs must guess it is deriv'd from your's.

KING. Thy constant virtue hath so
Vanquish'd me, that all my rash rebellious
Flames grow pale and sickly now. Near ev'ry
Beam thine eyes most carelessly do shed,
Tapers before the sun at noon, look
Not so alter'd and eclips'd.

QUEEN. Who is it, that will doubt
The care of Heaven? Or think th' immortal
Pow'rs are slow, because they take the
Priviledge to chuse their own time when they
Will send their blessings down.

KING. Call all the Court! that they may
Celebrate this miracle of love. And call
Eumena, too! that she may know how much
Her wishes, and her prayers for the Queen
Have been observ'd above. I must believe
They were devout, they have so well prevail'd.

Enter THORELLO, SALADINE, ALERAN.

RADEG. Look, sir! Your joys are soon dispers'd.

PHYLE. Your voice is Kingly too; for 'tis
As soon obey'd as it is heard.

KING. Do homage to your Queen!
Not as she shares the titles of my crown,
But the prerogatives of love, whose
Everlasting throne is in my breast.

ALER. Our gladness shall appear in triumphs, sir!

SAL. Such as the envious too shall come to
See, delighted with the glory, though they
Want the virtue to affect the cause.

Enter ORAMONT, AMADORE, EUMENA.

THOR. This Cupid's a strange fantastic young monsieur.

KING. What magic show is this? Brave

Amadore alive again !

QUEEN. W'have kept a story for you, sir,
That will contribute to your wonder and your
Joy ; reserve it for the triumphs of this night.

EUME. Sir, to prolong a precious life, that
Hath been sav'd by miracle, I was constrain'd
A little to dispense with bashfulness,
And woo a valiant lover to woo me.

KING. Were not my heart resolv'd, Eumena,
To be still delighted here, where justly I
Am taught to pay a mighty debt, long due
For true affection and her patient loyalty,
I should hear this as a sad tragic tale ;
But now, my kinder wish fall on you both !

EUME. The strange continuance of your
Virtuous love, my prayers and obedience
Shall requite. At first, I durst not welcome it
More than with civil kindness and regard,
Since there was no proportion 'tween my
Fortunes and a King, but, when it grew to
Passionate excess, the piety of your fair
Queen made me forbear t'usurp her interest.

KING. 'Twas fit thy goodness should receive
Rewards from thy own choice. Now, Oramont,
Your causeless jealousy will cease, and yours,
Brave rival, I am sure will ne'er begin.

ORA. Let me receive your pardon, sir,
In a forgetfulness of my fond crime.

AMAD. I'll beg it for him, sir, as fervently
As I implore your favours on my self.
Your sister shall be taught to chide you,
Oramont, though I'll no more lament your
Victory, since I have gain'd my honour's
Hope in her.

QUEEN. Be not dejected, Oramont ! your care
Of me I shall requite. There's no choice
Your noble love can make in Italy, but I

Will woo her to become your bride.
ORA. Madam, the War must be my mistress now.
A long hard penance I'll endure, till I
Can expiate my sins of jealousy.
KING. Lead on, my lords, that we may straight prepare
To celebrate Eumena's nuptial rites!
Mine now will be but happily renew'd.
This day, succeeding lovers shall prefer
To be the chief in love's new kalender.

[*Exeunt.*

THE DISTRESSES.

THERE was a play licensed 30th Nov. 1639 called "the Spanish Lovers," which is believed by many to have been "The Distresses," but, although there is every probability of this, the question remains open.

"The Distresses" is a very good play, and well suited, with slight alteration, for the stage. Geneste says:—"There is a good deal of fighting in this play,—Langbaine and the editors of the Biographia Dramatica call it a Tragi-comedy, but without sufficient reason. It is not so called in D'avenant's works, nor does the dialogue ever rise above serious comedy. A play, simply, is the best title for such pieces."—By "fighting" Mr. Geneste means only rencounters in the street by two persons, the consequences of quarrel.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

ANDROLIO, *son to the Governor.*
BASILONTE, *a noble man of Cordova.*
ORGEMON, } *sons to Basilonte, but unknown to each*
DORANDO, } *other.*
BALTHAZAR, *brother to Claramante.*
LEONTE, *his brother, a hot-spirited gentleman.*
GONSALVO, } *Friends to Balthazar.*
ARGILO, }
ORCO, *a merry gentleman, friend to Androlio.*
SURGEON,
SERVANTS,
MUSICIANS,
BRAVOES,

AMIANA, *daughter to Basilonte,*
CLARAMANTE, *Orgemon's mistress.*
MARILLA, *an old woman.*

Scene: CORDOVA.

THE DISTRESSES.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Argilo, Gonsalvo, Dorando, Balthazar, *surgeon, who binds up Balthazar's wound.*

Ar. Bring lights! more lights! and set a guard upon
The gates. Be sure none enter here, but those
Who are allied to us.

Gon. Send unto th' governor; entreat him that
His officers take care the people be
Dispers'd that throng about the house, though some
Are so ill natur'd that they take the pains
Of hast'ning hither to see mischief; yet
Others are worse natur'd and come to do it.

Dor. Vice, famine, and mistaken zeal consume them!
How their wise courages affect to gape
On danger when themselves stand safe! brave sir,
How do you feel your wound?

Bal. I am oblig'd unto your valour, sir,
Which doth no less deserve my wonder, than
Your courtesy my praise; for I admire
A stranger should engage his youth and life
To so much hazard, where he neither knew
The persons, nor the cause.

Dor. I saw you were
Distress'd with numbers, sir; I could not think
My honour well dispos'd, till it was throughly

Inclin'd to make you safe. Your wound, I hope,
Gives you no sense of inward sickness?

BAL. A mere scratch!
My servant's over-diligence, and this
Tame posture in a chair, are ways to make
It seem much greater than it is.

AR. Cousin,
I pray sit still! Although your wound be slight
Your motion may unbind it; and I know
No blood belonging to our family,
But is too good to lose.

Enter CLARAMANTE.

GON. Look there! your sister Claramante, sir,
Is hurried hither by her loving fears.

CLA. My brother, Balthazar!
How have my vows miscarried thus of late?
Or are my sins more powerful than my pray'rs,
That all my importunities to heaven
Are lost? I've oftener begg'd your safety than
Mine own.

BAL. Dear Claramante! were I dead,
Men that stood by and saw those tears would chide
You for too great expense of grief, knowing
Your health and beauty most concern the world.
I feel a greater danger from
Your sorrow, than my wound. Trust me! I am
well.

CLA. Our city, fam'd for government, is by
These nightly riots and disorders, grown
Less safe than galleys, where revolted slaves
Enchain their officers.

BAL. This, sister, is th' unruly season, when
Young raging lovers meet their rivals in
The dark; but I as little know mine enemy,
As guess the cause of his malicious wrath.
That noble stranger doth deserve your thanks

And praise, if I can serve you with my life,
For 'tis his valour hath continued it.
CLA. Sir! there were little hope that I should pay
So large a debt, should I not ask his name
To whose great virtue I do owe it.
DOR. Madam, I am call'd Dorando! but it
Is far from my ambition to believe
That any act of mine can add such worth
Unto my name, that you should think it fit
To wear't one hour within your memory.
CLA. Sir! your humility is too unkind:
You undervalue whom you have preserv'd,
And me, when you suspect I shall forget
His name that sav'd my brother's life.
DOR. O love! Thou busy deity! How could
It need thou shouldst o'ercome me with her voice,
When I was conquer'd by her eyes before?

Enter LEONTE.

LEO. Brother! What, are you for the grave to night?
Must we shake hands, and never meet again,
Unless philosophers agree upon another world?
BAL. No, sir! I've resolv'd better on't! we'll
Stay here till they have ended their dispute.
LEO. Content! I have examin'd
This encounter, and find the night
Bred a mistake. Certain furious lovers,
Most bounteously design'd to serenade
My sister at her window,
Met with their rivals here. In their blind rage
Suppose you for an opposite, and, with
Their cold iron, gave you this midnight mark
Of love. Their names, the shame and error of
Their anger, made them conceal.
CLA. At my window, sir?

LEO. Claramante! Though in this city, such
Addresses are allow'd unto the fair
And eminent, and that our Spanish custom
Warrants ladies in music to admit
Their lovers' evening and morning plaints.
Yet since your beauty doth disorder men,
Keep it within, lock up your looks!

CLA. Brother, I hope, I have so liv'd that you
May think your counsel lost; for though
I value it, yet sure I need it not.

LEO. If I had hideous doubts, or knew to feed
And nourish them with real circumstance,
I wear a trifle here should end your life
And my suspicion, ere you could have hope
Or leisure to repent.

CLA. Sir! though I strive
To reverence your love and care of my
Repute; yet when I find your anger rais'd
So high, as if you did presume
Your reason could allow't, then I disdain't,
And will have no honour but what I can
Protect without your help.

LEO. Hear me! Be sure
You live enclos'd! Keep to your glass; and when
Y'are weary with looking on your own face,
I'll help you to another of the same sex.

CLA. Forgive me, sir! Though I am innocent,
I was not wise enough to find
Your anger grown too high to be contemn'd.

LEO. Obey what I enjoin! for, by
My father's soul, thy hopes of liberty
Are but thy certainties of death.

DOR. Fie, sir! how ill it doth become
A gallant nature to mistake, and make
Such an uncivil use of rage to tempt
A lady's virtue to an angry blush.

Leo. Good, unknown sir! What make you here? Or, pray,
What do you find in me, that you should hope
I have been us'd to be rebuk'd?
Ar. Cousin Leonte! this noble stranger cannot
Offend so much, as he deserves to be excus'd.
Bal. Brother, I owe him for my life. Had not
His valour rescued it, I had not had
The power to tell you now; he's fitter to
Be made a friend, than enemy.
Leo. Then I am apt to tell you, sir, y'have had
The luck to save a life, more precious than
Your own. If you affect your self, begone!
And when you shall remember I have given
You leave to live, you'll think your courtesy
To him is overpaid.
Dor. Good, furious sir! make not a present of
My life until you know you can command it.
I do not hold my breath by patent, or
By lease; nor can I think that your
Celestial worship hath the pow'r to sign
Such grants.
Leo. I thank you, sir!
You have consider'd like a gentleman.
I am content my house shall be your privilege;
But, when remov'd from hence, you shall perceive
This province will be much too narrow to
Contain us both alive. [*Exit Leonte.*
Bal. Claramante, let's hasten after him!
He is unlucky in his fury! 'tis
Not fit to trust him with such angry thoughts.
You Argilo, and Gonsalvo, both
Attend on Don Dorando here.
[*Exeunt Balthazar, Claramante, Surgeon.*
Ar. Well may you wonder, sir, whilst we lament
At the misgovern'd temper of his youth,
Who drowns a world of noble virtues in

The torrent of his rage.

GON. Don Leonte is to blame.
His courage, like to powder carelessly
And ill laid up, is in continual danger
Of ev'ry accidental spark that may
Enkindle it to ruin.

DOR. 'Tis most within
The power of time to mend. But, gentlemen,
I am resolv'd such young mistaken wrath
Shall never stir my anger, but my grief.

Enter CLARAMANTE.

CLA. Gentle Gonsalvo,
And you my cousin Argilo! I shall
Entreat to hasten straight below, and wait
Until this gentleman descend, to make
His passage forth secure. [*Exeunt Argilo, Gonsalvo.*

DOR. What means this providence? Would I could hope
'Tis not deriv'd from pity but from love.

CLA. Are you a native of this city, sir?

DOR. No, madam! my affairs convey'd me hither,
Which, though of great import, I value most
Because they luckily became the means
To make me fortunate in seeing you.

CLA. I cannot guess how I should any way
Contribute to your happiness, unless,
By my advice, my brother Don Leonte hath
A fire within his breast, that nothing but
Your blood can quench; his jealous honour waits
For all occasions to become the soldiers' talk,
His sword already hath been fatal to him,
By a contempt of civil laws. And though it were
A sin to doubt your valour can protect
You from his rage, yet, being in this city lov'd,
'Tis fit to fear your stay may by

His servants' insolence, or faction of
Misguided friends endanger you.
DOR. I have not fear enough about me yet
To understand, what 'tis you would infer.
CLA. I speak to your discretion, sir. Keep that
Awake, and fly this town, that can afford
You now no quiet dwelling, but a grave!
DOR. Shall I, that never yet knew fear, be taught
It now, just now, when I do learn to love.
CLA. What is it doth persuade your stay, brave sir?
DOR. Since 'tis the best and noblest cause, let it
Be lawful to reveal't,—my love of you;
Although not known unto your eyes, 'twas that
Engag'd me to the rescue of your brother's life.
Three moons have wasted since my love increas'd,
And I conceal'd the flame, first kindled by
Your eye when you did move in a devout
Procession to our great provincial saint.
CLA. That which fond men misname my beauty, is
Become their fate; and so unlucky too,
That I shall fear to see it in my glass,
Were I so false unto my self,
To credit all that say they love. Yet he
Hath lost his vows, for since my heart hath given
Her plight before, they needs must come too late.
DOR. I hope this secret meditation doth
Contrive no cruelty. Can you persuade
My absence now?
CLA. If you do truly love,
You cannot choose but value and obey
What I enjoin. The most convenient trial of
Your truth is that you follow straight,
And haste you hence, and not return till you
Have means to know your visit may, unto

My brother and yourself, be safe.
DOR. Since my obedience seems the chiefest help
T'advance my love, my honour may expect
To be excus'd, when it is known I fly,
'Cause you're allied unto mine enemy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDROLIO, *with a dark lanthorn*, ORGEMON, ORCO.

AN. Don Orgemon, you cannot guess where I
Have led you now?
ORG. I hope 'tis to
A secret entertainment of dry beating.
ORCO. If we be soundly cudgel'd, gentlemen,
Let's carry't privately; th' occasion will
Requir't.
ORG. The furniture and spacious roof shew 'tis
A house of quality.
ORCO. Yes, faith! It may become
A very right good man to suffer in't.
I had as lieve be pistol'd here as in
Any house I know i' th' town.
AN. This is my mistress' mansion, gentlemen.
ORG. How, Amiana's? Does she live here?
AN. Her father's house, believ't.
ORG. A mere nunnery!
There's not so strict a tenement in Spain.
By this hand, the women in't wear hair smocks.
ORCO. Art thou mad? in so debauch'd and rude
A season to bring us to a place
Of such a known civility!
ORG. Don Orco, I
Dare warrant you the foresaid beating, and
The pistol too you talk of, together
With a brace of bullets to boot. They are
Not over frugal here of their leaden plumbs
To those that come a banqueting i' th' night.

Enter AMIANA.

AMI. Who's there? Don Androlio?
AN. Quick! step aside, Amiana!
AMI. Speak softly, sir!
For Heaven's sake, rule your voice, and straight enclose
That light! if heard or seen we are undone.
[*He shuts the lanthorn.*
AN. What was the cause that with such haste
You sent for me?
AMI. To number and interpret all your vows,
To make them easy to your memory.
My jealous father hath been told you oft
Have made your visits here, suspects you false,
And threatens ruin to our loves.
AN. These old coughing coxcombs are most
Dangerous malicious spies upon us, youth;
They hate a midnight parley with their daughters,
And can seldom learn the good manners to
Retire betimes into their tombs, for the
Convenience of young people.
AMI. Your apprehension is too wanton, sir,
And shares no part o' th' miseries I feel.
Dispatch your resolutions straight, if you
Will keep your credit with high Heaven, where all
Your promises are regist'red, and rid
Me of my cruel fears. Be early as
The morning here, preparing some disguise
To fetch me hence and marry me.
AN. Marry, Amiana! is that the word?
For me a trap to catch all mankind in.
A trick your old law-makers first found out
To keep us tame. And then they fob us off
With stale deceptions of prerogative,
That every husband is a monarch in
His family. Of what I pray? Of small

Milk-eaters, that complain of breeding teeth,
And we of breeding them ; till they
Are weary too of us at last : so the
Dislike goes round.
AMI. Why do you meditate
As if this business did require new thoughts ?
AN. Is there a soft bed here ?
AMI. What do you mean ?
Doth sleep invade you, sir ? Are you not well ?
AN. Would you were half so well in understanding.
What pity 'tis, one of thy hopeful being
Should want capacity in natural
Affairs. By this good darkness thou delight'st
To vex me ; if there be joys, are they
Not greater by our liberty, and less
When we that make them are confin'd ?
AMI. I hope I am not well
Indeed ; and 'tis my understanding that
Is sick, or I would have it so, rather
Than know your meaning.
AN. Come, pretty thief!
Though these are fitting hours for stealth, our robberies
Shall be but interchanging what's our own.
AMI. Away ! begone ! Although my faith cannot
Persuade me all this vanity comes from
Thy heart, yet I abhor it on thy tongue.
My foolish love forbids me chide thee more ;
Yet thou wilt find my anger easier far
Than Heaven's. [*Exit.*
AN. Don Orgemon ! Orco !
ORCO. What a cold sweat you've left us in ! I spy'd
One single glowing coal i' th' chimney of
The weather-room, and thought 't had been a muskettier

With his match cock'd.
AN. Gentlemen, do you see the key
That opens to this blind paradise? this will
I lend, when either of your constitutions call
Upon me to make way unto my mistress.
ORCO. But what success, Androlio, she being chaste?
AN. Why then corrupt her, you shall have my help;
That's fair I think. If you would both be rul'd
By me, we'd lead such pleasant envied lives,
The great Turk himself should leave his business
And his throne to make a fourth among us.
ORCO. As how? Now do I grow a little sensual.
AN. Our mistresses in common, that's the way;
Each may apply himself t'assist his friend.
Think on those blessed Greeks, that had the skill
Of mutual procuration. Oh how
Deliciously they liv'd! What pity 'tis, that this
Dull age admits it not in fashion now.
If we would help each other heartily,
Straight all the sex were ours.
ORG. Think you so, sir?
AN. Yes, and without the miseries of matrimony.
Let haberdashers marry, and those poor
Shop traffickers, that spend their precious hours
In narrow lanes.
ORCO. Who are a kind of pious eunuchs, and their wives
Your concubines, whom they keep for your use
At their own charge.
AN. Y'are in the right.
ORG. Orco would get a pretty nimble way
Of profiting, if he be well taught.
AN. You have a secret mistress, Orgemon!
I prithee bring me to her.
ORG. No, sir! I am content

To manage my own fortune without help.
AN. Orco, you have a handsome sister! make
My way that I may visit her.
ORCO. How, sir!
You must make your own way then with your sword.
AN. Th'art not entirely cleans'd from folly, yet
Like to a gun ill cleans'd, thou dost recoil
At the first charge. If you like my sister,
Appoint your time, and I will do my best.
ORCO. Ay, that may mollify.
AN. She'll make a proper woman; but
The mischief is, she's yet but three years old.
A young bird! thou may'st catch her with a cherry.
ORC. My hour draws on, and my affairs require
That I should walk alone. I prithee lead me out—
AN. He is a scholar! let him take
His learned way, poor melancholy angler,
He must fish with those philosophical worms,
He finds in rotten books. Thou, Orco, and
My self, if we do faithfully conspire,
Will lay such subtle baits, as first shall vex
Our own, then vanquish all the other sex.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* DORODO.

BAL. Those scatter'd streaks of paleness in the east
Declare the day so near, the sun scarce needs
To travel half an hour to perfect it.
The port will open straight, and there you'll find
My page attend you with a horse.
DOR. Your tenderness and careful gratitude

Will, by example, benefit the world,
And teach ill natures to do good; if not
For virtue's sake, yet in a hope to gain
By the reward. Let me request you, sir,
To cherish nicely your dear life, which may
Be useful unto all mankind. Your wound
Will yet require the surgeon's help, and such
Untimely moving in the piercing air, perhaps,
Retard the cure. I pray, return.

BAL. 'Tis your civility to mind it, sir,
Else I should lack the means to think I have
That wound which I can hardly feel.
Since y'are a stranger, and by a request,
Through a becoming care of safety, make
Such haste to leave the town, perhaps your wants
May find this little treasure of some use.
Be pleas'd to make it yours.

DOR. I shall have need
Of nothing but your absence, sir, and that
Is useful to me, 'cause it may concern
Your health. Pray leave me, and return!

BAL. Let me attend you but a little further!
Perchance I have a mistress, whose dwelling near
The port, I would, in my obedience to
The custom here, salute with music when
She wakes.

DOR. Nor yet am I
So old, but you may think I have
A mistress too, whom I would celebrate;
And these affairs ask single secrecy.
I do beseech you leave me!

BAL. My better wishes wait upon you ever!

DOR. Mine, sir, on you! Although your virtue be
So strong, it doth prevent all other aids.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter LEONTE.

LEON. 'Twas by some secret whisperings of love
Enjoy'd before. If Don Dorando really
Had been a stranger to my sister, and
As new to her, as me, he had not grown
So bold in her defence ; if it be love,
'Tis apt enough to my conjecture. He
May take the usual way of early sacrifice
In amorous airs.
Just here, her window doth
O'er-look our garden wall. I'll wait
For his approach ; if singly, as such stol'n
Addresses commonly are made, he will
Be fitter for my sword ; nor would I, by
Unequal force, discharge and satisfy
My anger to my honour's loss.

Enter MUSICIANS.

1. MU. This is the place !
Diego, is the bass-viol mended which
Th' young lacquey batter'd with a torch ?
2. MU. Tigh'd as a bladder.
1. MU. Stand all close beneath
The penthouse ! there's a certain chamber-maid,
From yond' casement, will dash us else. She was
Ever very free of her urine.
LEO. Sure, Don Dorando sprung this tame covy !
Friend ! who employ'd you here ?
1. MU. A gentleman lover, sir.
LEO. I guess it is no city lover ;
For he'd have eas'd his mind with the town waits.
Know you his name ?
1. MU. Good sir, forbear ! You hinder our tuning.
LEO. Prithee, his name ?
1. MU. It is a stranger, sir ! He will be here
After the first madrigal.

LEON. That style of stranger shews it must be he.

SONG IN PARTS.

None but myself my heart did keep,
When I on cowslip bed did sleep
Near to a pleasant bog:
Whilst you, my pretty rogue,
With knuckle knocking at my breast,
Did ask for my three corner'd guest.
And whispering soft, as soft as voice could be,
Did say come out thou little heart to me!
A thousand fiends as black as soot,
With all their dirty dams to boot,
Take thee, O take thee every day,
For tempting my poor heart away!

2.

This heart, for joy, from me did leap,
And follow'd thee even step by step,
Till tir'd, it ask'd to rest
A while within thy breast.
'Twas thick, and fat, and plump before,
Weighing a full pound weight and more,
But now, alas, 'tis wasted to the skin,
And grows no bigger than the head of pin.
A thousand fiends as black as soot,
With all their dirty dams to boot.
Take thee, O take thee every day,
For tempting my poor heart away!

Enter ORGEMON.

ORG. There's your reward, avoid the place! 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt Musicians.*
She not returns me her accustomed favour;
Neither by th' sudden comfort of her eyes,
Nor one restrain'd soft whisper to declare
Her fears.

Claramante! Break forth
Thou living Light! the planet of the day
Makes constant haste to shine on ev'ry one,
Because insensible, and cannot know
The value of his beams; but thou,
Of worthier essence far than he, art nice
And chary of thy lustre, 'cause
Thy reason tells thee what is precious should
Be most reserv'd. Claramante!

LEO. If there be virtue in that name, it is
Not fit it should receive a blemish from
Thy voice. If there be none, thou newly
Hast corrupted what I thought was pure.

ORG. What are you that so rudely dare profane
A lover's rites? Those single privacies
The custom of this province doth allow.

LEO. Don Dorando! 'tis not thy want of memory
Doth make my person or my voice estrang'd
Unto thy knowledge, but thy guilt. Time hath
But added a few hours to our account,
Since thou with insolence didst injure whom
Thou now dost fear to know.

ORG. This scarcity of light, wanting enough
Of day t'inform thy eyes, makes thee mistake.
I am not he thou nam'st.

LEO. Dost thou deny thyself?
That which before did seem thy valour, was
No more than a disease within thy blood;
'T hath intermissions, and doth reign by fits.

ORG. Prithee, whoe'er thou art, befriend thyself
With my advice. For thine own safety, not
For mine, I wish thee leave this place.

LEO. Your easy temper will deceive you, sir!
Although I scorn to conquer him that is
Not willing to resist, I'll force you straight
If not to courage yet to anger. Thus!

[*Strikes him.*

ORG. Rash busy fool! 'tis now too late t'allay
[*They draw.*
That spirit thou hast rais'd. [*They fight.*

Enter CLARAMANTE *above, with a light.*

CLA. Who are you that, with rudely manag'd swords,
Foretel so much of danger and of death?
ORG. Thy valour did deserve a better cause,
But 'tis not timely to instruct thee now.
Yield, or thou diest!
[*Orgemon bestrides Leonte.*
CLA. Ay me, the voice of Orgemon!
My brother too, disarm'd, prostrate, and grown
The yielded subject of his rage.
ORG. Ha! thy brother?
Life of my heart! Had we but had thine eyes
T'enlighten us, this dark misprision could
[*A torch ready.*
Not so betray me, to oppose one, whom
My better knowledge might embrace.
CLA. If there be any mercy in thy love, give not
Thy anger leave to make a bloody use
Of victory!
ORG. For all the avaricious world calls wealth,
I would not shed the blood that is allied
To thine. Rise, sir! and thank your sister for
Your life and sword. [*Gives him his sword.*
LEO. I shall disdain them both,
Unless my fortune make me fit
For better gratitude; which is, when I
Have conquer'd thine to give them back.
[*Runs at him, they fight again.*
CLA. Cruel, and rash! Dost thou pervert the use
Of my request? Help, help!
[*Orgemon is wounded.*

ORG. Claramante! thy pity which did save
Thy brother's life hath now endanger'd mine.
CLA. Gonsalvo, help! my cousin, Argilo!
[*Goes from the window, and calls within.*
LEO. He seems, by th' half discernings of this light,
To shrink with loss of blood. I fear I shall
Have cause to curse my first mistake. I'll haste
Unto the next monastic-house to keep
Me from the rigour of the laws. [*Exit.*
ORG. Where art thou fled! Have I a wound, and not
An enemy, on whom I may reveng't?

Enter CLARAMANTE *above.*

CLA. Art thou in danger, noble Orgemon?
I fear to ask what's cruelty to know.
ORG. My gentle love! disquiet not thy heart
With kind suspicions, for my wound
Is neither deep nor hazardous.
CLA. Thy safety reconciles me to my stars,
Now they descend!
Give trust unto my cousin, Argilo,
Unless he should persuade thee hither; for
The malice of this house may ruin thee.
ORG. Wilt thou depart that art my better life?
CLA. My honour and my pity call me hence;
I dare no longer see thee, nor be seen. [*Exit.*

Enter ARGILO, GONSALVO, *with a torch.*

ONG. Keep back! I've yet another arm that may
Be prosperous for my defence.
AR. Don Orgemon, this is a noble lord!
I know his love to Claramante full
Of loyalty; without suspicion, sir, you may
Receive from me the office of a friend.
GON. I'th' calm and sleepy season of

The night, Leonte stole abroad. I fear
He hath been guilty of this rash assault.
AN. It seems there's danger in his deed, for he
Is fled. Be confident we'll serve you, sir.
How do you find your strength?
ORG. I only feel my fortune weak. If you
Are worthy, as your promise renders you,
Conduct me to the lodging near the bridge.
GON. I know it well; it is the marble-house!
AN. We'll both attend you thither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORCO *like a fiddler.* ANDROLIO *aloof of.*

ORCO. This is a tame street-hound of the right strain;
Now he hath found my footing 'twill be hard
To shake him off. He'll follow by the scent,
Like an old tiger.
AN. You have your early walks, Orco.
I know you by your aggot eyes, and your
Cinnamon face. Whither, I'faith? tell me!
You mean to firk it with your fiddlestick?
ORCO. If thou lov'st me, go back! I've a design
For thy good; but I would fain trust to my
Own head. The day will open presently,
And then my project is quite spoil'd.
AN. Yes, a Court project, which no man gets by
But the inventor; who is long in paying of
Himself, and at the last is soundly paid.
But I will stand to all unwholesome hazards,
And bear you company.
ORCO. You must excuse me,
Androlio. By this hand, 'tis a devout design!
AN. Faith like enough; you go to fiddle gratis
At the wedding of some poor orphan maid.
ORCO. Prithee, go back!
AN. Come, I begin to find you false. Doth not

Our late indenture bind us both to help
Each other for the common good of women,
And so to make our own enjoyings sure?
Thou hast a secret mistress, and I think
Dost hide her under ground, like a rose
Embalm'd within a leaden pot to keep it fresh.
ORCO. Or as our seamen bury beef; but if
Thou findst her out, thou'lt powder her.
AN. Thou art as valiant as a Machabee,
And shouldst be true: shall I trust thee alone?
ORCO. Androlio, if thou wilt leave me, I will tell thee all.
AN. As how? Proceed!
ORCO. There is a certain wench—
AN. Good! A wench! The very thing I want.
If thou lov'st me let her have black eyes.
Pray on, a wench!
ORCO. The daughter of an advocate.
AN. Good, still! I love to procreate with the law;
For I would have my issue thrive.
ORCO. This foresaid wench, sighing in her window,
Gave me the gentle leer as I pass'd by;
And I, that had the blessed happiness
To be born for her undoing, return'd her,—
You know my old guard of love-fence,—the half wink, thus;
AN. That's my way too; I taught it you. But mark
Me, Orco. You must not now prove negligent
In a good cause.
ORCO. Dost think I am so wicked?
She's newly blown, and I am going now
To make her ripe.
AN. Honest rogue, farewell!
[*Goes to the door and returns.*
D'ye hear, Orco? I needs must have this wench;

Remember how our covenants are drawn.

ORCO. Be confident, and leave me!

AN. Nay, thou art right. To-morrow I'll procure for thee.

[*Goes to the door again, and returns.*

Orco, thou dost not know what extraordinary use
I have for an advocate's daughter.

ORCO. I'm sensible! I prithee go! my friends'
Necessities I tender as mine own. [*Exit Androlio.*
I'll give him a false turn i'th' corner of
The next blind lane, that I may safer move
In my design.

[*Goes off, and enters again at the other door.*

I've lost him now!
The rogue's as cunning as a travel'd spy,
But I shall cozen him. This is the house!
Or I mistook my mark last night.

Sings a mock-song to a ballad tune.

Good morrow to the honourable Donna Amiana,
And to th' right worshipful, her little dog.

Enter AMIANA *above, with a paper with gold in't.*

AMI. You are too loud! I know thee not; and I
Presume thou dost not know thou wak'st my enemies:
For in this house the jealous live, who are
Such cruel judges of my thoughts and words,
That I grow weary of all hope but what
Infers my death. Although thy music's harsh,
I'll pay thy courtesy. There's gold, begone!

[*Throws him money.*

ORCO. Pretty varlet! Now am I melting, soft
All over, as a quodled* apple. I'll thread
These ducats on a fiddle-string, and wear
Them for a bracelet.

* Coddled.

AMI. What shall I do?
Although my father hazard me at home,
It may be danger to adventure forth.
Musician, are you gone?
ORCO. Here, dear lady!
So conquer'd by your bounty, that I'm e'en
Setting my fiddle to the tune of Dying dumps.
If you would grace me with commands, you shall
Perceive I dare attempt as far as Orpheus did,
That played a jig in hell. There I have nick'd her
With a compliment. [*Aside.*
AMI. Govern your words,
And then beware your promises exceed
Not what you can perform; yet I have heard
Coarse habits often cover mighty minds.
Know you Don Androlio, the nephew to
The governor?
ORCO. Do I know a ducat when I see't?
I am to play before
His worship this very morning: he makes
My love ballads. The merry madrigal
For maids, and the vicious virgin, were both his.
AMI. I know him vain, wild, and ungovern'd as
Th' assembling winds; yet if thou'lt safely bring
Me to his house, I'll make thee rich with my
Rewards; but be thou sure, thou use me not
With rude, uncivil violence; for then
His anger, and my kindred's pow'r will seek
Thee out, as far as day is known, to ruin thee
With their revenge.
ORCO. 'Las, madam, I am call'd
The faithful fiddler of Cordua. Boldly
Adventure, for my life shall warrant you!
AMI. There is no staying here! To my infirm
And troubled sense, it doth appear as safe
To hazard what is doubtful there, as undergo

What certainly is worse than death within. [*Exit.*

ORCO. She's coming down, I hope. Don Androlio.
When you did bring Don Orgemon and me
Last night to see your mistress in this house;
Your brains, I take't, did you no great good service.
If I bring her to yours, although I've made
A kind of poetical promise to
That small purpose, may this become my lasting trade,
And I sing my own story under the title
Of the lousey lover.

Enter AMIANA *veil'd.*

AMI. Good friend! where are you?

ORCO. Ready to serve you. Ha! Her face veil'd?
No matter! I shall see all in the green-chamber.

AMI. First take that jewel to invite your faith:
Which if perform'd with loyalty,
It shall receive a larger recompence;
But still remember, what a punishment
Attends on treacherous deeds. And as
You honour heaven, make haste, before
The business of the people fill the streets!

ORCO. I shall consider as I walk, whether
I gain'd her with my face, or voice; for both
Are excellent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORGEMON, *and one* SERVANT.

ORG. That key opens my cabinet! Reward
The surgeon well: although my wound, I hope,
Will need no more his medicine, nor his care.
Be still within my call!

1 SERV. I shall, sir! [*Exit.*

ORG. O love!
Thy wonders might create a story that

Would fill all books. 'Tis strange a power so soft,
And ever young, should be so tyrannous
And strong! 'Tis in obedience to thy will
That Don Leonte lives; and adds this morn
To's short account of time. And 'tis the same
Obedience keeps my honour in such awe,
That he must still survive the date of my
Revenge.

Enter FIRST SERVANT.

1 SERV. A gentleman, importunate
With haste and business, desires to speak with you.

ORG. Admit him in! [*Exit* 1 *Servant.*

Enter CLARAMANTE *in man's habit.*

CLA. Sir! I perceive
You gaze and seek for something in my face,
That you would seem to know: And sure, if I
Had courage to display what I must bashfully
Decline and hide, you'ld soon restore it to
Your memory, and then give me a name.

ORG. Claramante! My wonder to behold
Thee thus, and here, will scarce give place unto
My joy! How rarely fashion'd is thy courtesy.

CLA. I knew no way, most loyal Orgemon!
That would so much become my gratitude
As thus t'oblige you with the trust, both of
My honour and my life; whose life and honour, I
Of late with my unequal pity did
Betray. But I have hope my urgent pray'r
Hath kept all danger from your wound.

ORG. It is
Too apt for cure, too slight to merit such
A recompence; you give, my gentle mistress,
So much new ornament to our coarse sex,
By seeming of it now, that I suspect

Ere long you will neglect your own.
CLA. I do so fear my own disguise, that
I tremble in the light far more
Than other virgins in the dark, as if
The law did follow me for stealing of
My borrow'd shape. I shrink like th'Indian flow'r
Which creeps within its folded leaves when it
Is touch'd, asham'd that men should come so near't.
ORG. 'Tis a disguise thy need of safety will allow.
CLA. You shall conceal me from my brother's wrath,
Until the priest by holy rites hath made
Us fitting to appear in public view.
ORG. This house will soon be subject to his eyes,
And to your kin'red's search, but, ere their rage
Or watchful malice can have time to find
You out, I will convey you hence unto
Some place more secret and remote.

Enter ANDROLIO.

AN. What! lock'd up like a relic, sir? Ere long
A man must bow three paces off to him
That shews your picture. My dear Don! how go
Affairs? This is a mad town! the very race
Of mankind in't are all turn'd cats: Such climbing
Into windows, clambering over house-tiles,
And scratching for females, was ne'er heard of
Since first the hot Moors did overcome Spain,
And met with our grandmothers in the dark.
ORG. Was this last night? And things of moment done?
By whom, I pray?
AN. Odd skirmishes have pass'd,
But who were actors in't, I cannot hear.
ORG. No person chief in the disorder nam'd?
AN. I tell you, no! they bear their follies out
With gravity; a kind of sly State-sinners, sir,

And we are village-fools : For though we find
Great mischiefs still are done, we never know
By whom. What gentleman is this ?
ORG. One I'll prefer to your acceptance, sir ;
My cousin, and an heir.
AN. Will he be bound ?
ORG. 'Las ! he is but in's teens.
AN. What does he then abroad ? Let him keep home
Till the wax be ready, and the bonds drawn.
ORG. Androlio, lend me your ear ! You are
Arriv'd hither most opportunely for my use.
AN. It may be so ! 'tis more though than I meant.
ORG. That I confess ! yet, prithee, be but sad
A while, or serious, which thou wilt, and take
A secret from me that concerns me much.
AN. Quick, then ! For I've a secret business too.
Just when the clock strikes nine, I am to meet
An advocate's daughter.
ORG. That may be done
Without impediment to what I shall
Impose. This gentleman with strictest care
Must be conceal'd within your house to-night ;
His honour suffers much if he be found.
AN. Is he to fight ? I'll be his second !
ORG. There's something of a duel in't, and though
His years promise no miracles of strength,
Yet he hath seeds of courage, and will yield
To nothing that he thinks an injury.
AN. You know my way ; we'll fight it two to two !
That Norman fencer which I kept, is dead.
Oh ! he was a rare murderer ; but I
Have all his rules.
ORG. No words to him, Androlio,

That may intimate a quarrel, as you love me.
AN. Enough! when I suspect my tongue I'll take
It out, and lock it in my cabinet.
[*Goes to Claramante.*
Sir! I do seldom make requests, but since
Allied unto my friend, I shall desire
I may have leave to serve you.
CLA. Your favour, sir, hath made a most unworthy choice;
But I shall daily hasten to deserv't.
AN. A pretty bashful fellow! I'll enter him
Upon the mad girls. Give me thy hand!
For thy sake, Orgemon, he shall begin
With the advocate's daughter.
[*Claramante takes Orgemon aside.*
CLA. Have pity, sir, upon my fears! I hope
You will not trust me in his house;
He seems so wild, and wickedly inclin'd,
I dare not hope for safety where he dwells.
ORG. Poor troubled heart, dismiss those needless fears!
Your safety is assur'd in your disguise.
The time is short you are to stay with him,
And then his character, so known unto
Your friends, will hinder all suspicion of
Your being there; besides, although his wantonness
Lessens his worth unto a stranger's eye,
I know his valour will not suffer him
To fail my trust.
AN. Lead the way!
CLA. My fortune is as wearisome
And doubtful to me, as this borrow'd shape.
ORG. Yet know, my beauteous friend, he that
Foretels his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, 'twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny.

But we must trust to virtue, not to fate !
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.
[*Exeunt.*

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Androlio, *and* Second Servant.

An. When I had got fit leisure to peruse her,—
Besides that fair perspicuous text, her face,—
I saw a world of little marginal notes,
That prov'd significant enough to doubt her.
Yet when I told her of't, the poor fool wept,
And that alacrity of weeping shews
She is a woman. A slight shallow trick !
And shallow waters cannot part us two,—
I must wade over ; then when I grew a little rude,
She seem'd angry ; that shews too, she is a woman.
But when, through a small cranny of the door,
I spied her folding up her hair behind,
What needed more to make her guilty, and
Me guilty too, if she'd consent ; but 'tis a cold girl,
Or else she counterfeits.
Is the fine young gentleman stirring yet ?

2*d* Serv. He wak'd long since, sir, and is now at's pray'rs.

An. How ! At pray'rs ! Even that alone's enough
To shew she is a gentlewoman.
Go wait without ! [*Exit 2d Servant.*
When I did fool, and strive to kiss her,
The peevish ape drew out a ponyard.

Enter Claramante *in man's habit.*

Cla. Good morrow, sir !
Good thoughts to you, sir, and I hope so good
A wish is welcome to your ear. [*A letter and purse.**

* The mention of these "properties"—which would only occur in the prompter's book—may be taken in evidence that, if not really acted, the play had been prepared for acting.

AN. You are no lady yet.
CLA. Although I want persuasion, sir, to rule
Your thoughts, I trust your own civility
Will rule your deeds. [*Weeps.*
AN. More dropping show'rs
From such a sky, as should not entertain
A cloud? A gentleman and weep!
Who ever saw't before? Scarce at a funeral,
But when his sire died poor; or blush, but when
He went to borrow money, and then it was
For very shame the party would not lend it.
CLA. I shall begin to wish I were
More wicked then I am; if others' faults
Can only make up a disguise to keep
Me safe from greater sins.
AN. Come, my fair masculine! last night
You know I did desist in pity to
Your bashfulness; for it is fit
We grow acquainted ere we love. But now
I hope you'll pity me. [*Steps to her, she steps back.*
CLA. If you have noble honour in you, I
Am sure you dare not foully break the trust
Of Orgemon, your friend.
AN. A friend! A very new one! Here he sways
the town,
And we not know his province, nor his birth.
It is but vain
To iterate what I said before. I find
He sent you hither for a trial of
My eyes, and wit: Should I not know you as
A gallant ought, he would extremely scorn me.
Let me but share the favours you confer
On him: my friend and I are one.
CLA. If that be possible, I shall believe
Virtue and truth are only names on earth,
And their realities are fled to heaven. [*Weeps.*
AN. Weeping again? I am a thousand Turks

If sh'ave not quite corrupted me! I must
Weep too! But say I prove so curs'd
A villain now, as to have a mind to her
In my tears? Huge double drops, I swear!

Enter SECOND SERVANT.

2*d* SERV. Don Orco, sir, desires to speak with you.
AN. Ha! Orco! Is he below, and a wench with him?
2*d* SERV. No sir, alone! and in great haste he comes
T'invite you to his lodging.
AN. I hope the small she-advocate is there.
Sir! If you'll but survey the lease within,
You'll find the house is yours. I pray retire!
I dare leave her; she hath not courage to
Go forth alone i' th' open day. Besides,
I know her inclination's kind, and unto me
In chief. Why, came she hither else? [*Exit.*
CLA. Sir! sir! allow me but a word, and take
This purse before you grant what I request.
2*d* SERV. Good, sir! I'faith it is too much.
CLA. Thou shalt have more at thy return,
If with true secrecy and speed, unknown
Unto thy master, thou inquire the dwelling of
Don Orgemon, and deliver him this letter.
2*d* SERV. Straight, sir! I will not stay to weigh your gold. [*Exit.*
CLA. Unless my written sorrows hasten thee
To fetch me hence, I ne'er shall see thee, Orgemon,
My eyes will melt away so fast. [*Exit.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, LEONTE, GONSALVO, ARGILO.

BAL. Brother, you need not throw your eyes
About the street as if you fear'd the laws;
For I am told Don Orgemon is well.
LEO. His fortune gives him satisfaction then,

And amply too, for my mistake.
GON. Sure, Orco dwells within this broad arch'd building!
It will be requisite we here begin our search.
AR. Most consequent; for he was early seen
In an assum'd fantastic dress, leading
A lady in disguise.
BAL. Knock at the gate, Gonsalvo! [*He knocks.*
LEO. Break it open! why should we use our cause
So mannerly? We come not here to make
A formal visit, but to find a sister,
Stol'n and betray'd.
BAL. Hold, gentlemen! Brother
You are too violent. We shall not save
But ruin Claramante's honour, if,
By noise and rude disorder, we provoke
The people to observe that she is fled
From home; nor are we certain she is here.

Enter THIRD SERVANT.

GON. We come in business to your master, friend.
Request him hither!
3d SERV. My master, sir, in not within.
AR. Gonsalvo, lay you hold upon that fellow!
And keep him safe, whilst Balthazar and I
Enter and search the house. You, Don Leonte,
May guard the gate, t'examine those
That make their passage forth.
[*Exeunt Balthazar, Argilo.*
LEO. You slave, if you call out, or strive for your
Deliverance, here's that shall spoil your voice!
[*Draws his dagger.*
GON. He will be rul'd! his courage never comes
Upon him until noon, and then
He triumphs, sir.
LEO. If we do miss her here, our nearest hope
Will be to seek her where Don Orgemon

Resides ; and he again shall try to expiate
His saucy error with his sword.
GON. But Claramante must
Be gently us'd ; for I suspect it is
Your harsh demeanour hath provok'd her to
This ill becoming remedy.
LEO. 'Tis likely, by my brother's stay, he hath
Already found her here.

Enter BALTHAZAR, ARGILA, AMIANA *veil'd.*

BAL. I have inquir'd as high as to the heads
Of chimneys, and as low as to the feet
Of wells, yet found no virgin, sir, but this.
AR. She is a distress'd one too, or else she doth
Dissemble sorrow very cunningly.
BAL. All hidden but your eyes,
Lady ! such care to be conceal'd would cause
Unkind observers to suspect you have
Some faults. If not acquainted with your name,
Yet make us known unto your face.
AMI. I hardly know my self, I'm so
Unfortunate ! y'have heard the story of
My wrong, how and by whom misled into
This place ; and with what aids of tears, and pray'rs,
I have preserv'd my honour ?
BAL. 'Tis happy that
Is safe. I wonder much a gentleman
Should so unworthily demean himself.
AMI. If you have seeds of true compassion, sir,
Unveil me not ; but clouded thus, convey
Me to some private dwelling, where my fears
May be the worst I shall endure.
LEO. This is some virgin you may hire at a
Far easier rate than your soliciting.
She's choicely bred to entertain gallants.
BAL. Brother, y'are too cruel ! Proceed upon
Your search, and I'll attend you straight.

Gonsalvo! force that humble officer
Along with you, till we are parted from his reach.
[*Exeunt Leonte, Gonsalvo, Argilo, 3d Servant.*
AMI. I made but little use of precepts, shouuld
I not forgive such injuries as scorn;
The careless hazard of my fame deserves
Much more, and I have patience to allow't.
BAL. You teach me, lady, to believe, and to
Lament your sufferings. I will conduct
You straight unto a lodging you may trust
For honest worth and privacy.
AMI. My better angel, sir, I hope hath some
Affinity with yours, and both conspir'd
To send you hither for your own renown,
And my felicity.
BEL. What dull, ignoble devil could in all
His breast find out a thought to wrong such eyes?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ORCO, ANDROLIO.

AN. Orco, do not I know the latitude of
The narrow compass of thy head? Persuade
Me not, if thou believ'st I have one ounce
Of brains within mine own, that thou couldst get
My mistress to thy lodging by this trick.
ORCO. I have not sanctity enough to do
A miracle, and therefore am content
To think this none. But here she is! Here you
Shall see her too, unless women
And watching have destroy'd your sight.
AN. Is this the advocate's daughter?
ORCO. As much of her as I could reach upon
Such short preparatives of wit. And this, as I
Imagine too, had been detain'd from you a while,
But that the wicked thing prov'd chaste.
AN. Confess, i'faith! You know I still absolve
These pretty venial sins in all that date

Themselves beneath fourscore. How didst thou find her?

ORCO. A little odd! The silly elf hath been
Ill taught, she understood me not at first,
But I, that spare no pains t'inculcate doctrine of
This kind, told her my purpose in rare words,
And then she call'd unto her help a race
Of strange and unheard of friends.

AN. Ha! Who are they?

ORCO. People above the clouds! Old Saints' hard names
Of such as you, and I ne'er knew, but in
The Kalender.

AN. This chit would be rebuk'd;
But 'tis a foolish way she hath long us'd.

ORCO. I thought she would have catechiz'd my man,
Gave him a rosary of beads, with good council,
And the dull slave began to listen too.
For let me tell you, he's a very great
Misleader of weavers,
And may in time make a rebellion.

AN. Well! No hope then of success?

ORCO. 'Faith I began to doubt the worst, and so
Committed her unto a cushion, and
A little pocket book, lock'd in her chamber.

AN. Orco, a man of weak experience in
This transitory world would grow enrag'd
At such uncomfortable plots as these.
Be jealous of his mistress, wake betimes,
And call you to the field in slippers and
Your shirt, with your sword drawn! But I, who know
These fond calamities are incident
To virtue, do forgive thee, and will have
Our covenants new sign'd, that the old league
Of mutual procuration may be straight renew'd.

ORCO. Agreed! I cannot venture much!
AN. Knock at your door! I would fain see her.
[*Orco knocks.*
ORCO. It seems my man is not o'ervex'd with cares,
For I believe he's fast asleep. [*Knocks again.*

Enter THIRD SERVANT.

How, sirrah? My doors lock'd, and you abroad?
3*d* SERV. O sir, I am undone!
ORCO. Undone! Why art thou married, fool, since I went forth?
3*d* SERV. No, but the lady, sir, you left unto
My charge, was carried hence by gentlemen,
And my self forc'd t'attend their company,
Till she was led I know not where.
ORCO. The lady gone!
AN. Orco, a very ordinary nose
May scent your stratagem. This was a trick
To magnify your wit, fable, and figment;
Orco, my mistress is at home, and, as
I take't, was never here.
ORCO. Caitiff! What gentlemen were those that took
The lady hence?
3*d* SERV. I know not, sir, nor whither they are gone.
AN. Come, shift your fooling vizard off! you may
Appear in your own face. I knew before
I was but gull'd, and will vouchsafe to be
So ev'ry day, in hope to mend thy brain
With exercise.
ORCO. Y'are merry, sir! Perhaps at your own charge?

Enter SECOND SERVANT.

AN. How now! Are you undone too?

2*d* SERV. Worse, sir! the gentleman you left at home
Is fled.

AN. Fled, sir! What out at the window?

2*d* SERV. No sir, a horseback. They bound me fast!

ORCO. Sure, Androlio, this is a fable too.

[*Androlio takes Orco aside.*

AN. Come, I suspect you are a traitor, and
Have double plots. This sounds like your mischief.

2*d* SERV. No, truly, sir! the stranger was seduc'd
By one, Don Orgemon.

AN. Don Orgemon, villain! which way took they?

2*d* SERV. Through Jaques Port, towards Anselmo's wood.

AN. Five miles distant from hence! It carries much
Of likelihood. Orco, lend me a horse.

ORCO. You shall ride me, because you have the better wit.

AN. Hire me some slaves! get me my midnight vizards,
And my false robes. Haste, Sirrah! as you prize
Your life; it will be easy to o'ertake 'em.
I would not for the crown of Spain bear this
Defeat. My statue will be cut mounting
A marble ass, with huge unmeasurable ears.

ORCO. And mine leading that ass bare-foot in procession
For my folly, unless I find your mistress. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORGEMON, CLARAMANTE, *in a woman's riding-habit, and one servant.*

ORG. To make us free from all inquiry, when
We are pursu'd, lead on the horses towards
Cordua, and leave us in this wood.

1. SERV. Your cabinet and garments I have laid
I'th' lower hermitage. Heaven protect you, sir.
[*Exeunt* 1. *Servant.*
ORG. The wild condition of these woods you'll find
More innocent and safer than a temple, if
Androlio sojourn'd in't. He shall be forc'd
To render me a strict account for this
Abhor'd attempt. I did not think he could
Be seriously inclin'd to ill, although
I knew he had some guilt of levity
And youth, which unjust custom doth excuse.
CLAR. The threat'nings of my little strength, and all
My anger, had not kept my honour free,
Without the sudden help of heaven, that did
Divert his thoughts.
ORG. It is the lasting vice
Of our ill-fashion'd sex, to think those injuries
We do to yours but pretty triumphs;
As if it were a dignity in youth to have
The pow'r and judgement to betray.
CLA. Renowned Orgemon!
When you are crown'd with many years, and your
Best star invites you to an upper orb
Eternally to shine, and keep it company,
Succeeding virgins then shall sacrifice
Their songs, their sighs, unto your fame, and praise
Your kind confession of those wrongs they still
Receive on earth.
ORG. Move softly on, and mark the place
Whereon you tread! for your descent
Is steep and dangerous.
CLA. What is that cell
Or hermitage, to which you guide me now?
ORG. A place of secret sanctity, where we
Securely may reside, until my confessor

By rites of holy priesthood, tie
Our hearts and hands with that mysterious knot
Which all your brother's eminence and strength
Cannot dissolve.

CLA. Then I shall lose
My freedom, whilst by force of formal law,
And a devout necessity, I must
Become the subject of your power, who was
The mistress of your love. A dreadful change
But such, I hope, as you will manage well.

ORG. Though I a sceptre held,
And my imperial rule
O'ershadow'd all the earth—for surely vast
Authority keeps all below it in
The dark—yet I should ne'er permit my pow'r
To lessen or to spoil my love.

CLA. Are you assur'd you move directly in
Our way? This path is diversely inclin'd,
And will occasion a mistake.

ORG. Be confident! I have been here before.

Enter ANDROLIO *disguised, and others in vizards.*

AN. Seize on her strait, and bind him to a tree!
Use no discourse nor violence that may
Endanger him, though he resist.

ORG. Villains, restore my sword! then yield
Me space to manage it, and, strengthened with
This cause, I will enforce my way.

[*They bind him to a tree. Androlio lays hold on Claramante, she kneels.*

CLA. If you believe there are rewards or punishments
Above, desist from what you cruelly
Intend; there is an eye more sensible,
And greater than the sun, that sees
What you are doing.

ORG. Claramante, be not

Thy own destroyer with thy fears. These, sure,
Are but thy brother's instruments, and, though
Incens'd against me, his nature cannot suffer him
To touch thy honour, or thy life.

CLA. I am your prisoner, sir! I yield myself
So you will free Don Orgemon.

[*Androlio delivers her to the rest.*

ORG. Curs'd at our births, the stars are all our enemies.

CLA. Why should I fear the life I carry hence,
When I must leave the pleasure of it here?

[*They carry her off.*

AN. This wondrous wealth is yet got without blood!
And all your witty arts upon me are
Reveng'd. Friendship is folly when we suffer it
To hinder us of what we dearly love
Whilst young. W'are wise when we our pleasure gain,
All other documents are grave, but vain. [*Exit.*

ORG. Don Leonte! if thou art he dares own
That name—grant freedom to my tongue if not
To me, and hear me speak. Dost thou disdain
Me in my bonds, villain?
Thy cruelty, if written, would outlast
The noble story of thy sister's love.

Enter DORANDO.

DOR. Who is it that complains of love? Or is't
The echo of mine own unquiet voice?
Or is't some lover vainly come to boast
His sorrow in these woods?
Let him but lay his ear unto my breast,
And he shall find such loud disorders there,
As will persuade him he doth hear my thoughts
Without th' assistance of my tongue, take down
His sails as if becalm'd for want of sighs,

Whilst I am shipwreck'd with a lasting storm.
ORG. If all these sufferings be true, thou art
Become so skillful and intelligent
In griefs, I need not doubt thou wilt believe
Mine fit for a redress.
DOR. Bound to a tree! his looks declare that he
Hath honour in him, and his language, love.
Where was my sword, and I, when such an act
Should be perform'd? I guess you well deserve
Your liberty, and am resolv'd to give it you.
[*Unbinds him.*
ORG. It was a sin to take this courtesy.
Can it become my hands t' accept their freedom, when
My heart is made a captive?
DOR. These your complaints cannot
Be easily understood by me.
ORG. The mistress of my life was here surpris'd, forc'd hence;
Led to endure horrid uncertainties,
And doubts of dying by her brother's wrath,
She whom my virtue and my honour lov'd.
DOR. Enforc'd from hence! let's follow, sir, and force
Her back! If thou dost truly love, thy valour will
Be mighty in thy mistress' cause.
ORG. They're fled on horses, swift as are the winds,
And like the winds do surely move in such
Uncertain ways, as will beguile, and make
Too vain the purpose of pursuit; but to
Deter us more, her virgin fame is of
That tender quality, as must
Not be invaded with designs of blood,
And she esteems her brother as her life.
DOR. A brother, too, is my heart's enemy.
I will not ask thy mistress' name, because

My jealous wisdom, by a vow, makes me
Conceal hers whom my love adores; but be
It lawful to inquire the cause why thy
Affection not enjoys, whom it doth seem
So highly to deserve?

ORG. Her brother's pride destroys my hopes; knowing
My fortune and my wealth reach not my birth.

DOR. The very cause that makes me languish too.
Ye pow'rs! why did you cruelly ordain
Base treasure, trash to noble minds, should be
Impediments to love? Or, why,
For human quietness, are not our thoughts
Proportion'd to our wealth?

ORG. Our sorrows bear such sympathy, I must
Require no less, as a requital of
My story, than the relation, sir, of yours.

DOR. It is so like your own, that if you keep a diary
Of all your evil fate doth act, you
Hourly may read mine. But for
Diversity, you shall be taught. Those woods
Have kept me mourning here, dismiss'd
From Cordua, where my mistress rules all eyes;
And banish'd thence by her command out of
Ill chosen pity to preserve, whom it
Unwillingly destroys.

ORG. From Cordua!
The very place too where my mistress did reside.
It is not fit, sir, further to enquire into
A lover's secrecy; but our calamities
Appear so like, I needs must beg to call you friend.

DOR. It is a privilege which I
In mine own wishes found ere 'twas desir'd
By you; for when our hearts and fortunes are
So near allied, why should we separate

Our hands? I hope my time of exile
Is now expir'd; for I would fain
Obscurely make a visit to the town.
ORG. Let us confirm our friendship with our vows,
Then straight together move! My honour and
My life I will engage in every noble
Danger to assist your love.
DOR. That vow devoutly seal'd I will confirm,
And still preserve in each design of yours.
ORG. Our force united thus, w'are abler for
Revenge, though not ordain'd for a redress.
Then with some joy, we should remember too
We have so much of luck as to be young:
And though our fortune's weak, our loves are strong. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ANDROLIO, CLARAMANTE, MARILLIA.

AN. You may be here as safe as in a cloister;
And, if your hard heart please, as innocent.
This right rev'rend matron governs the house,
And will proportion all to your desires.
CLA. She seems so virtuous, sir, I'll trust her with
My life, and yet I shall confess I do
Not credit her enough.
AN. You may trust her
With your life, lady, for sh'ath kept her own
Thus handsomely about some threescore years.
MAR. Threescore and ten next Whitsun Eve though 'tcome
To-morrow, I assure you, sir.
AN. Shake off suspicion from

Your thoughts! and be so much resolv'd as to
Believe all I have promis'd shall be
Well perform'd.
CLA. If I were faithfully
Inform'd Don Orgemon is safe, I should
Be easily taught to grow more hopeful of
Mine own security.
AN. When I surpris'd you in
The wood, one of my disguis'd followers
I left behind to watch his safety, and
T'unbind him, when we had out-gone his sight:
But he's return'd, and brings intelligence
A stranger, by prevention, gave him liberty,
And he saw them both hasten to this town.
CLA. How could you cruelly design such griefs
To those who would not cause another's pain,
Although to cure their own?
AN. 'Twas a kind of wicked wantonness,
A pretty sort of doing mischief a
Fine new way; th'old way of sinning is tedious.
Besides you know how much it doth concern
The honour of a cavalier, to be
Outwitted where a mistress is the prize.
But be assur'd, all now is safe, and I
As virtuous too, as you would wish.
CLA. Had you oblig'd Heaven yesterday with such
Resolves of virtue, there had been no use
Of fears, or tears which yield as little remedy.
AN. What! Ere I knew your name or quality?
By this light! it concern'd my hopes extremely
To take you for a small offender; which, had
You prov'd, 'tis ten to one I had prov'd so too.
MAR. The gentleman speaks well: for as they say,
We must conform ourselves to all occasions.
AN. You are a she-philosopher,

And know the compounds of the world.
CLA. I hope your resolution, sir, will not
Forsake those better thoughts you entertain'd
So hastily.
AN. I pray be confident!
I'm grown so exquisitely mended, that
I've lik'd myself these two long hours;
So charitable, as I could e'en promise
This good old woman a good turn, but that
She will expect it, and her age, I fear,
Is hardly satisfied.
CLA. Your words are still too doubtful, sir.
AN. Lady, believe me, I am virtuous—
Mother, is your young daughter at school yet?
'Tis time to leave her needle now, and breed
Her for the public good.
MAR. 'Las, sir, 'tis such
A headstrong thing! But she will learn, I hope.
AN. The time will not allow
Much counsel now; haste! and confine yourself
Within your chamber, your brothers are abroad;
They make as curious search, and with no less
Authority than the all-licens'd sun.
It were as much as death, if they should find
You out. Away! I will adventure forth,
And learn how their intelligence proceeds. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONTE, BALTHAZAR, ARGILA, GONSALVA.

LEO. For th'honour of your reason, Balthazar,
Let not your eyes betray you to a life
Of lasting folly. Errors taken up
In haste, and then as hastily dismiss'd,
May be excus'd; but here t'inhabit, and
Consider twenty hours, upon a beauty
Found such a common way, must needs
Appear both shameful and abhor'd.
GON. A face, which if unhappily you had

Not ta'en the pains to find within, perhaps
Would have been hung out of the window for
A sign of invitation.

AR. Faith! do the poor soul right:
For though she may be willing to betray,
Yet I believe her years allow her not
Capacity. She's yet scarce fit
To be gathered; her season is not come.

LEO. 'Tis but our difference in judgement, sir.
I think she is so ripe that she will fall
With the next touch.

BAL. Enough! You shall subdue me, gentlemen,
And make me vildly natur'd, to preserve
The fame of my discretion; for I
Will leave this lady.

Enter AMIANA.

LEO. Look there! she is prepar'd for parting, sir,
[*Balthazar goes to her.*
I prithee do not stay to give good counsel,—
She is too fair to take it,—straight follow us
To the western port, unless my spies
Prove double-eyed. This night, false sister, I
Shall find your dark abode.
Balthazar, make haste!
[*Exeunt Leonte, Gonsalvo, Argilo.*

BAL. Lady, you see my services, disdained
By you, are so much valued by my friends,
They would not have me lose them here. Your own
Unkindness will provoke me to a rude
Severity. I must leave you! Leave you
For ever! But have left such power within,
As shall enable you still to command
The house. Fortune and love protect your hopes!

AMI. Perfect my understanding love, and I
Release my hopes. What mean these seeming saints?
These false usurpers of celestial shapes?

Why do they wear their tongues
So long a journey from their hearts, that yet
Their words and thoughts could never meet?
What is the hidden sense of their desires?
They all complain I am not kind; yet still
I grant them tears, and sighs, and prayers. Then search
The very utmost confines of my breast,
Until I find out worthy wishes to
Requite those courtesies they call their love;
Yet still they say I am not kind.

Enter ORCO, *and a* THIRD SERVANT.

3d SERV. Those strangers, sir, that came in visit to her,
Descended through the terrace to the street.
Please you to enter, for the chamber's free.

ORCO. Be mindful of my first commands.

[*Exit Servant.*

AMI. Hath th'evil spirit got your shape again?
My chief betrayer, whither shall I fly?

ORCO. Lady! Y'are everywhere secure: you have
Not guilt enough to know, or fear a danger.

AMI. What make you here?

ORCO. If there be truth in man,
I have been vigilant to find you out,
With mere design to serve you faithfully.

AMI. Ay! you are all in feign'd resemblance kind;
True votaries of love without. Such, false
Androlio shewed at first, so you appear'd;
And such Don Balthazar, all true alike.
Seeming to render, and devote yourselves
With less design than infants.
Your faces seem'd in heaven, your hearts
Were bred in hell.

ORCO. In some hot region, sure; for I
Confess we are most fierily addicted.

AMI. Not one of all your promising, pretending sex
Is virtuously inclin'd.
ORCO. Faith, hardly, lady!
Yes, I've a grandfather, who, since he was
Last bedrid, is pretty honest; and I believe
Th'old anchorite, that sojourns yonder in
The Abbey wall, is a little mortified
Since he lost his feeling.
AMI. O, how deceiving are those tragic tales:
Those mourning histories of love, which, in
The dreadful winter nights, our innocent maids
Are us'd to read, whilst we are cozen'd of
Our tears, weeping for joy, when loyal natures seem
From hazard freed, and then for grief of their
Distress. Yet now I see such characters
Of honour ne'er had real being here.
ORCO. 'Las! These are poets' snares to catch
Young lovers in.
Madam! you see how freely I confess;
Which is some note I am reclaim'd.
AMI. I gladly would believe you, sir; and it
Doth much concern your happiness, still to
Maintain my growing faith with worthy deeds.
ORCO. Hear me! And that your eye may first prepare
Your ear, behold me on my knee! to make
My protestations sacred by a vow. If you
Will scape your father's wrath, who by his spies
Pursues you every where, follow where I
Shall bring you, to enjoy all that your virtue can
Desire. But time doth force us to such strict
Necessity of haste, as will admit
No arguing or pause.
AMI. Endanger'd by my father too! Lead on!
If thou prov'st false again, I shall
Disclaim my patience, and convert

My gentle mercy to a raging curse.
ORCO. She hath such pretty twinkling eyes! stars in
A frosty night are nothing to 'em.
I have once more a secret grudging
To turn traitor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BALTHAZAR *at one door,* GONSALVO *and* ARGILA *at the other.*

GON. Don Balthazar!
BAL. You judge well in the dark! I am
No worse a man. Be you, Gonsalvo, more
Sparing in your good looks: Shrink in your cloak
A while. I guess it by
The flutt'ring up and down of your night fowl,
Something of rapine or revenge is near.
AR. Upon my life, your brother's cudgellers
They watch about Androlio's house.
BAL. Where have you left my brother?
GON. Where hath his brain left him, and he left us?
AR. To night he hath been long in whisper with
Androlio's man; who hath betray'd to him
His master's small secrets, and, in pursuit
Of some design deriv'd from that intelligence,
Is gone alone.
BAL. What he determines in
His rash resolves I'll not be guilty of.
I guess my sister in the hands of Orgemon,
And therefore safe; for though not spaciously
Possess'd of lands, his honour, and his fame,
May equal any man's that bears his fortune
At the highest rate. Let us retire home! [*Exeunt.*

Enter DORANDO, ORGEMON, *a little disguis'd, and one* SERVANT.

1 SER. Sir! Credit my instructions.

'Twas not Leonte, but Androlio, that
Surpriz'd you in the wood. His man, newly
Revolted from him, gave me this for truth.

ORG. His wantonness and vain luxurious wit
Hath made him false; he will not find
That I can trifle with revenge, as he with friendship.

DOR. If you are sure he is not sound at heart,
Then let him blood. Why should these managers
Of mischief dwell i'th' light? The grave is dark,
And fit for secrecy. Despatch him thither!

ORG. I am attended on by several scouts,
But I shall take Dorando as
The readiest test of love, if you will go
And privately invite
Him to me with his sword. That house which fronts
Upon Jago's Church, is, as my man
Informs me, th' only place to which he doth
Design his visits. Much about this hour
He is accustom'd to begin his walk.
If you will watch near to the corner there,
You may encounter him.

DOR. Him, and the house I know. He shall consent
To come and satisfy these idle injuries,
Or I will force him to a shame
Less pleasing than your wrath.

ORG. I cannot doubt his courage, 'tis his crime;
His sword is never unprepar'd, nor hath
He temper how to chuse his enterprise.
I'll stand in the adjoining street,
And closely there attend your coming, sir.

DOR. Be muffled in your cloak!
Although the night be some protection to you,
Yet I observe men passing by begin
To gaze, and pierce you with their eyes.

ORG. My own suspicions have prevented your

Advice. Andrea! make you haste unto
My house, and there prepare for our return.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter ANDROLIO *and* MARILLIA.

AN. I prithee, dear antiquity, this is
No time to waste in lectures.
Where is the lady?
MAR. Why, what's the matter, sir?
You are perhaps in very exceeding
Extraordinary haste to be wicked, are you?
AN. Will you sit still and warm your self at your
Whole house burnt to a coal, and then be broil'd
Like a rasher on't?
MAR. By whom? My house, sir, is an honest house,—
I care not who knows it.
AN. The greater shame for you.
'Twere more manners to be like the rest of
Your neighbours. Where is the lady? That slave,
My man, bred in a galley, and begot
Between wind and water is turn'd rebel.
Where is the lady?
MAR. There is your lady, sir! How do you hide
Your looks as if your eyes were none of your own?

Enter AMIANA, *and* ORCO *following.*

AN. Amiana! None but that arch-magician Orco
Could make this sudden metamorphosis.
That devil Orco haunts me every where!
I must learn to say my prayers, that I may
Be rid of him.
AMI. Sir! I have found you now,
And I will keep you too. For since you are
Not won with sorrows, I will try to scorn
The cause, and make, as you have done, strange mirth

Of all my miseries. Pray, how have you profited
In your long travels after women-kind?

ORCO. Is your commission seal'd yet to monopolize
Black eyes? Methinks, by this, your plenteous store
Should make you under-value them.

AMI. Can your old juggling conscience find the trick,
Androlio, when we meet, t'expose me to
The charge of blushing for us both?

AN. Amiana! For thy part, Heaven is my judge,
I do forgive thee heartily; though it
Was far from my intent that we should meet
At midnight in this wicked house.

MAR. How! A wicked house? Bating this worthy gentlewoman.
I defy thee! say thy worst.

AN. Come, come! I have known you
Since I was a foot high. You would have seduc'd me then;
My nurse can witness it.

MAR. Your nurse! Sir, I defy her too. Bring her
To her book-oath!

ORCO. Nay, Marillia, remember
Patience is one of the seven deadly virtues!
Will you stake your young wit to the old brains
Of a dry nurse?

MAR. Madam! If ever
I had a mind to his lordship in his cradle—

AN. Orco! Y'have us'd me very tenderly;
I'faith let me bear the charge of your spies.
What did it cost to find me out? I'll pay't!

ORCO. No, Sir! It shall not need. I'll put
The advocate's daughter into th'account,
And sum up all together.

AN. Canst thou believe,—

If there be so much good steel in all Europe,
As will make a point to a bodkin—that
Thou canst live two hours? Thou! who art so great
A traitor, thou wouldst e'en betray thy self,
But that the treason is not worth the paying for.
ORCO. Canst thou believe? Canst thou,
I say, believe, that all thy vows to this
Poor lady, being broken, would not weigh
Thy guilty friendship down, till thou fall'st lower
Than a plummet, that is threescore years a sinking.
AN. Are you at that ward, sir? Amiana come!
Though you affect to keep ill hours 'tis not
My use to be abroad so late.
AMI. I'll stand accompant for this error, sir,
So you will answer for your cancel'd vows
To-morrow to the priest.
AN. 'Tis like I shall be found discreet I may consider with
My self before I give my self away.
ORCO. Androlio! marriage is a kind of foolish penance we
Are often put unto, for wasting thus
Our precious time in making silly love.
AN. Age! Aches! And incessant jealousy,
Scorn'd poverty, and powerless lust be thine.
But for all these curses, Orco, I will
Not leave you here. There is a certain lady in
The house, which I will sacrifice ere you
Shall stay to enjoy.
ORCO. I will go with you, sir, for Amiana's sake,
For, as my weak advis'd capacity
Doth guess, there are a sort of mighty labourers
Attend about your house, plac'd by Leonte, as
'Tis thought, but are her kin'reds' bravoes, who
Do long to greet your shoulders for her sake.
AMI. Sir! If you'll perfect what you have begun,

Add to your honour by assisting us
I'th' passage home.
[*Androlio pulls his sword out of's belt.*
ORCO. O! Does your loftiness
Begin to consider, lady? Let not
The thought of danger trouble you, for I'll
Convey you backward through a gate that safely
Leads unto a dwelling of mine own.
Take care, Marillia, of your charge within!
Lock all your doors! I'll return with the first sun.
MAR. If there be law in Spain, his nurse shall know it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONTE, *and* SECOND SERVANT.

LEO. Make here a stop? Will thy false keys procure
Us entrance everywhere?
2*d* SERV. From the child's cabinet
To the great gate, this bunch will open all.
LEO. Ha'ye brought the bravo hither, which you hir'd
I'th' street, t' assist us, if our use require him?
2*d* SERV. He waits your purposes in the next room.
Those, that you heard descending from the postern by
The garden wall, was sure my master and
His friends, newly departed homeward from
Their visit here.
LEO. Then we have no impediment,
But that decrepid grave Iniquity
That keeps the house. Steal down to intercept
Her as she now returns from the back gate,
And force her to keep silence in some vault!
And let the bravo wait without! for, though
Not here, I may have use of him when I return.

2*d* SERV. I shall despatch all your commands.
[*Exit 2d Servant.*

[*He steps to the arras softly, draws it. Claramante is discovered sleeping on her book, her glass by.*

LEO. Her glass and book! the mirrors that
Reflect her face and mind! But what commerce
Hath solemn piety, with beauty's vain,
False aids? and yet she sleeps, as if her mind's
Most healthful innocence had never been
Misled by the bewitching treasons of
Her face; a sign, perhaps, her conscience is
Already dead, and hath no sense of what
She acts. Wake thou, who's sleeps a lethargy,
Thy soul's disease, not her repose.

CLA. Ha! my brother!

LEO. Thy fate! read on my angry brow,
What shortly thou shalt find thy treach'rous stars
Will tell thee, scornfully was their decree,
If thy guilt loaden soul be doom'd to climb.

CLA. My fears are not deriv'd from mine own sins,
But a distrust of yours. I wish your fury would
Permit you to be half so innocent,
As I have been.

LEO. Thus to revolt and fly
From all your honour'd blood and family,
Tempted by lust to hunt
And retrieve your lost game, prostrating your
Fame to every one, that will beget
A scandal on it, to disgrace our noble house.
D'ye call this innocence?

CLA. Whither will you lead me?

LEO. Unto a shade that will not need to borrow
Blackness nor silence from the night! there give
Thee unto such as shall enforce thee to
Thy prayers betimes, lest thou forget their use.

CLA. I will not go ! for though my virtue dares
Proceed to every danger, yet thy sins
Divert my courage.
LEO. Shall we make trial of our strengths ?
CLA. Help ! help ! Is there no piteous ear within
The reach of my complaining voice ?

Enter DORANDO.

DOR. If pity can
Assume such new and wondrous pow'r to give
A remedy to grieve, take it from me ! I must
Resent all injuries to her soft sex.
LEO. You, bravo ? slave ! Wert thou not newly hir'd
I'th' street, and for the common price of blood
To serve my anger, or expose thy life
For my revenge ? Retire ! begone, till my
Necessity command thy help.
[*Dorando pulls off his patches and disguise.*
DOR. So cheap an instrument of cruelty
I seem'd in my disguise, t' assist a friend's
Revenge ; but if thou hast the patience to
Peruse my face, thou may'st believe me made
For nobler use than to make sale
Of courage or my strength.
CLA. Don Dorando ! he, to whose timely valour
My brother, Balthazar, doth owe his life ?
How art thou laid aside by heaven as a
Reserve to hinder every great calamity !
DOR. Claramante ! Let me adore these weak,
These narrow artificial lights, that shew
Me now, what I believ'd the sun could ne'er
Present unto my view with all his glorious beams.
LEO. You are acquainted ! I shall betray
Myself into the pretty private vice
Of bringing lovers to converse,
That would not take the pains to find themselves.

DOR. How strangely are the pow'rs above employ'd,
That they should seem so negligent to leave
You in distress!

LEO. Let but my eyes make use
Of my vex'd memory, and I shall find
You are that mighty man of rage who in
The rescue of this righteous lady's honour,
Control'd me in my house, where, you
A stranger, and the place consider'd, I
Was well contented you should live.

DOR. Prithee, wild thing! do not remove my thoughts
From this unequal'd object they enjoy,
With meditations on thy idle history.
Begone! vanish like a poor frighted spirit
From the bright day's predominance. Or would
Thou wert a spirit, that when thou dost offend,
I might not have the power to kill or hurt thee.

LEO. Though I should tempt the world, and vex, into
A fury, all the race of mankind, one
By one, I should not find a mightier mind that doth,
So monarch like, both threaten and command.
I am so pleas'd with thy great anger, as I needs
Must put it to some use,
Lest I should never meet the like t'encounter me.
[*Draws.*

CLA. O, hold! must I become the lasting argument
For such disputes of ruin and of death?

DOR. Retire! she that is fairer, much more kind,
And wiser than thy stars, doth counsel thee.

LEO. Advis'd to yield, before I am subdu'd.
[*Runs at him, they fight; Dorando disarms him.*

DOR. Why would you trouble me t'undo you thus?

CLA. Why, brother, will you let your rash suspicion,
Betray you to continual loss? this is
The second time you have engag'd my tears
For ransom of your life, with hazard of
Mine own. Upon my knees I shall implore
To have your safety, and your sword restor'd.
With hope, if you adventure both again,
My life may satisfy my pity's crime. [*Kneels.*
DOR. It is too mean a suit to be so much requir'd.
[*Dorando restores his sword.*
LEO. How hath my jealous sense seduc'd me to
My shame! her mercy twice hath rescu'd me.
Is this the bounty of thy soul,
Not tainted with the artful cunning of
Pretended love?
CLA. What false persuasions govern you,
That you should doubt thus my integrity?
LEO. No more! I'll practise to disdain myself.
All that is kind and good, protect you both!
CLA. Sir, whither in this hideous season of
The night have you design'd to go?
LEO. Let me depart! If I should stay, you are
Undone. A knot of cruel slaves, whom my
Mistaken fury hir'd to murder you,
When I convey'd you through the street, will, if
My presence and command prevent not their
Design, ruin your passage hence, or force
This house to find you. My stay is fatal! [*Exit.*
DOR. Madam! you seem to entertain some thoughts
About you, whose disorders will require
Advice. Can you be kept in awe with the
False noise of mischief, or a tale of death,
Whilst I am living here, and still
My valour's fire may be renew'd at your
Inspiring beauty's flame?

CLA. Alas! The debts I owe your valour, sir,
I find so great
Already, I am loth to entertain
Another cause, to make me more oblig'd,
Until I find 'tis in my power to pay.
DOR. Are not your words, are not your looks, rewards
For ev'ry mighty deed that the renown'd
And fortunate shall bravely manage in
Obedience to your will?
CLA. My heart is overwhelm'd with courtesies, and I
Am studying how this strange unlucky surfeit may
Be cur'd, without a fast from kindness and
Your love.
DOR. An abstinence from my pure love!
High heaven avert so strange a sickness, that
Requires such cruelty to aid the cure!

Enter ORGEMON.

CLA. Don Orgemon! The fates are wise! they know
To value blessings, and observe just order in
Their gifts; the greatest comes at last.
What happy miracle hath brought you hither?
ORG. Waiting i'th' street, in this disguise, I heard
And knew your brother's voice, who loud to men,
For bloody purposes disguis'd, gave them
The story of a fierce, but fortunate
Encounter here; for he declar'd his heart
Was reconcil'd to yours, and, by a stern
Command, is now dismissing them from their
Affair. This joy did give me wings,
That I might quickly share your happiness.
CLA. My happiness doth so exceed, that you
May share it, sir, yet leave enough

To fill my breast.
ORG. This night alone, I will
Adorn, and sanctify i' th' kalender.
[*Goes to Dorando.*
My worthy friend, your valour may proclaim
It self the cause of our felicity.
What new occasion doth disturb your looks?
DOR. Are you so well acquainted with that lady,
And have the privilege to be so kind?
ORG. How else should I subsist? 'Tis not the vulgar cause
Of men's existency—a mixture of
The common elements—by which I live,
But by the nourishment of her pure love.
DOR. Oh, niggard-fates! How ill did you
Provide for me! Those giddy wanderers
I' th' air, or cold and slippery creatures that
Possess the restless flood, sustain
Their lives with no less choice than is decreed
For me, yet neither know your pow'rs nor own
Your benefits with thankful praise.
ORG. What means my valiant friend?
DOR. Sir! you enjoy a strange felicity!
You are belov'd, and would I knew it not,
Unless my knowledge could be satisfi'd
With equal hope.
ORG. Forbid this dangerous envy! you that rule
Our thoughts. Am I so slow to merit what
You give? That one, whom you have newly made
My friend, should mourn to see my happiness.
CLA. When will my sad distresses end? My days
Are chosen from the month: when April rules
Each shining hour is followed by a storm.
ORG. Call to your virtue for advice, brave friend,
And do not seem to show your sorrows, ere
You know what I enjoy is not deserv'd.
DOR. If love can merit love, or, if incessant grief

And fears, be marks and trials of that love,
Let beauteous Claramante hold the scale.
She'll find, my heart out-weighs all other hearts,
Till they seem lighter than inconstant thought.
ORG. Take heed! 'tis dangerous to deprave my passion, sir,
By valuing your own.
DOR. If there be danger, take
You heed t'avoid it then! For, in the world's
Vast space, nothing that knows the light dares more
Avouch his love than I
ORG. With what a rash
And unconsider'd haste was our new friendship made,
That it can last no longer?
DOR. It is already grown too old and wearisome,
As sickly life preserv'd with pain.
CLA. Oh, Orgemon! Let not my yielded love
Become thy valour's prize; or why must Don
Dorando's worth, since it exceeds all others, not
Be safe, 'cause it would bravely equal thine?
ORG. He shall have all your pity, and some little love,
So you will stay the progress of your fears.
Think not we will be cruel to our selves,
Lest you vouchsafe to judge that cruelty
To you. We both are calm, and will conduct
You safely to your brother, Balthazar.
[*Salutes Dorando.*
CLA. As this soft gentle temper pleases heaven,
So be it still delightful to your selves.
[*Orgemon takes Dorando aside.*
ORG. The early morn shall see your anger satisfied,
Till then keep your vex'd spirits in, and hide
Your fury from her sight. It were not noble to

Disquiet her, whom you so fervently
Pretend to love.

DOR. That were so wild an incivility, as soon
Would forfeit either victor's fame. But haste,
Thou bright perpetual traveller, and bring
Thy beams betimes t'enlighten us, and then
We'll try the strength of both our fates.

ORG. He may a while rejoice to observe his fires
So powerful in our blood; but, when he sees
How high our anger grows, he will retire,
Withdraw behind black gather'd clouds to mourn
He shall not find us at his next return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Knocking at the door. Enter ANDROLIO, *dressing himself.*

AN. The world is grown so wicked, their sins, sure,
Will never suffer 'em to sleep. [*Knock within. Knocking again, Androlio opens the door.*

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BAL. Save you, sir!

AN. Your haste would signify you bring
Some promise to that purpose, sir. Came you
From heaven just now with tidings of eternity?

BAL. If I came post from heaven, it is thought, sir,
I should hardly light at your gates; d'you hear
This morn aught that concerns Don Orgemon,
And his strange friend? Or know you where they are?

AN. I keep no lodgings, sir! The rent of this
Poor house, I make shift to pay without inmates.

BAL. O, I understand you! The morning that
Should make others serious is grown your time
Of mirth. If you please, good morrow!
[*Exit Balthazar.*

AN. I'm highly satisfied.
This town, I think, is peopled with knights errant,
'Tis every hour so full of strange adventures.
[*Knock again.*
Is there another come with new authority
To ask impertinent questions.

He opens the door. Enter LEONTE.

Your furious temper brooks no idle circumstance,
You shall be satisfied before you ask.
Your brother is not here; we parted
Newly at the other door.

LEO. My business seeks not him.
Are you so lucky t'understand where I
May find Dorando, or Don Orgemon?

AN. I've neither, sir, the luck nor the desire,
Unless I knew to put the knowledge of it
To some good use.

LEO. It will become you to
Enquire abroad, until you can know more. [*Exit.*

AN. What may this eager disquisition mean?
Something of moment's in't. I'm a dull rogue,
To sleep away my time, when I might share
The huge pleasure of doing little mischiefs.

Enter ORCO, AMIANA.

ORCO. Don Androlio! So early up! Studying,
I hope, to put your money out
To charitable uses.

AN. 'Faith that will hardly be,
Till your diseases, Orco, drive you to
An hospital. I would thou hadst as many
As might destroy an over-grown city.

The Turk's grand army, or a wind-bound fleet ;
You thrive like other traitors in this age,
And signify your greatness, by ent'ring everywhere
Without the mean civility of knocking.
ORCO. I bring my powerful charter in my hand ;
Abhor me ! if thy mistress be not grown
A desperate wit. And, since the last
Digestion of her grief, she fools it prettily.
AN. She'll fool me prettily, indeed, if this
Old toy of matrimony hold. Are you grown a wit, Amiana ?
AMI. I shall be thought so, sir,
When I have reach'd capacity enough
To make you virtuous.
AN. Nay, y'are a wit ! I find it by the great variety
Of posies, which you sent this morn for wedding rings.
AMI. As subtle and as wise a spirit as
You are, those silly charms are likely to
Prove strong enough to keep you long and fast
I' th' circle of mine arms, when once the priest
Shall conjure you.
ORCO. Those vows, Androlio, which we make
At midnight, should,
In my opinion, not prove good i' th' common law.
Wer't not for that wanton worm—thy conscience—
Which still lies wriggling up and down thy breast,
Thou might'st be well excus'd, consid'ring too
The easiness and rawness of thy youth.
AN. E'en as she please. For my part, sir, I will
Deal plainly with her like an honest man ;
Which is, to tell her, being married, I
Shall prove a very rogue.
ORCO. I think thou wilt,
Unless her better grace preserve thee.
AN. I shall often put you, Amiana, to

Your morning's draught of tears; and to
Your meal of sighs, on fasting nights, which will,
I guess, be every night, according to
My usual strict severity of life.

AM. I will take order then, that you shall sigh
For company.

ORCO. Which, with a mutual groan or two, will make
Rare music. When her treble's join'd unto
Your bass, together with the cradle concordance
Of three small organists; I mean, your children.

AN. Orco, where's Claramante now?

ORCO. The palsy shake your tongue out! wer't not to make
Your mistress jealous I could ask't of you.

AN. Is not your stock of fooling spent?

ORCO. I've yet so much discretion left, to judge
It was by your appointment that your man
Inclos'd Marillia in a vault, whilst some
Of your confed'racy remov'd the lady.

AN. Prithee, be grave! it may bring truth to be
A while in fashion. Art thou in earnest?

ORCO. Dost thou ask sadly?

AN. Else let me die surpris'd.

ORCO. And let me die in a dungeon, if I had
Not thought to find her here. For gone she is!
Whilst the poor old woman was led aside,
By that no ordinary devil, your man.

AN. Exquisite villain! I forgive him all.
Would he had practis'd to have cut my throat,
That I might forgive that too.

Enter THIRD SERVANT.

3d SERV. Don Basilonte, sir, enrag'd, without,
Demands to speak with you.

AMI. How, my father!

AN. Will your vex'd virginship

Vouchsafe to stay here, till you be well swadled?
AMI. Let me retire! Androlio, if you dare
Be cruel, I shall dare to pardon you. [*Exit.*
AN. Go, give him entrance! [*Exit 3d Servant.*

Enter BASILONTE.

BA. Are you Don Androlio?
AN. Not unless you please, sir.
BA. 'Tis well you are so mannerly; but 'twere
Better you'd be honest. Where is my daughter?
AN. Sir, I perceive you purpose brevity.
ORCO. The gentleman's in haste! 'tis like he is
A kin unto his daughter; your answer
May concern him.
BA. What are you, sir?
ORCO. Not your daughter, sir, therefore that question,
B'ing no part of your business, was ill made.
BA. I hope you'll both fight!
AN. How! fight? The laws are not so valiant, sir!
They will admit no fighting.
BA. I care not for the laws.
AN. Belike then you have made over your estate.
BA. Why! would the lawyers have it else?
AN. Troth, if your lands be fair, 'tis like they'll not
Forbear 'em out of modesty.
BA. Sir, these are tricks. Give me my daughter!
I thought she would have fled into a nunnery,
But this, I hear, is none.
ORCO. Who ever told you so was in the right,
Unless there are a sort of nuns with beards.
BA. Will you both walk? I'm an old man. Although
My wit's not sharp you'll find my iron is.
AN. Orco! You know my way is two to two,
And this old Trojan's mode, as I conceive,

Is one to both. We shall hardly agree.
BA. I find we sha' not. Will you walk?
AN. This choleric Biscayner takes me more than
A wench. Sir, stay a while! the business that
We go about, is not so trivial, but
It may conveniently require
The interchanging of a word, especially
When we consider our discourses after death
Are but uncertain.
BA. Dispatch then! I'm in haste.
AN. Do you conceive you have deriv'd this mettle
To your daughter; and she, as far as her
Part lies, can with another's help
Derive it to a son?
BA. Sir! you shall know my daughter wants no mettle.
AN. Then you must know she shall not be restor'd.
BAL. Why not restor'd?
AN. May be, I've some occasion to marry her.
ORCO. In my judgment, a satisfying reason.
But not, sir, without my consent.
AN. I'm partly of your mind, for, as I hear,
Your consent may do well. Y'are very rich.
BA. So are you, I hope.
AN. Nay if we fall
To good wishes, 'tis like we may agree.

Enter ARGILO *and* GONSALVA.

AN. Pray, gentlemen! can any here instruct
Us where to find Don Orgemon, or Don Dorando?
GON. Th'intelligence, if suddenly attain'd,
May, by the use, procure a gen'ral thanks.
BAL. Orgemon and Dorando! Why d'you ask
So earnestly, and with such haste?

AN. 'Tis I'm concern'd in your inquiry, gentlemen ;
For now it seems it argues danger.
ORCO. And I am concern'd too ; what is the business ?
AN. 'Tis certain they are missing, and are gone
By probable mistrust to fight.
GON. Th' occasion of their qurrrel's partly known,
And they were early seen both hors'd and arm'd.
BAL. Whither did they ride ?
AN. Nay sir, that question is our business here.
GON. We thought Don Orco and Androlio, b'ing
Their friends, might guess, to what fit place
Their anger would direct them.
BA. Th' are gallant youths. I would not, for the treasure of
Castile, have either's life endanger'd in
A foolish cause.
AN. How can their danger, sir,
In so particular a sense belong to you ?
BA. No matter ! Y'are troublesome.
My horse, my horse !
I shall return, sir, in a short career,
Take an accompt of my daughter, or call
You out to this mad sport. [*Exit.*
AN. I am inclin'd unto this reverend cavalier,
Beyond all latitude of words, but if
Don Orgemon is grown so much
Impatient of slight things call'd injuries,
His next hot bout must be with me.
ORCO. Prithee ! let's hasten to prevent this duel !
AN. I fear it is too late ; but I'll commit
My mistress to th' protection of this key,
And then to horse.
ORCO. Come, seniors ! his stable will provide us all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLARAMANTE *and* ORGEMON.

CLA. Oh, my prophetic tears! why are thy looks
So wild, so busily dispers'd, as if,
In vain, thou sought'st for safety after guilt?

ORGE. Why, Claramante, dost thou frown upon
My triumphs, as, if now, I were less worth
In victory than in my doubtful state
Of fortune ere 'twas try'd; when it was possible
I might be lessen'd and subdu'd?

CLAR. Whom hast thou conquer'd, fatal Orgemon?
That thou should'st wear those bloody stains with so
Much pride, as if the world did newly owe
Its freedom to thy valour's force.

ORG. Mine enemy! one that advanc'd his love
To ruin mine. Rivals for hearts are like
Competitors for crowns; they will allow
No equal, nor admit him living that
Disturbs their hopes.

CLA. Thy jealous honour is
Most viciously and cruelly inclin'd.
Couldst thou not think thy love was safe, without
The ruin of Dorando, that preserv'd
The life of Balthazar, did rescue mine;
Gave rash Leonte leave to live, and thee
Thy freedom, when thou wer't surpris'd and bound?

ORG. These were indeed acts of renown, nor can
My envy ere mislead my virtue, till
It give them but a cheap esteem; I wish
His honour had been greater, so he could
Have had less love.

CLA. Alas! was love his crime?
And love of me? I find thy heart was cast,
And fashion'd in the common lover's mould,
Poorly compounded of malicious fears,
Of rash low jealousies, hating
That noble virtue in another, which

Thou highly valued'st in thyself.
ORG. This wisdom and compassion comes too late.
Would I had lost my youthful being, and
My precious fame! all that I value, but
Thy love, so I could call him back from those
Unknown or distant shades, that he might see
The sun and thee again.
CLA. O, that some winged messenger
Would quickly travel through the clouds, and fetch
Me all my vows from Heaven! that so my faith,
When disengaged, might give a needful liberty
Unto my love. Why should it longer be confin'd
To harbour in thy breast, since there 'twas entertain'd
With such uncivil jealousy?
ORG. I shall become a sad exemplar sacrifice
T'instruct, and expiate the world, and die
To cure the folly of succeeding lovers' doubts.
CLA. Unfortunate Dorando! is the cold
Dark grave all the reward my luckless stars
Could pay thee for thy mercy to my brothers shewn,
And kind protection of my life? [*Going out.*
ORG. Stay, Claramante! Stay! If thou
Dost carry hence thy injur'd love, and leave
Me unforgiven, oppress'd, and loaden with
The weight of guilt, I will at once shake off
This burden of mortality, and it.
CLA. Although my sudden kindness may appear
A sin, I cannot leave thee to
The danger of such cruel thoughts. Take heed
How you do threaten heaven, by menacing
Yourself! as we have no authority
To take away the being of another, whom
Our pride contemns, so we have less t' annihilate
Our own, when it is fall'n in our dislike.
ORG. Is it thy pleasure I should live?
And am I call'd to't by love, and may believe

I have some little warrant to authorize hope?

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BAL. Where is Don Orgemon? Sister, I see,
In fears and grief, you both have equal share,
But I shall timely ease your suff'rings.
Dorando wasted with his wounds, awhile
Assum'd the cold aspect of death; but, rub'd
And chafed into his native heat, his strength
And understanding are in same degree
Of safety home return'd; nor are his wounds
So plac'd, but that the surgeon may allow
Them sudden hope of cure.

ORG. Thou blessed messenger of life
Be ever happy, and thy voice be still
The forward usher unto good, and noble fame!
Live to be chief in armies, and the first
That brings thy doubtful country news of victory.

CLA. Best of my blood! Thy comforts, Balthazar,
Are still as swift and winged when they come,
As thou art slow to carry sorrows to thy friends.

ORG. Now, Claramante, let me not distrust
Thy pardon may increase, since my offence
Seems to grow less; and let the mercy of
Thy love give strength and form unto
My yet imperfect joys.

CLA. If in thy last
Encounter thou hadst lost much blood, I should
Forgive thy want of blushes for this rash
Request; but having such supplies of colour left
To make up seeming bashfulness, where is
That red and modest tincture which belongs
Unto thy brow, and should appear when thou
So soon dost ask me for my love,
So lately forfeited by jealousy?

ORG. I yield, and humbly bow unto my fate!
Yet since there's to confession some forgiveness due,

Afford me that, though my desires
By beauteous Claramante are denied.
CLA. Bear witness, world! with what unwillingness
I now am just, and, ere thou hear'st thy doom,
Know brave Dorando's merits, and
My ever injur'd sex could not with less
Be satisfied.
ORG. Be slow to utter it,
Unless thou canst be gentle when thou speak'st.
CLA. My resolution is become my vow.
Thou never shalt behold me more, to make
A rightful challenge of my love, till he,
Who thus hath suffer'd for thy jealousy,
Is pleas'd t'entreat and woo in thy behalf. [*Exit.*
ORG. Severe, sad destiny! the worst of all
My stars ordain'd this sentence ere 'twas spoke.
[*Takes Balthazar aside.*
You, sir, have powerful interest
In Claramante's breast: be pleas'd to mediate for me!
BAL. If I have power.
Where Don Dorando's chaste affection lays
A claim, his noble rescue of my life
Must urge my gratitude to speak for him.

Enter LEONTE, DORANDO, ARGILO, *and* GONSALVO, *leading him.*

LEO. Sir, be assur'd y'are hither brought for readiness,
And more assistance to your cure; this house
Hath nothing rich or useful in't, but what
Shall wait on your command.
DOR. I fear your beauteous sister governs here,
Whom in my wretched fate and loss of victory
I am asham'd to see. It must be so!
Behold my enemy hither arriv'd,

To claim a triumph for his single war.
BAL. Quiet your passion, sir! The joy he takes
In the unlucky honour of this day,
Is so eclips'd by clouds of following griefs,
That you'll perceive he's more prepar'd for funeral
Than for triumphal shows.
ORG. You, sir, whose virtue makes the upper influence
Of no regard nor use, born and preserv'd
Without protection of a star; yet, by
Your unassisted worth, become the most
Important envy now of all within
The firmament, whose fortune was too weak,
Too much unworthy to be styl'd your friend;
And mine so treacherously strong, it hath
Betray'd and forc'd me to be call'd your enemy.
To you I beg for mercy!
DOR. To me! was I so easily subdu'd,
That I deserve to be your scorn!
ORG. Then let me want a tongue to make requests,
When I have chiefest need of heaven. My mourning is
So little feign'd, that know, my soul disclaims
The victory and doth already curse
The fury of the cause.
DOR. I cannot set my understanding right
Enough, to guess the meaning of this alteration.
ORG. 'Tis strange indeed! strange, that we both should be
Ordain'd to love alike, and make
One noble object our delight! but, stranger yet,
That I by jealous fears should vex myself
Into a sad destruction of my love.
DOR. Mislead me not to wander thus amazedly,
When there's a nearer way to what
Your language would infer.

ORG. Resign your hopes to me, who first had privilege
To make a claim, then let your kindness prove
As much a miracle, as it is just,
By interceding for my love!
DOR. If this be less than scorn, yet it is more
Than vanity! Is't possible I should
Resign my love, and be so dull to live?
Know, sir, I have vouchsaf'd thus to continue life
In hope to have a second trial for
This high, ill-managed cause, already, sure,
I find my strength doth hasten on my hope.
ORG. Then my despair out-travels both. Had I
The hand and seal of destiny to warrant me
To be again a victor over him,—
Though by that conquest I could gather all
Those wreaths that ere the valiant wore
Of old,—then strait anticipate, and quite
Forestal all future fame; yet would I not
Resist him with my sword.
GON. These double expectations needs must have
A sad event.
AR. It comes not in my reach
How Claramante should by either be
Possess'd, and both be satisfied.

Enter BASILONTE, ORCO.

BA. 'Tis well you took your wound so luckily.
This steel's a stubborn morsel to digest,
If it enter the stomach the wrong way.
Though there be no great use o'th' surgeon's mystery,
Give him two hundred crowns!
ORCO. But where's the money, sir?
BA. Do you disburse!
ORCO. A mad old blade! considering, too,

His wealth and eminence.

BA. I will allow you too,
Whilst you are young, to cut some few throats fairly
For honour's sake; so they be strangers' throats,
But not your own. I have a reason for't.
Will you take the pains to know me?

DOR. We are well acquainted with your fame already;
Which is so good, we may for once excuse
So rude an interruption of affairs; in which
Y'are nought concern'd.

BA. How! not concern'd? look on these bills,
And you on these; they will prove
Receipts for money, and large sums too, I think!

[*They peruse the papers, Orco looking over their shoulders.*

ORCO. By this light, they are! I know them by their
Short style: th'are pen'd the old laconic way.

DOR. Sir, I acknowledge this my hand, and that
In travel I've receiv'd a long supply;
But much admire how these should come in your
Possession.

BA. Well, sir! And what say you?

ORG. I make the same confession, but with show
Of no less wonder than doth busy him.

BA. Confession pays no debts, but what are due
To pious scriv'ners that are gone to heaven.
And since your infancies you have receiv'd,
By letters of exchange from Genoa, enough
To furnish your imagin'd quality; for you'll
Vouchsafe to think yourselves but strangers here.

ORG. This growing story may resolve my doubts.

BA. Know you his character, whose credit gave
You power to call for these supplies?

DOR. Most perfectly!

ORG. And 'tis to me familiar as mine own.

BA. This then, directed to you both, peruse!

[*Org. takes the letter and reads.*

ORG. [*reads*] Don Orgemon and Dorando; having call'd you from distant countries, to sojourn this spring in Cordua, you are now to know you should equally affect these names, for you are brothers. [*They gaze one on another.*

BA. Nay 'tis a dull merchant's style; but, read on!

ORG. [*reads*] Your bills of credit will succeed no longer than this month; therefore apply yourselves to him, whose steward I have only been to prevent your wants: Who,—your mother dying young,—was resolv'd, out of a new philosophical, and, as I may call it, romance humor, not to declare himself your father till, after you had visited several camps and courts, he found your knowledge and virtue merited the reputation of his blood.

[*Gaze on each other again.*

ORCO. This is an old trick of Moorish education. Just thus Aben Abdala bred his sons.

ORG. [*reads.*] Meaning you should have no certain expectations of hereditary wealth, to interrupt the better acquirements of your industry; but I have sent him the story of your lives, and he is well pleas'd to be now known your father, whose name is Don Basilonte.

BA. What, are you tender of your plenteous persons?

Loth to be own'd? He that hath fifty thousand crowns

A year needs take no pains to find out heirs.

ORCO. Sir, you shall be my father if you please.

ORG. Where joy hath such a share of wonder in't,

Our pleasure is delay'd awhile with doubts.

DOR. It was too strange and great a happiness

To be too suddenly believ'd.

Leo. Sir, w'have long heard you had two sons, and from
Their childhood bred in distant parts; yet we
Admire your humour could so much subdue
Your nature never to converse with them,
Unless by your intelligence from others:
But what we humour call, perhaps you'll term
Discretion.

Ba. May be I shall, what then? Had your father, sir,
And other formal nobles bred their sons thus,
To little hopes of wealth, they would have had
More wit to keep it, and to spend it, too.

Leo. I thank you, sir!

Ba. That younger villain hath his mother's lip,
He sha'nt fare the worse for't. What, frowning, sir!
Look handsomely and kindly too,
Or I'll again divorce thee from my blood.
Embrace each other straight with free and willing arms.

Org. When I rejoice we are so near a kin,
'Tis strange I wish our loves were less ally'd.

Dor. You are the elder, and I see the will
Of fate inclines to further that prerogative.

Org. That yields some little hope.
Who is so courteous to go in and fill
My mistress' ear with this new history?

Leo. That pleasant business shall be mine. [*Exit.*

Org. You, sir! from whom I took precedency
By life, should sure have power to give that privilege
Unto my love. Let not my first, and elder claim,
Assisted by my mistress' vows, give way
Unto a younger interest, who wants
Such great assurance, and doth only last
By th' vigour of his hope.

Ba. I have pronounc'd the word, and he shall do't!
[*Goes to Dorando.*

Will not you yield to time and nature, sir,
And give your elder leave to play the loving fool
Before you? You had best produce a trick
Of disobedience at first sight, that I
May think my Spanish off-spring chang'd for some
Dull Dutch burgher's issue, that sold
Stockfish and pickled herring.

DOR. His deeds of honour are so high and his
Compliances so low, I find I must
Be overcome.

ORG. But, sir, to intercede in my behalf,
That is the business which her vow constrains.

BA. He shall do't!

DOR. I'll force my reason, sir, at your command.

ORG. Then sorrows vanish, and my joys appear.

BA. A very twig of the old tree! Just thus
I ran a madding for his mother at
His years; and to this very hour do most
Entirely reverence a soft and pliant lip.

Enter ANDROLIO, *and* AMIANA *veil'd.*

AN. W'have heard enough to make us venture in.
Argemon, if, since your new-got parentage,
You are become so stale a gentleman
To wear a knife about you, you shall find
I have a throat at your service will straight
Confess my errors, and unbutton.

ORG. No, sir! when you offend me next, you shall
Receive the honour of my sword.

[*Androlio seems to pull Amiana to her father.*

AN. I've heard you want alliance, and delight
To find them out, a romance way. This lady,
Freed lately from a dark enchanted castle,
Desires to call you father. If you please
T'accept her, sir, you may have me into the bargain.

BA. So there may be more got, sir, than I

Can honestly keep?

AN. I'm a new man! and have already seal'd
To marriage articles of living tame;
We only want you and the priest to witness it.

Enter MARILLIA, *Second* SERVANT, OFFICERS.

BA. Some tale in Dieava de Monte Major
Taught you this trick of wand'ring after your lover.
Your tears have pardon'd you! Go, know your brothers! [*Orco takes Marillia aside.*

AMI. Could I have chosen brothers by the pow'r
Of wishes or my prayers, they had been these.

ORG. We have much pretty story to examine.

DOR. Such as will make the pleasures of this year
Transcend all that we ever knew.

ORCO. Your rebel-man is here, Androlio! brought
By Officers, at this old gentlewoman's
Complaint, for committing a rape.

MAR. Yes, truly sir, down in the vault, towards
The left corner by the garden stairs. I've cause
To remember the place.

AN. Ay, thou'lt ne'er forget a good turn.

BA. How's that? a rape!

MAR. It had been so, forsooth, had I not yielded,
As they say, to prevent harm.

BA. Go, take them both, Don Orco, to your care!
I'll myself sit upon the cause, and call
A commission of bedrid judges, who will
Be glad to revive their long lost mettle
By refreshing their old ears with bawdry.

ORCO. I'll invite all the gallants to this hearing.
[*Exeunt Orco, Marillia, Second Servant.*

Enter CLARAMANTE, LEONTE.

ORG. Now, brother, is the time to make me happy,

If that new title, or what equals it,
My friend, can urge you to such noble kindness.
[*Dorando goes to Claramante.*
Dor. Fair Claramante! I am come t'undo
Myself, by giving of my love away
Because my fortune conspir'd not to rescu't by
My valour's help; but we are all so full
Of joy and wonder here, that we are bountiful
To mad excess. My rival is my brother now;
His elder claim, and that, first ratified
By your dear vows, makes me implore you would
Confirm him in your love; for I am highly pleas'd,
Since fate did not decree your virtue and
Your beauty mine, that so supreme a happiness
Shall yet belong unto my name and blood.
Cla. The wonder of your stories I have been
told
Within; and, next to my delight
In Orgemon, I value most the benefit
Which that infers of being allied to you.
[*Orgemon brings her to Basilonte and Amiana, who salute her.*
Ba. Lady! that comfortable kiss I will
Requite with the best jewel that Peru did yield,
When my great sire rifled the crown of Atabalita.
Org. How gladly, Claramante, I am rid
Of those sad fears thy noble anger caus'd.
Cla. They all were due to your misgovern'd
valour and
Your jealousy; but now they cease for ever!
[*Orgemon salutes Leonte, Balthazar, and the rest.*
Org. There's many forms requir'd to celebrate
A strange affinity so newly known;
But these shall be defer'd as lesser rites,
And yield to ceremonies far above
Their use,—the consummation of my love.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE SIEGE.

"The Siege" seems to have been acted at the Cockpit by D'avenant's company on the eve of the Restoration, and prior to their removal to Portugal Row, but whether it had been acted before Cromwell's time does not appear. Although a fairly written play, it was never subsequently revived. Geneste observes respecting it:—"There is a comic underplot. The character of Piracco is evidently borrowed from that of 'The Humorous Lieutenant.' This is on the whole a good Tragi-comedy. 'The Siege' and 'The Distresses' were not printed until 1673, but had probably been acted before the civil wars. They have however no Prologue nor Epilogue."

Whence the several plots of "The News from Plymouth"—"The Fair Favourite"—"The Distresses"—and "The Siege," have been derived, we have in vain endeavoured to trace throughout the several collections of stories to which the dramatists of the times had usually recourse. Their plots are in themselves trifling, but most ingeniously handled so as to create a strong dramatic interest.

The Biographia Britannica says, that "All these plays were acted in the time of Oliver and Richard, first printed in 4to, and afterwards revised and inserted in the author's works." If this was really the case, it seems strange that none of the quarto editions are extant, nor is there any other record of their ever having existed.

In the absence therefore of any edition than that in folio, there is no certainty that the text of these plays has been accurately printed from the MSS. of Sir William D'avenant. The present play in particular bears some internal evidence of having been tampered with, more especially towards the conclusion, as some lines are very far beneath the standard of Sir William's usual composition, while occasionally there may be observed some successful specimens of bathos.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

CASTRACAGNIO, *a General.*
FLORELLO, *in love with Bertolina.*
SORANZO, *his Friend and Rival.*
PIRACCO, *a Captain.*
MERVOLE, *his Ensign.*
ARIOTTO and LIZARO, } *Volunteers.*
FOSCARI, *Governor of Pisa.*
A COLONEL, *his Friend.*
A SERJEANT.
PERDUES.
SOLDIERS.

BERTOLINA, *Foscari's daughter.*
RANOLA, *her Woman.*
BAGOLA, *a Sutler's Wife.*

Scene: PISA.

THE SIEGE.

Act I.

Enter Castracagnio, Florello, Ariotto, Soranzo, Lizaro.

Flo. Your troops have skirmish'd at the Northern Gate,
And are return'd without much loss.
Cast. Mistakes are ever incident to night,
And darkness. How long is't since
The sun appear'd?
Flo. Not a full hour.
Cast, Why! 'Sdeath!
We have flown hither, then; we have out-march'd time.
'Tis strange we should reach the town so early,
And find success absent.
Piracco! hast thou summon'd 'em to a parley?

Enter Piracco.

Pir. Twice, noble general!
Flo. See! The governor appears upon the walls.

Enter Governor, Colonel, *&c.*

Gover. Hail, Castracagnio, the great Duke's general!
We wish both health and honor to Florello, too!
Your lieutenant o'er this powerful army.

Enter FOSCARI.

CAST. My lord Foscari, this is Court breath, sweet
And subtle. We that follow war know not how to
Disguise our meanings. How come you
To bestow upon us such a pleasant greeting,
And yet affront our master ?

FOSC. We do invite a penalty from Heaven,
An if we cannot justify our deeds.
The great Duke of Tuscany is allowed to be
A man of honor. We implore his friendship,
And shall grow proud to gain it ; but 'twill deprive
Our fame of courage to become his subjects,
When, without impeachment to his title,
He may esteem us his confederates
And allies.

CAST. You are revolted from a State,
That hath power to shew their justice, till
Your repentance comes.

COL. Twice have we sent to Florence for redress
Of injuries received from those of Luca,
And could ne'er procure an audience. Old men
Contain in their remembrance, that our
Signiory of Pisa scorn'd to implore
Justice from any State in Italy.

CAST. Is this the cause of your revolt ?

FOSC. My lord, the people are incens'd against their
Oppressors, your burthens gall their shoulders,
Which they'll fling off for ever, now.

CAST. You shall know the intent of my commission.
I must demand an easy entrance here,
Attended with a regiment of foot,
These to remain a garrison, till my
Master receive less cause to doubt your faiths.
You, my lord, to become my prisoner, and

All we shall find adherent to your faction.
FOSC. This is a new oppression, but we are
Able to resist it. There is not a heart
In Pisa that can out-live his honor.
Our suff'rance will make us martyrs.
CAST. You are bold rebels, and must expect
The cruelty of war.
COL. We know your strength, and the justice of our
Own cause. Your threats deserve our scorn!
FLO. With leave of my right noble general,
I demand leave to speak. My Lord Foscari!
You know what the fury of a War commits.
Deserve the Duke's mercy, with your own, upon
Your country, grant our demands, and cherish peace!
Appeal to Florence! Think upon the power we
Lead, let the teeming mother sleep quietly
Within her husband's bosom, and her young
Issue live till they requite her groans:
Let the aged pay their [debt]* to Nature,
And the virgin dedicate her self
To Hymen's holy use; for soldiers have
No mercy in their lust or anger.
CAST. We are not wild in peace, nor tame in war.
What with gentle words we proffer, if now
Refused, will be denied you when the storm
Grows rough and boisterous.
COL. You have good hope, but we
Can ne'er be guilty of despair.
FOSC. My lords! it gives us cause
Of grief that your charity and noble wishes
Cannot receive our thanks. You see
The inconvenience of vast attendance:
You come hither with such full troops, we dare

* "Death," in the folio text.

Not entertain you in the town, you must
Be pleased to lie i' th' suburbs; pray take heed
Ye catch not cold. Leave our sconce! y'ave a full
Hour given you to depart in safety;
When that's expired, be sure you are beyond
Our cannon's reach. Colonel, away! [*Exeunt.*
CAST. 'Sdeath! do they mock our kindness? I'll continue
A battery upon the walls of Pisa, till
Our shot shall lay them level with the earth.
PIRA. A battery! a battery!
LIZ. Heaven preserve our general!
ARI. Amen! For he preserves our swords; they shall
Not rust for want of use.
CAST. Florello! ere we mount all our cannon,
'Twere fit you guard the river with your horse,
Till the redoubt there be finished.
FLO. I've some kindness still for Pisa:
I wish 'twould yield without enforcement by
Our battery.
CAST. What sayest thou?
FLO. But your will deserves to be performed.
CAST. Dost thou not wish us to revenge this scorn?
FLO. I think that man would merit much from Heaven,
Whose patience can have leisure to
Prevent ruin, and gain the town by treaty,
With a composition noble.
CAST. Th' art my wonder! In all assaults
Thou wert ever violent: thy courage
Rather rash than slow to meet the greatest danger.
PIRA. A battery! a battery! I love
Danger. A long winter siege is lechery to me.
ARI. A battery! a battery!

CAST. Florello, thou dost conceal thy thoughts: why art
So silent?
FLO. Be not displeas'd, sir, if I beg
You to remember, Heaven
Delights in soft compassions. In the town
Are many goodly structures and glorious
Temples, sacred to the fame of saints.
CAST. Thou leav'st my thoughts unsettled. I'll call
A council. Piracco, give speedy notice
To th' Marshal o' the field that he perfect
Our entrenchments, and be diligent to
Expect new orders.
PIRA. Which—he might have chosen one without
An imposthume to deliver his errands.
I'm ill appointed for a race.
[*Exeunt Castracagnio, Piracco.*
SOR. My Lord! I'm bold to revive my suit.
FLO. I shall include it in my next conference
With the General, and give you ample cause
To praise my care. Let me see you
Often in my tent. [*Exit Florello.*
SOR. You do engage the utmost strength of all
My love and service. Thou art exactly
Valiant, a just friend unto a noble
Enemy. How temperate he was in what
Concerned the General's fury! he has
Some reason in it, although disguised.
ARI. With your consent, sir, are you not
A member of our faction?
SOR. How! Y'are no Banditti, Gentlemen.
A faction in the camp?
ARI. Art not a volunteer? A spark derived
From a flame of triumph, a child of pride,
And loud glory?

Dost not thou as well as we come to
The wars to gain noise ? Hah ! let's be particular ;
Begin acquaintance, love, and friendship !
SOR. This is a sudden way, but 'tis believ'd
That friends are scarce, when men are so greedy
To gain them.
LIZA. Do you know him, sir ?
SOR. I shall do.
Ere I'm a minute older, he will be known.
LIZA. Repent your sin !
SOR. How ?
LIZA. A fortnight since 'twas my error not to
Know him, but my fate grew kind. In our march
From Florence he was mingled in a side
With me, I survey'd his forehead, found out
His merit by instinct, proffered friendship,
'Twas granted, amity increased, and since
That time he hath revealed himself to be
A lad of mettle : all fire, the true image
Of Amadis de Gaul, his ancestor.
SOR. This fellow has a rare nimble tongue ;
He speaks all and more than he knows, ere I
Have leisure to hear a part.
ARI. It appears, by this private conference,
You are acquainted with Lizaro.
SOR. Is he call'd Lizaro ? I thought I should
Know his heart sooner than his name.
ARI. Sir ! you're counsel'd by a friend. There's
danger
In his presence.
SOR. I hope he wears no charms
About him, key guns or pistols charg'd with
White powder. *
ARI. There's danger in his virtues
In his parts of merit.

* Gunpowder which was noiseless in explosion.

SOR. This is strange! You mistake me, sure, for Œdipus.
I'm no expounder of riddles.
ARI. The colonels and officers o' th' field
Avoid him with like haste, as they would—
Chain-shot.
SOR. Why, good signior?
ARI. They are eclipsed with his presence, as lesser
Lights before the sun: his valour drowns the voice
Of Hannibal and Scipio, he hath
Increased the number of the worthies, his name
Makes 'em up ten; you may see it i'th' last
Impression.
SOR. You should do well to write each other's annals,
They would make voluminous books; and this
Language seems rarely in the epistles
Dedicatory; for there 'tis frequent
To bely men with praise. Shall I entreat
My absence?
ARI. Not yet, for your soul's health! How chance you made
Not us your great examples before the General?
SOR. In what, sir?
ARI. Did you not hear us make a noise? pronounce
With accent loud, A battery, a battery?
LIZA. Sir, you must learn to make a noise whilst you
Remain i'th' camp. We are volunteers! we
Hang captains, officers, all such as trail
The limber pike for pay. We come to th' war
For fame; honour is our pay.
ARI. When you are skilful how to make a noise
I'th' camp, you may be privileged to roar
I'th' city; to wear a lock o'er your left

Shoulder, large as a horse's mane.
SOR. Sir! my affairs deprive of the rest
Of your instructions. I would hasten
My departure.
ARI. First leave your name behind you.
SOR. I'm call'd Soranzo.
ARI. If we did know your tent, you should receive
A visit from us.
SOR. Y'ave learn'd where the Lieutenant-General's
Regiment is quartered?
ARI. By perfect demonstration.
SOR. There you shall find my tent.
LIZA. Dost know Piracco?
SOR. I've heard of Captain Piracco, he has
A ripe imposthume in his thigh. He was
Here now with the General.
ARI. The same, pox on him! I saw him do good
Service at the battle of Lepanto.
I was loth to see the rascal found'red,
Whilst this arm and short blade could rescue him
From seven firelocks.
LIZA. That was the time you catch'd the bullets
In your fist as they flew about him.
ARI. No, that was at Milan in a skirmish
Against the Grisons. Dost know Mervole?
SOR. You mean, Ensign Mervole, the duellist.
ARI. No matter for his title: we call each
Other by the corruption of our names,
Tom and Dick: 'Tis a blunt garb, but it
Becomes soldiers. The slave is famous in
Duels, he has proffered at us too; but
We keep him at distance with a certain reverse.
Observe me, sir! with a *punto sublimato*
That is raised by your nether guard! present
Your weapon naked!

Enter MERVOLE, PIRACCO.

LIZA. 'Slight! Here they are! End your discourse.

ARI. I shall attend you at your tent.

SOR. These are rare blades!

[*Exit Soranzo.*

MER. I'm as melancholy as an old witch
Over a smoky fire.

PIRA. Is all thy money fled?

MER. I ha'not a ducat left to buy me food:
Upon a march, at noon my stomach grumbles
And at night sickens.

PIRA. These limbs did never spread
And swell thus with vacant meals.

MER. 'Tis a penance prescrib'd by my confessor,
I must live my days upon the smoke of a match.

PIRA. And thy offence is want of meat.

MER. I ne'er thrived since I grew proud, since I
Tore the taffeta from my colours
To line my doublet. What are those?

PIRA. 'Slight, my subjects! Mervole, stroke
Thy heart, use it kindly: I'll give thee cause
To desire long life. Ariotto, take
Your hand from your pocket! I must subtract
From my exchecquer.

ARI. 'Sdeath, Captain! What do you mean?
Discover us before a stranger?

LIZA. This is contrary to our covenant
Signed at our last *Court-du-Guard.*

ARI. So, Captain!
Lengthen your discourse,
D'ye not see him hearken?

PIRA. Be as private as you please, but my want
Decrees it: I must visit my exchecquer.

ARI. It is Lizaro's turn now. I disbursed
Last time.

LIZA. I could consent to reason : This is tyranny
To demand it before a stranger.
PIRA. I shall bore you, if you
Endanger my imposthume. [*Lizaro presents.*
So I'll be modest, these four ducats shall
Suffice me at present. Mervole, bring
Thy person near us.
MER. I like these morning exchecquers rarely.
PIRA. I resign Ariotto to thy use !
He is thy tribute.
ARI. Captain, you mistake us, we have not more
Patience than belongs to mortals.
LIZA. By this hand, plain tyranny !
MER. Subject ! I come to levy my last tax.
Nay, no rebellion, you see my iron
Sceptre.
ARI. By this light, Ancient ! This is a mere jest,
A device of mirth, usual 'tween Piracco
And us. Captain, what do you mean, will you
Betray our purses, and our fames ? A mere
Jest, 'faith, Ancient !
MER. Good wits ! break these jests as often as
You please, I'll take 'em in earnest, I.
Nay, nay ! quick ! permit my easy search, unless
You have an appetite to taste my steel.
ARI. Well ! The sturdy oak must bend, when
the devil
Rides by in a whirl-wind. We'll write an indenture,
Which when y'ave sign'd, my purse-strings are
untied.
MER. An indenture !
PIRA. Ay, ay ! It only concludes thy promise
Never to reveal thyself their pensioner,
Nor them cowards.
MER. This I consent to, gratis.
ARI. Well, when you have sign'd——
MER. How ! it shall be sign'd after dinner ;

You must disturb the tribute now.
LIZA. By this day! he should not have the ninth part
O'th' three and thirtieth corner of a doit
Ere he had sign'd.
MER. No, Signior, you'll make a novice o'me!
A city heir! I must sign at all hours
When you please; my steel is ready.
ARI. Nay, nay, good Ancient! Here! use me kindly
The less you take, the more remains for your
Future service.
MER. I will be temperate, the slave does keep
His purse so warm. One—two—whoreson mongrel!
Three—four—five—Must they enjoy this precious earth
Whilst men of merit fast, till their lean bones
Fret their skin out? six—seven—eight—Ay, eight ducats!
There keep the rest till I call for't.
ARI. Death! y'have pillag'd me; the purse is empty!
MER. Which way can you sufficiently reward
The merit of an old soldier, dog?
You volunteers are no more to us, than
Bulrushes to pikes, or pikes to May-poles.
ARI. Hell swallow me! if I could not find in my heart
To be valiant.
LIZ. O Tyranny! tyranny!
PIRA. Hast thou not cause to bless me? Beside this
Daily tribute I take my choice of both
Their wardrobes, when my own grows aged.
MER. Do'st thou hear, subject? provide me, against
To-morrow night, seventeen! let me see,—ay, ay,

Seventeen ducats more. Mark me, subject! This
I demand as love moneys, I shall have
Speedy use of tribute. So, farewell,
Good loving subjects!

ARI. We shall live worse then boars
In Germany. [*Exeunt Ariotto, Lizaro.*

MER. Piracco, I'll feast thy corps at Bagola's,
She boils good bull-beef, and I long to cease
The noise in my stomach. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter FOSCARI, COLONEL, BERTOLINA, RANOLA.

FOSC. Long ere this time we did expect a battery;
'Tis strange they are such quiet neighbours.

COL. The outworks are made perfect, and our river
Guarded by a sconce, no force of cannon
Nor human courage can endanger us,
Unless we betray our own strength.

FOSC. Colonel, your reward will be immortal fame!
You have oblig'd your country to hold your
Name precious; and 'tis my ill fate
To wear a title that grows too heavy
For my strength: I stagger beneath its weight.

COL. Your own deserts, and popular love, made you
The Governor of Pisa.

FOSC. How unsafe is it
To keep that honour. This siege informs you
I'm made the mark at which the great Duke
Doth aim his fury; and howe'er 'tis noble
In a soldier to presume on destiny
And his own courage, yet it is wisdom

To suspect danger ere 'tis felt. See! Bertolina,
Already like a captive, shews she hath
A melancholy look; she's no more my daughter,
But the child of fortune. O my lov'd girl!
The Sybils' faces do resemble thine:
Thy look doth prophecy, but yet not a
Kind fate.

BERT. Sir, your stars have a great predominance
O'er my nature.

FOSC. There is a cause that justifies this grief.
How would it hasten thy eternal absence
From this world, to see thy aged father
Fetter'd with chains, and thus
To be sent to Florence, there to beget
Nothing but scorn and laughter in the Duke?

BERT. O, sir, do not mistrust your power with
Providence! When you speak thus, I tremble like
A tender lamb in a cold winter night.

FOSC. 'Las! Why should this beget thy fear?
Though my
Offences expose me to this danger,
Angels will secure thee; but what,
My Bertolina, wouldst thou suffer to
Prevent this sorrow?

BERT. The rack, famine, or fire,
Or any torment, sir, to preserve you.

COL. Had Portia ne'er been known in story, thy
Heroic virtue had wanted an example.

FOSC. This joy on earth will tempt me to affect
Mortality. Shall we yield, my girl, this
Proud city to the Duke's disposure,
And so procure thy safety?

BERT. Never! Life affords no pleasure when
once
We are depriv'd of liberty. Though men
Of low and humble birth account it no
Restraint or bondage, unless their limbs are

Fetter'd, or circumscrib'd with walls; yet such
As boast of high descent esteem their honour
Wounded when they lose but a little, which
Courage or resistance might have kept. This
Is a glorious cause! Women may fight
In this just war,
And not impeach their modesty.

FOSC. O, such a child was Nestor's fam'd receipt,
With which he did restore his youth. I shall
Out-live my memory until I have
Forgot my name.

Enter SOLDIER.

SOLD. Noble Governor! The Senate are in
Council, and wait your presence.

FOSC. I come! Colonel, yield not to a parley:
We will endure this storm, and save the city.
Farewell, my Bertolina!

[*Exeunt Foscari, Colonel, Soldier.*

RAN. Madam, must we then expect a battery?

BERT. Ay, Ranola. Will it not make rare music?

RAN. These cannon pellets will bruise me shrewdly.

BERT. They are curs'd i' th' womb whom the cannon murders;
Therefore, for the credit of your stars, do not
Suspect a death so boisterous.

RAN. When the battery begins, I'll hide my self
I' th' matted closet, and shut the wainscoat
Door close, then I am safe.

BERT. Thou may'st as well wrap thy self up in silk,
And think it proof against a musket bullet.
I left a picture in your charge; prithee
Bring it me down to the gallery!

RAN. I shall, madam! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ARIOTTO, LIZARO, BAGOLA.

ARI. Quick, good Bagola! our stomachs are so keen
We shall need no knives.
BAG. I boil no flesh but what is wholesome.
ARI. Good camp beef, if't be thy will.
LIZA. And that's horse flesh in the city.

Enter SORANZO.

BAG. O, Signior Soranzo! I have reserv'd
A morsel for your paunch will make it heave.
SOR. Prithee, hasten it hither! I chew my cud already.
ARI. Signior Soranza! Sure, fortune has
Received her eye-sight; is she so kind
To send you hither?
SOR. Death! Must I always meet with these earwigs?
How they endanger my brain.
BAG. Here, devour a pace! I have no vinegar.
ARI. I ha' seen thee wash thy aprons in this bowl,
Why dost thou bring our meat in't?
BAG. By Jove, they were my smocks! feed
And be thankful! the ram was somewhat tough
I kill'd to day, but you shall have it. [*Exit Bagola.*
ARI. You shall share in our mess.
SOR. I shall be excus'd, sir, and thank you.
LIZA. Ariotto, the maiden-head of this flesh
Is thine; this day thou didst deserve it by
Feats of valour.
ARI. Had I not seen thee engag'd against the
Other five, I had maintain'd the combat still
With those seven Switzers,—pox o'their two handed
Scythes!—it were easier for 'em to cut down
An oak than me, whilst I stood at this guard.

Liz. Right! but 'twas for the safety of my fame
To see you skirmish with twelve such,
And not employ my fortitude to weaken
Their assault. Can you accuse my fury?
For I beseech you, let us borrow your
Moderation.

Sor. In what, sir?

Ari. 'Faith! would a had seen thy magnanimous
Feats, Lizaro, he would have gain'd employment
For his pen; and thanks from all posterity.

Liz. Nay, nay! troth, thou dost abuse thy own merits.
Nine o'the twenty owe their lives to thy
Mercy.

Sor. This is new Court thrift; they are not able
To maintain flatterers, therefore bely
Each other, with their own praises.

Enter Mervole, Bagola.

Ari. 'Slight! There's Mervole! hide the meat!

Mer. What food, Bagola?

Bag. I'll cram thy maw with beef of roaring bull.

Mer. With horse's flesh, stew'd i' th' water of a ditch.

Bag. Ancient, thou beliest my hospitality.

Mer. Prithee, vanish! and fetch a morsel hither.

Bag. What! dost thou grumble?

Mer. I say, a haunch of thee is more in season
In the camp, than venison in the Court.

Bago. Your morsel shall be visible straight.
[*Exit.*

Mer. There's my subject! I smell an odoriferous steam.

Ari. He has got the scent, we must speak to him.
Ancient, how does thy lungs, thy mid'rife, and
Thy bladder, ha?

Mer. Room for my eye-sight! nay, I must see it

ARI. Before a stranger? Ancient, remember
Our covenants.
MER. 'Slight! you are cannibals to lay
Meat there to affront my nose; but I can smell you.
ARI. If you're resolv'd to forfeit your bond; yet,
Let's feed together.
MER. Not so much as will choke a wren.
LIZA. Part of it belongs to my disbursement,
And I'm Piracco's subject.
MER. I'll borrow of Piracco for this time.
LIZA. Tyranny! tyranny!
ARI. Death! Be not so loud! since we must suffer
Let's disguise it from Soranzo. Welcome
I'faith, Ancient! Employ thy teeth until
Thy gums are sore, it was provided for
Thy dirty maw; thou shalt not leave the weight
Of an atom behind thee! Devour it all!
MER. Devour it all! Subject, are ye turn'd traitor?
Have you a plot to kill me with a surfeit?
ARI. Nay, good Ancient, before a stranger?
LIZA. 'Twas only spoke to disguise our frailty.
MER. That breath cools my spleen.
SOR. This is a rare tyrant!
ARI. Death, he observes us! Give us leave to talk
For preservation of our honours. Eat,
Good Ancient! 'tis a usual compliment
With us, we'll expect the relics.
LIZA. If y'are destitute of a knife, here is
A young bilbo! 'tis near a kin to old
Bilbo my sword.
MER. I shall eat! Bring some wine hither!

Enter BAGOLA *with wine, bread, and mutton, &c.*

BAGO. Here's your morsel, sir! it may be given
A Queen in child-bed. What are you furnish'd?
ARI. Mervole is our guest, give him some wine!

MER. Here, Bagola! Here's t'th' prosperity
Of thy ravenous stomach!
BAGO. Thanks, man of war! I am call'd within: I am
Roasting of an old cat. [*Exit.*
ARI. Ancient, feed on! We must retire. Martial
Affairs deprive us of thy smooth looks; would
Cerberus were feeding on thy heart.
LIZA. We must grow valiant! This tyranny is
Above human suff'rance.
ARI. Signior Soranzo, we wish you well.
Away! our cowardice is yet conceal'd.
[*Exeunt Ariotto and Lizaro.*
MER. Whoreson monkeys! shall they surfeit here, feed at
Nero's rate, whilst men of merit dine with
The cameleon? I have
A politic nose—, 'twill wind out a steam
From the Mogul's kitchen to the Turk's parlour.
A health to you, sir!
SOR. Sir, I receive it as an honour.
MER. By this light! you eat nimbly.
SOR. I hope, sir, you do not number my bits.
MER. No, sir! but, if you continue at this rate, you
Are a rare trencher-man.
A ha! This will comfort the kidneys.
I would know your country, sir.
SOR. I'm a Florentine, sir.
MER. Your name shall be most welcome to my ears.
SOR. Sir! we lose time in battle; this hour
Belongs to the stomach not to the tongue.
MER. S'death, he out eats me! Another health
Unto your person. [*They both drink.*
SOR. I'll give you satisfaction, sir.

MER. I'll engage, if thou hast so good
A stomach to the Wars as to thy meat,
We shall need no weapons but thy teeth; thou wilt
Eat up all our enemies. [*Both rise.*
SOR. Sir! I shall do my poor endeavour, being
Encouraged by your example.
MER. He's a volunteer! If I could make him pay me
Tribute 'twere a good addition
To my revenue. I'm much taken
With thy person.
SOR. I have cause to cherish it, since you find
It so deserving.
MER. Thou dost so charm my eyes, I am not able
To resist my purpose. I must, spite of
My teeth, do thee a kindness.
SOR. Pray, sir, believe it then,
You shall find me grateful.
MER. I have drunk fillers; he tempts me by
Conjuration; 'tis grown inevitable,
I must do it. Go, go, be confident
SOR. Sir! I would gladly know your courtesy
Ere I receive it.
MER. Lend me thy ear!—
I'll fight with thee.
SOR. You merit my eternal service.
Shall I be bold to think I may enjoy
This honour?
MER. 'Heart, do! I consume my breath
Did not I say, be confident!
SOR. Ay, but the kindness is so eminent
I fear a rival. Some other man abler
In desert than I may strive to gain it.
MER. Here is my gage to assure my promise. 'Tis not
My custom to oblige every stranger
With such endearments.

SOR. Nay, sir, I have certain hymns to sing, ere night,
Unto my stars in thanks of it.
MER. Dost hear, when I have flesht thee with this metal
Of Toledo, thou may'st justle the General,
And spit in thy Colonel's face, yet remain
As safe as in a tower of brass.
SOR. Troth! 'twill be a rare privilege.
MER. Am not I Mervole? Who dares bestow
His wrath on him, whom I accept in duel?
SOR. Well, Ancient, I shall presume.
MER. Go! go! Be proud, I'll do't! I like thy person.
SOR. Heaven preserve ye, sir! I have just cause
T'insert you in my prayers. [*Exit.*
MER. I shall try his metal if he be
Fit to be wrought on. I'll not stand idle.
He may make a subject too. Bagola!

Enter BAGOLA.

BAG. What say'st thou, Demogorgon?
MER. How dost thou call this volunteer?
BAG. Soranzo. The imp is liberal,
He paid this silver for his food.
MER. He must pay me tribute too. I am
His sovereign, at our next meeting he takes
The oath of allegiance. Here, give this t'Arriotto!
Tell him my relics should be sacred to
A coward. 'Twere not superstitious
To eat 'em kneeling.
BAG. But when shall I number my seven ducats?
MER. Death! I must pawn him here. When he returns
Say 'tis my pleasure he remain thy prisoner
Till he have paid it.
BAG. He pay your debts!

MER. Ay, do this, or increase your tally still!
Score up, and pay yourself with your own
Chalk. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTRACAGNIO, FLORELLO, PIRACCO.

CAST. He numbers in this letter three hundred
Waggons of corn.

FLO. Sir, the whole convoy is cut off, and with small loss
Of our own troops.

CAST. Here's new intelligence much pertinent.
He gives us notice they expect relief
From Mantua. We command the river.

FLO. And, so guarded, 'twill prove of small
Advantage to their hopes.

CAST. Then, Florello, I still shall magnify
Thy temperate soul. Thou hast preserv'd Pisa
From falling into ashes: each structure
There stands as a pyramid to eternize
Thy noble mercy.

FLO. Sir! I am eclips'd by the glory of your
Merits. Virgins shall sing your praise, and the
Matrons of the city commend your kindness
In their prayers to Heaven. They will now yield
Rather then suffer famine.

PIRA. So, whilst they learn to fast, we learn to sleep.
This discipline is new in War. Pox on't, 'twill be
A long siege! I shall grow mangy.

CAST. Piracco is a great enemy to his
Imposthume; he would expose it to all
Unnecessary danger.

FLO. It is his policy to use it ill;
For so he gives it no encouragement
To stay by him.

PIRA. When you have use of a surgeon
You will grow less witty.

Enter SORANZO.

FLO. Your attendance serves aptly now for your
Affair. My Lord ! this is the gentleman
I did commend unto your knowledge.
CAST. You have made him a Captain in your own
Regiment. Sir ! ask for your commission
From my secretary, it is already
Sign'd ; and expect all other favour I
Can shew you.
SOR. Your Excellence hath oblig'd
My love more than my duty.

Enter A GENTLEMAN.

CAST. Ronaldo so soon return'd from Florence !
GENT. The great Duke salutes you kindly. 'Tis his
Pleasure you peruse these letters.
CAST. This directs it self to you. Follow me !
And share i' th' knowledge of what mine imports.
[*Gives it Florello. Exit.*
PIR. I must go seek my subject.
This war affords no other pillage, but
His substance. [*Exit.*

FLORELLO *reads the letter.*

FLO. Hah ! You cannot seem cruel to this fac-
tion.
'Tis our will you hasten your battery
Against Pisa. The Duke deprives me of
Immortal fame, I cannot now be merciful,
Pisa is proscrib'd for ruin.
SOR. My noble Lord ! would I could share in this
Your suff'rance, though't be unmannerly
To enquire your grief.
FLO. O, Soranzo, hast not perceiv'd of late
My eyes eclips'd ? Methinks my grief doth so
Exactly counterfeit decrepit age,

The fates should think me old and make this night
My last. O, 'twere a kind mistake!
SOR. Sir, however you disguise your sorrow,
With enforc'd mirth, from public notice,
Yet friendship hath a subtler perspective.
I am more curious in discovery of
Your health, and find your thoughts perplex'd and scatter'd.
If the cause could find a remedy from
My assistance, I would beg to know't.
FLO. 'Twere guilt in thee to know't. Thou art pure
As chrystal; I shall stain thee with my breath.
Soranzo, I must hide my self!
SOR. My noble Lord!
FLO. My absence may beget a wonder
Until the cause of it is known; but then
My name will infect our language, blister
The tongue that speaks it. O! I shall be lost
To every good man's memory. This night I do begin
My pilgrimage, I enter in a path
Like that which leads to the habitation
Of the dead, from whence I never shall return.
SOR. How, my Lord? You have left me guilty of
An ignorance that may endanger me for ever.
Where will you hide your self?
FLO. In shades of night and darkness.
SOR. You cannot hide your self from me, for, as
The diamond you are light unto your self,
This darkness makes you seem more bright to me.
FLO. Your inquisition is too strict. Leave me
To wander with the wind; if in my absence
My honour is accus'd, reserve thy charity
For a nobler use than to defend what
Is so tainted.
SOR. How can your honour, the pattern which I

Imitate, and think th' ambition lawful,
Deserve an accusation ?
FLO. Soranzo ! thou art young,—but newly known
To war, and glory ; the way that leads to
Honour is intricate. O ! I must
Commit a sin that will endanger all
Those wreaths my brow hath merited. Soranzo !
'Tis thy fate to undo me with thy friendship,
For thy help must hasten my perdition.
SOR. My help ! Dismiss me strait,
Forget you ever saw me, rather than
Reserve my friendship for a use so horrid !
FLO. No more ! Thou hast betray'd me with thy skill,
Obscurely crept into my breast, and seen
My black thoughts. Be sure that you
Reveal it not to the air.
What thou hast tempted from me, I impart
Not to thy ear or tongue, but to thy heart.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a SERGEANT, *and* TOWN PERDUE.

PERD. Softly, Sergeant ! we'd better walk on thorns
Than near the enemy's perdues.
SERG. Follow still !
PERD. 'Sdeath ! whither wilt thou lead me ? shall we creep
Into their cannons ? We are already
Under their trenches.
SERG. Here, good Monsieur Perdue ! lye down
And dig a hole for your chin.

PERD. Whize, hey! These bullets keep a noise;
I shall not sleep for 'em.
SERG. Lye close! Within two hours you are relieved.
PERD. Dost hear, Sergeant? Fetch a notary from
The town, and I'll make my will.
I bequeath thee my knap-sack; there's a hole
In the north side of't, sew it up! t'will prevent
An invasion of mice.
SERG. Y'are too loud in your mirth. I see a gun fire
From the redoubts.
PERD. Whize! Sergeant———
SERG. S'death! Speak low.
PERD. I' th' corner a' my ammunition cheese
Dwells a huge overgrown maggot. I bequeath that
To my comrade.
SERG. There's another gives fire. [*Exit.*
PERD. Whize! Farewell, good Sergeant! He's an old soldier,
He knows the enemies shoot no sugar plums.

Enter FLORELLO, SORANZO, *a camp* SERGEANT.

FLO. I may be confident, I am disguis'd
From your sergeant's knowledge?
SOR. You may. The power is great y' have o'er my love
And duty, or I ne'er could be seduced
To do you this service. Sir, 'y are not kind
To me; you still conceal the cause that doth
Engage you in this new strange adventure.
FLO. Waste not my last suit, that thou wouldst leave me
To the protection of my stars. Prithee,
Be not guilty of too much love! thy care
Is too inquisitive.

SOR. This enterprise is dangerous to your fame
And person.
FLO. Soranzo, mind thy own affairs !
I cannot die i' th' dark. Prithee ! leave me !
[*Lyes down.*
SERG. We walk in danger, sir. They made
This night three sallies from that part. [*Exeunt*
FLO. I cannot lye far distant from the enemy's
Perdue ; I must betray my self with noise. [*Coughs.*
PERD. Pox ! Can't you catch a cold but must
you boast
Of it a loud ? I see him move. [*Both rise.*
FLO. Danger makes the conquest noble—
Have at the——
PERD. S'death, sir ! This is but a rough compliment.
Y'embrace me too hard———
FLO. You are too loud ! If thou give the alarum
To the town thou diest. Yield up thy weapon !
PERD. As I hope for mercy, sir, 'tis not worth
Your acceptation. Dull ammunition
Blade, as I'm a soldier.
FLO. Howe'er, resign it for your own safety !
PERD. Well sir, I cannot deny you so small
A kindness, but 'tis not worth your wearing.
You'll give me good quarter ?
FLO. To what part of Italy dost thou owe thy birth ?
PERD. Not far off : I was born in Pisa.
FLO. How ! the name of Pisa doth oblige my
Kindness. Lead me thither ! Here's thy weapon—
I'll become thy prisoner———
PERD. Sir, are you in earnest ? Now I have my
Sword again I shall grow very angry
If ye mock me.
FLO. My request is serious.

PERD. By your favour, sir, I have cause to be
Merry ; we'll toss the cannikins when we
Have ent'red the ports. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MERVOLE, ARIOTTO, LIZARO.

MER. Ho ! Don Corn-cutter, dost thou usurp ?
Am not I thy sovereign ?
ARI. Good Ancient, be pleased but to consider, I
Have not the Indies, nor the philosophers' stone
To assist my disbursements.
MER. I know my own prerogatives. Thou art
My subject ; my necessities increase in time
Of war, and I must levy subsidies.
Lizaro, you'll hasten your accounts to
Number me out just thirteen———
LIZ. I'll be a loyal subject. Piracco
Is my sovereign. Pay tribute to a foreign Prince ?
MER. Well, gentlemen, ye shall eat my sword up !
Ye have ostridge stomachs, I know ye can
Digest steel———
ARI. Well, how much must we disburse ?
MER. I'll have all that remains in your possession ;
Ye shall not keep a cross* to swear by.
ARI. Pox upon you ! The tyrant of Syracusa
Was not so envious to men.
MER. D'ye snarl, ye foisting mongrels ?
ARI. 'Sdeath ! you can but have your tribute brought home
To ye. There 'tis—Lye sure ! we must obey.
LIZ. I am pleased. This tyranny will soon o'ercome
My nature ; my gentleness is not long liv'd.
MER. I love mettle of this complexion :
Are your ducats full weight ? I'm decreed,
If ye cheat me with light gold, to leave your souls

* A piece of money so marked.

Naked without a skin this frosty weather,
D'ye observe my precious monkies?
ARI. 'Tis a great virtue to be patient.
MER. So, if I can increase the number of
My subjects I may have hope
To be a captain; this age is grown
Sinful, we can get no titles but what
We pay for. Soldiers were never happy
Since the siege of Troy. Good Agamemnon
I'll trail a pike under thy ghost, if it
Would walk and bear arms. The Court infects
The Camp, we must be gaudy now; triumph
In scarlet and high plumes. This hat looks like
An old morion 't has been my pillow 'bove
Eighteen years. Just off Methusalem's block—Ha!
Let me see—troth 'twould not much endanger
My thrift to change, only thou wouldst think't
Too great an honour——Ha! Go, go,
Triumph!
ARI. 'Slight! the Mogul's revenue is not able
To maintain my cowardice.
MER. I'm known! a midwife's ruff is just like mine.
Lizaro, let me see your's: Hah! Ay, ay,
'Twill serve the turn, untie——If thou dost grin
I'll cleave thee from the scalp unto the twist!
[*Change ruffs.*
LIZ. Ariotto, I've often given you my
Advice, we must be valiant.
ARI. We must declare our anger, with pride and courage.
Ancient, we intend to be valiant.
MER. How! Speak but that word again, and ye both hasten
To your graves. Let me but see ye so
Conspire against damnation as to
Be valiant. I'll not permit in both

Your hearts so much noble fire as shall
Encourage you to skirmish a field mouse.
Do, do! Be valiant, if you dare!
ARI. Sir, we scorn the humour, we——
MER. The cannon catch me, if I not make ye
Run away from a hare. Ye shall
Be proud to pawn your sisters
To feed my riot.

Enter PIRACCO.

PIR. Subject! I come to visit
My exchecquer. [*Feels in's pocket.*
LIZA. Sir! I grieve you must lose your industry;
I pray peruse the other on my left thigh.
PIRA. How, caitiff? Dost thou so much neglect life
To walk without *aurum potabile*,*
Without tribute to appease my wrath.
LIZA. Sir, I know you can speak thunder; 'tis in
Your power to kill me with your voice. But yet
Take leisure to consider. I pray
Question Mervole, your colleague i' th' empire.
ARI. A man captain, if it be lawful to whisper,
More barbarous than a Goth; the Vandals
Were not so ravenous when they sacked Rome,
As he in pillaging of us.
PIRA. Preserve our stations! lest when I grow
Angry I hurt ye with my breath. Ancient,
You are not temperate.
MER. How, captain?
PIRA. You insult upon my kindnesses, and 'tis
Difficult to grant your pardon.
MER. By this fair light! If you
Incense me I shall trouble ye worse than
Your imposthume. Can you not gull the State

* See vol. i., p. 72.

Finely, muster up ammunition; Cassocks stuff'd with straw;
Number a hundred forty nine dead pays,
And thank Heaven for your arithmetic?
Cannot you clothe your ragged infantry
With cabbage leaves? Devour the reckonings,
And grow fat i' th' ribs, but you must hinder
Poor Ancients from eating warm beef? Henceforth
Expect no contribution from these bores.

PIRA. S'death! Will you not permit me to enjoy one?

MER. I will have both.

PIRA. That's to be decided with our weapons! [*They draw.*

ARI. Pray, Lizaro, if they both die, our bonds
Are void, and we are free.

MER. D'ye curvet? Were there
A scrivener here I would be bold to make you
Entail my pension on the heirs of my
Body illegitimate, so leave ye
In bondage to posterity. Come, sir,
I shall anger your imposthume. Again!

ARI. Now I am victorious! [*Piracco down.*

Lizaro, your champion's foiled.

MER. Captain, thou'st still been held a bold soldier,
I'll not insult o'er thy unkind destiny.
Live still! but, by my stars, you must either
Give me your sword or disclaim all interest
In these two; they are my subjects now.

PIRA. Yield up my sword, no! Take 'em, cherish the babes!
Keep 'em warm; they are very chilly.

MER. Quick! Do me homage. Bow lower!

ARI. This is but humility.

LIZA. We are exceeding virtuous.

MER. Piracco, give me thy fist! We'll have a truce.

PIRA. Pox upon you! y'ave still the better on't
In these skirmishes.

MER. How now! No more a cripple, thou walkest as
Stiffly as a stock.

PIRA. Hah! I do not limp? By this light, thou hast launched *
My imposthume!

MER. Hey! I ne'er thought I had skill in surgery
Till now; march on, quick! to my Colonel's
Kitchen tent. I'll present thee as a miracle!
A little of the cook's *balsamum*
Will finish the cure. By this hand, he walks upright!
Subjects both attend!

ARI. Every man gains by quarrelling, but we.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter FOSCARI, FLORELLO, COLONEL.

FOSC. We embrace the greatest soldier
The world contains. So far you have obliged
Our gratitude we fear we shall discredit
Nature; for man was ne'er predestinate
To so much power as can requite your
Noble charity.

COL. Ye shall find us always prompt to serve ye,
And faithful, as becomes our births and calling.

FLOR. I have chosen to perform this strange duty, when time
Makes me most useful. You are shortly to
Expect a battery.

FOSC. We are enabled to resist the storm.
Heaven hath provided us some friends amongst
Our greatest enemies. However we are
Begirt with intrenchments,

* Lanced.

We can receive from Florence safe intelligence,
And speedy. The news of this your battery,
Enforced with the Duke's stern rage, came to our
Knowledge before your relation.

FLOR. Then spirits are your messengers?
But I consume these hasty
Minutes: is't your pleasure to direct me
To the chamber where I may finish
That employment which seduced me hither?

FOSC. Sir, I am proffering my attendance:
Colonel give the Perdue a fair reward for this
Great fortune, and conceal Florello's strange arrival.

COL. I go! we have now gage
To assure our safety. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter BERTOLINA, RANOLA, *with* FLORELLO'S *picture.*

RAN. Madam! shall I place it here?

BERT. Gently, Ranola! Had it sense it could
Not more provoke my care; I fear I shall
Commit idolatry. Hail, great soldier!
Thou that art the pride of Italy, and so exact
A wonder in this age; our chronicles
Will fear to register thy deeds, lest they
Endanger quite the readers' faith to all
They write. Why art thou absent now?
Thou art employed in achieving new wreaths
Ere the old are withered. Such sacred garlands
The Olympic wrestlers won.
Still he treads the path of honour
And loud glory. He never thinks on me!
I shall grow wild with grief.

Enter FOSCARI, FLORELLO.

FOSC. Sir! I will leave you to express your thoughts
Unto my daughter. [*Exit Foscari.*

BERT. Secure us, Heaven!

Ranola, quick, convey the picture hence!
My contemplations sure were sinful; still
He remains to accuse my idolatry.
Ranola, is't not a spirit?

RAN. Madam, I can't think he is a spirit.
A maid may feel him without any
Bodily danger. [*Exit.*

FLOR. She is more timorous in her wonder
Than I am. My Bertolina, speak!
I hasten to be absent.

BERT. Oh, my lord, if Pisa
Be not vanquished, how come I t'enjoy you here?

FLOR. Our true loves began by often
Interview, when this proud city stood loyal
To my Duke's prerogative. [Now't] hath betrayed
My soul to infamy and danger; yet
I repent not my achievement, I've gained
More than will requite my losses and I would
Hazard all that's mortal, ever thus to
Fetter thee with my embraces.

BERT. Yet, in my joy, I am most passionate.
The marigold so opens to the sun's
Bright eye, as Bertolina to your wish'd
Presence; and, had I longer been depriv'd
Of your arrival, I had wither'd to my grave.
You should have found me sleeping in my tomb,
Cold as the marble is.

FLOR. This I fear'd! prophetic fury brought me
Hither. I left my country's causes, a just war,
My title in the camp, and the soldiers' loves,
To fight for thee.

BERT. How, Florello? I hope I do mistake your language.

FLOR. My General securely sleeps, and dreams not
Of my absence.

BERT. Then you are now revolted from your Prince?

FLOR. I could not enough endanger my fame
Or life for thy safety.
BERT. Oh thou art lost! Lost to eternity!
FLOR. How, my Bertolina?
BERT. Mourn all that love the wars, your ensigns make
Of cypress now! Florello's dead to honour.
FLOR. Stay, or I shall grow wild! I would not have
My soul entic'd through my fond ears.
Repeat your former words!
If I have given you cause of rage, speak it
In rougher accents, yet still wear in your
Memory the cause of my revolt. 'Tis for
Your sake I suffer.
BERT. For my sake? The cause of your revolt is
The sad reason that must enforce me to
Disclaim your heart.
FLOR. Stay! you are too hasty in your sentence.
Collect your thoughts, and do not thus requite
My bold obsequious love.
BERT. Thou stumblest like the blind. Thou canst not see
Thy fall: Heretofore we lov'd with honour
And ambition; resolv'd to make our issue
Glorious, but now thou hast destroy'd that hope.
Why should we strive to increase posterity,
Since our off-spring must needs be disfigur'd
With thy stain?
FLO. 'Tis in thy mercy to absolve my sin,
My honour I'll redeem with noble fortitude.
BERT. Never! The bold warrior, that hath deserv'd
Fame, whose deeds engross'd
All public noise, once fil'd—his victories
Are quite forgot, and he degraded from
The rights of honour. My heart shall share in this

Thy sufferance. I'll weep
Till I am blind ! Thou art now the ruins of
A man, though heretofore the noblest soldier
In the world. [*Exit.*

FLOR. Hah ! Never more redeem my lost honour !
Can the virtuous sin with less presumption
Then the impious ? Are all my trophies
Forfeited for one rash error,
And that provok'd by love ? Know, cruel virgin—
Hah, is she gone ? She has left me mad, as
The northern wind in winter storms. I must
Pursue her, and enforce her to relent.
O harsh, harsh destiny ! [*Exit.*

Enter CASTRACAGNIO, MERVOLE, LIZARO, ARIOTTO.

BAST. Not in his tent ?

MER. No, sir ! Nor in our trenches, nor in our horse
Quarters. We have sought him with spectacles
And a dark lanthorn, yet cannot find him.

CAST. Thy mirth is troublesome ; I'll not smile to-day.
Florello, where art thou hid ? How ill it does become
Thy title to affect corners,
Unless by a strange ambush captivate,
Or slain by some dire instrument of war.
I cannot guess a cause t'excuse thy absence.
I must delay the battery, till I
Do hear of thy return, or death. The love
I owe thy merit makes me suspect with fear. [*Exit.*

MER. Florello is the favourite o'th' camp,
He will be miss'd with much sorrow. Subjects,
Are the articles written ? I'll subscribe
To nothing that may infringe my prerogative royal.

ARI. We only want your martial fist to
Sign it, and some lawful witnesses
To confirm the deed.
MER. Piracco shall subscribe as a witness,
LIZA. Y'ave lanc'd his imposthume to good purpose;
He walks upright now.

Enter SORANZO.

MER. Do ye hear, subject, I would not be gull'd
Like a young heir. I must read my indenture ere I sign.
ARI. There, sir! 'tis a kind of hieroglyphic.
SOR. My heart begins to tire. Sir, I'm bold
To entreat a kindness from you.
MER. Hah! He does not look like one would borrow money.
SOR. I have some encouragement to hope well,
From your own promise.
MER. I lend no money but upon mortgage, I.
SOR. You mistake my errand.
MER. I'm glad of it, sir. You look like a
Volunteer; there's a couple of your own tribe.
Deprive me of sleep, I cannot steal a wink
In forty hours for 'em, they dwell like thunder
In my ears, proclaim their necessities
Louder then cripples in the high-ways, and
I'm tender hearted,—I cannot deny 'em alms.
ARI. Ancient! we are thy sovereign peers, and thou
Our subject now.
MER. Hark, sir! I must obey.
SOR. My demand requires not so much tyranny.
I only beg you would be pleas'd t'exchange
A thrust or two in earnest. Whilst you, sir,
Remember the glove, I remember your promise.
MER. A new subject! Heaven help me from

The gout, I begin to grow wealthy!
SOR. So, sir, your answer should be noble.
MER. I am thinking what part of thy body to
Murther first.
SOR. Ye exceed in courtesy; but no doubt
Heaven will teach me to be thankful.
MER. I will not hurt thee when I prick thy heart.
SOR. Oh, y'are too kind.
MER. To make our sport lawful, Ariotto
Shall o'ersee our motion; I chuse him
My second.
ARI. 'Death, Ancient! our new articles exempt
Me from all duels.
MER. The articles are not yet sign'd.
SOR. This gentleman says he is descended
From Amadis de Gaul; I cannot wish
To chuse a man more noble for my second.
LIZA. We shall ne'er be quiet, till martial law
Admit suits in actions of battery.
ARI. Fret thy gums in private; we must hast
SOR. Nay, I beseech you, sir! it is my pride
To be your follower.
MER. I do not love to waste my time.
SOR. Sir, I should disgrace my breeding.
Pray, march! I'm your humble servant.
MER. If I prove victorious, I shall return
Your compliment true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter BERTOLINA, FLORELLO. *She gives him a ring.*

FLOR. Is this all the favour?
BERT. 'Tis a great one
I'th' state you are in, so quit the town
Without more hazard! You owe me much

That I have studied your departure, which,
To a person of your quality, were
Not to be expected.
FLOR. I'm rewarded!
BERT. You may live, Florello,
To purge the sin of your revolt, and be
Set glorious in opinion, who are now
Left in a dull eclipse. I would not have
Our chronicle remember Bertolina
Accessary to the death of your fair name,
When the amazed reader will in pity.
A tree so full of blossoms wither?
You are here out of the sun's true warmth.
Return and prosper!
FLOR. Cruel Bertolina!
I see thou art a rock to wreck the unskilful
Mariner upon. Hadst thou disclos'd thy
Stoney nature, when first my unhappy eyes
Admir'd thee, I had steer'd another way,
Or got some other star to sail by. But
Condemn me still, I'll call home my own thoughts,
That straggle from my reason, to join with
Your accusation. I confess I'm fall'n
Into a depth hath swallowed up my honour;
And that which makes my suffering infinite,
The love of a frail woman led me to
My ruin. Farewell!
BERT. Deliver that to the Colonel!
FLOR. If thou be constant to thy temper, get
Betimes upon some battlement, and
See me made a sacrifice, and too late check
Thy pride, when my last breath shall scorn
Thy name, but expire in prophecying
Thy unkind fate. [*Exit.*
BERT. I have been too passionate,
And thoughtless of a common danger. I begin to
find it.

Enter GOVERNOR.

GOVER. Bertolina, where's
Florello ? I was told you were in conference
I hope your wisdom will direct you to
Cherish his design, beside his noble
Thoughts to you ; for this great act, he's one
Pisa is much engag'd to.

BERT. I foresee a storm.

GOVER. Florence hath treasured up
Great hope in him, and Castracagnio,
The General, with less hazard, might have
Parted with half his army. I counsel, Bertolina,
That as you had power to draw him to our side,
So manage him, he may be encouraged
T'employ his love to Pisa.

BERT. Sir, from you
I learn'd to admire goodness, that
Gives the distinction to men ; without
This I behold 'em but as pictures, which
Are flourish'd with a pencil, to supply
The absence of inward worth, their titles
Like landskip gracing them only afar off.

GOVER. Thou hast my genius to instruct thee ;
All thy thoughts are noble.

Enter COLONEL, RANOLA.

BERT. The Colonel !

COL. 'Tis done, sir.

GOVER. What ?

COL. Florello—

GOVER. What of him ?

COL. Is discharged.

GOVER. Ha !

COL. By your command ; he is dismiss'd the town.

GOVER. By mine !

COL. This is my warrant.
BERT. Ranola, th'ast undone me ! didst not tell him
I had something to impart ?
COL. I did, madam, but you see the unhappiness.
GOVER. Bertolina !
BERT. Sir, your pardon ! 'Tis I must own the fact ; yet hear me.
GOVER. Art thou turn'd conspirator ?
BERT. But late you thought me worth your praise, for
Honouring virtue, which we cannot truly
But we must hate the contrary. Florello
Was sick, my lord, and my sending him hence
Was to procure his health.
GOVER. Astonishment !
Is the morn elder by an hour since
He convers'd with me ? I discover'd no sickness in him !
BERT. To me it did ; I saw him
Labouring with a disease did fright my very soul.
GOVER. Give it a name !
BERT. An hospital has none
So full of horror ; he has an ulcer growing
Upon his fame made him appear full of
Deformity. Shall Foscari's daughter
Cherish a man that comes to court her love,
Spoil'd of his honor ? When he has washed the stain,
Contracted by revolting hither, I'll
Look on him with glad eyes, and call him lover !
Till then, I shut him from my thoughts.
GOVER. As I
Will Bertolina from my sight, I could
Divorce thee from my blood, and disclaim all
That pleads for nature in me. Take her away !
Confine her ere she speak again, and tempt me

To forget my self. Hath your nicety
Betray'd so rich a hope as Pisa had
In a few minutes? Hence! or I shall make
Death the punishment of your stay.
[*Carry in Bertolina.*

COL. My lord!

GOVER. Be glad your error hath so good a plea,
You had been lost else. Tell me, Colonel,
Dost not expect Florello will return
Circled in a flame, melting our walls for
This affront done by a giddy woman?

COL. We may join fire to his; but, sir,
Your noble daughter—

GOVER. Do not beget suspicion;
Thou hast practis'd treason with her. She is
Too near me. We all suffer; and, in this,
Pisa shall see my justice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MERVOLE, SORANZO, LIZARO, ARIOTTO, *in the field.*

MER. Hang physic! that prescribes the spring and fall,
For opening of a vein for the health of honour.
I' th' dog-days we may bleed, or i' th' depth
Of winter. Here's an exc'lent place!
How many ounces wilt thou spare, Soranzo?
Thou shalt bleed physically.

SOR. I thank you, sir, you are a noble surgeon!
I'll not limit your art; I've your promise
To employ it to my honour.

MER. We'll fight the French way, shall's?

LIZA. The French!

ARI. I never tried that duel.

SOR. We must abide it.

MER. Let's to't pellmell then.

LIZA Pox a this pellmell! *
I was in hope they would have kill'd one
Another opportunely, and given us
Leisure to think on't. I have it! I'll let fall my sword.
ARI. Remember, then!
MER. Soranzo! tell me where I shall hit thee now.
SOR. Let your skill direct you.
LIZA. Now I forget thee, Ariotto!
ARI. But howsoever remember to let fall your weapon,
I am now thy enemy. Guard thy heart! Remember
The reverse.
MER. Pox o' thee! How dost thou fight here? canst not
Hit me here? Make a punto!
SOR. You must have patience.
MER. 'Death! what a child th' art. Do you encounter
With a pigmy? put home thy bulrush, I'll
Cleave thy teeth button, prithee fight!
Pox o' thee! How thou liest.
ARI. Heart! your rapier justled my ribs. Let fall!
D'ye long to see crimson?
LIZA. 'Tis against my will, as I am a christian
I cannot let fall yet with honour.
ARI. I bleed!
LIZA. Are you in earnest?
MER. How now?
SOR. Does your arm ache? Or have you the cramp
In your fingers?
MER. I cannot govern my weapon. Thou hast

* "When we have dash'd them to the ground,
Then defie each other; and pell mell
Make work upon ourselves."—*Shakespeare.*

Prick'd my wrist ; where learn'd you
This surgery ? Pox upon these rapier-bodkins !
I cannot fight.
SOR. I may take my leave then. Morrow, Ancient !
You have oblig'd me ; in
Time I may become a duellist,—I shall
Cherish your instructions. [*Exit.*
MER. Vengeance o' your gratitude ! 'death, must I
Flesh you all, till I am made a tailor's
Bottom to be stuck thus with your needles.
Ha ! By this oilet-hole, they fight too, are valiant !
Hold ! Our quarrel's ended, y'are both well.
LIZA. Well ! Yes ! I am not sick, there's no pain
In fighting.
MER. Let me kiss you, rogues.
ARI. What, rascals ! were we to be cowards ? I
Do feel my self valiant now. Is all
Agreed ? Where's your enemy ?
MER. Oh ! we parted friends, and he has left
Me a remembrance about my wrist to
Wear for's sake : he has stab'd a sinew.
D'ye not see me left-handed ? I have
Made you both soldiers ; teach your hams
Humility, and thank me for't.
ARI. Now I think on't, Ancient, you wear
A felt* of mine ; 'tis too conspicuous !
It cost me coin in Florence. Moneys too
Must be restor'd.
MER. How ?
ARI. I do not know whether my valour be
Quotidian : the fit is now upon me.
LIZA. Do, Ariotto, it is well thought on.
Some trifles too of mine, Mervole, y'are
In my debt for. But put'em in thy schedule !
I have accounts with another gentleman ;

* A hat.—*Thynne's Debate*, p. 31. A hide ; coarse cloth.—*Craven.*

I'll presently search for him. [*Exit.*

MER. Why, thou dogbolt,* shall I recant and swear
My opinion back again? Dost not see
My right hand useless?

ARI. Would 'twere otherwise!
I thirst to exercise my new valour
Upon some body.

MER. W'you shall have my place of fleshing
Gentlemen? you see there's something to be
Got by't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTRACAGNIO, FLORELLO, PIRACCO, *soldiers.*

CASTR. Thou hast been cruel to thy self! Florello, thy revolt
Hath cancel'd all. Hadst thou piled up desert
To heaven, this crime o'erthrows it.

FLOR. Seem not to make it
Your sorrow, noble General, that I
Am come to die. I have committed
Sin to the earth I tread, whose dust wou'd
Conspire and hang upon my guilty foot
To apprehend me; my own colours blush
I have forsaken them. And where before
I drew my courage from that red, whose sight
Paid back my loss of blood, and through my eyes
Supplied my veins, they now wave death and paleness
To welcome my return.

CASTR. Why didst not wander
In any part of the wild earth? no ground
But this would have disturbed thee.

FLOR. And to this,
Which I've offended, I'm come to make
My justification, and to wear those titles
I've all this while usurped. Opinion

* A term of reproach, "Manes that dog-bolt."—*Lilly*, 1632.

Hath been too partial in my undertakings,
And betray'd honours to me ; can you think
My actions were directed but by
Chance, or that success did more than mock you
To steal belief that I was valiant ?
Take back your thoughts !

PIRA. Was ever faith so cozen'd ?
I held him a brave fellow.

FLOR. How, Piracco !
You held him a brave fellow ? Am I grown
So cheap in my humility, you should dare
To censure me ? Hath two or three attempts,
Children of madness rather, and despair,
Than discreet valour and bold manhood, rais'd you
To such an impudence, you dare conclude
Me, or my worth, that thou wert worthy to
Grapple for fame, upon a whirlwind with me,
Shouldst see—But I am fall'n below myself
To talk to such a land-rat.

CAST. Piracco, you forget your self ! Resume your temper.

PIRA. I took him at his word.

FLOR. I am cold again. Your pardon, sir, and heaven's !
It does not become a dying man to boast
His fame. Piracco, I forgive thee ! Had
I look'd upon my present guilt, though
I am my own accuser, I had suffered
Thy affront with smoothness.
I am no more the man I was.
I was a soldier, but the stock of shame
And calumny ; traitor to honour, and
My country : deny me now not that justice
You give to every poor and base offender.
I implore death, and in the sight of Pisa,
To whom, in friendship, I appeared hateful,
Divorce my rebel soul lest my own hands

Grow mutinous, and take your justice from you.
CASTR. What motive was so strong to ravish you
From us to Pisa?
FLOR. You are come to that
Will convert your wonder, and me
To paleness, when I name the cause of my
Revolt.
PIRA. I ever thought so.
FLOR. You thought, bold interrupter?
Passion abuses me! take that which in
Delivery must wound me: love was the
Witch that drew me from my arms.
CASTR. Love! What creature?
FLOR. I'll tell you that, so you'll command the soldiers
To be in readiness to kill me.
CASTR. On!
FLOR. Her hairs were Cupid's nets, a forehead, like
The fairest front of heaven, without a cloud;
Her eye-brow was love's bow, while either eye
Were arrows drawn to wound; her tongue was
Love's lightning, neck, the milky-path or throne
Where sat the graces.
CASTR. You describe her well.
FLOR. Yet all this beauty
Hang on her but like pendants on a grave,
To make the monument glorious; for her heart
Was cold and buried in her,—she was dead
To gratitude. So far from rewarding
My bold enterprise, she punish'd it
With scorn; and, as I had been a person
Carried infection, she made me be
Excluded and sent back to bear the stain
Of my dishonour home, to awake your
Severity for my rash sin of loving
Woman, unworthy woman!
CASTR. Do ye love her still?

FLOR. I feel that flame quenching every minute.
I can die without desiring life to
Enjoy that marble piece. I am as weary
Of her, as of myself, having undone
My fame past all example; and the strength
Of your commission gives me glad assurance
I am short lived.
CASTR. O noble Florello!
I could weep for thee, were it manly; how
Strangely love invades without distinction
Of equality. Thus the bold Grecian,
At the siege of Troy, grew weary of his arms
For fair Briseis: Thus Cleopatra
Did captivate the great Roman soul, till
Too much of her memory made him lose
His own. But rise, Florello! from thy dull
Sleep be disenchanted and resume thy
Valour's flame. I'm proud thy fate made thee offend.
Th'art pardoned! exercise thy free command,
As honour should direct.
FLOR. Oh you are
Injust, and do commit offence in mercy,
As great as my revolt. By all our laws—
By that service in the Grisons' war,* when
Providence directed me to come to
Your rescue, when your valour had
Engaged you upon multitudes, let me
Beg not to out-live this infamy.
CASTR. This plea seems most unnatural.
Desist! let me expect to see you in my tent. [*Exit.*
FLOR. Not die? Piracco shall I be so miserable
To live? Have you no friendship to intreat?
PIRA. I did urge him privately while
You were discoursing, but he would not grant it.
FLOR. I resolve not to

* Grisons. A people inhabiting the Alps, and in alliance with Switzerland.

Be neglected so. If he deny
Me one, there is a thousand ways to die.— [*Exit.*
PIRA. Ay, do so. Why now, I'm of another humour;
I never found myself more apt to cherish
Life. Hang this noise of immortality!
I ha'not the same appetite I had
To trade with danger; my conscience would
Need dispensation to take
My leave of gun-powder and pelmel,—hum!
I cannot conjure up this devil valour,
That us'd to roar so in me.

Enter MERVOLE, ARIOTTO.

ARI. Nay nay, faith, Ancient!
MER. Not a skirt!
ARI. Some restitution were fair—
MER. No, not the wing of a cossack.
PIRA. 'Tis my surgeon, Mervole! hum—
ARI. Return my ducats, then.
MER. Not a clipt doit! good temptation leave,
And 'twere the duke's treasure 'tis all damn'd:
Talk of restoring in a camp? O heresy!
ARI. How?
MER. Yes, and condemn'd by a council of war. They
Have canons, you believe are dangerous
To those that break 'em.
PIRA. What if I mix with 'em, and maintain
The opinion they hold of me?
ARI. Must I lose all?
MER. No, you shall lose nothing but the principal.
I'll give you honest use.
ARI. What's that?
MER. Why? for instance, this dutch felt was yours,
I'll use it for you gratis; for your ducats,

They are used so much already, they are quite
Worn out.

PIRA. I'm resolved!

MER. Why, you malt-worm! shall I ha' nothing for
Fleshing of you? Who, the pox, made you fight?
An I had known it, you should ha' still continued
My dear revenue, and been coward till
Y'ad stunk us from the trenches.

ARI. 'Tis truth!

MER. Bring law terms into the camp,
And talk of honesty and restitution?
I'll first be stifled in my colours.

ARI. Well, th'art noble! I give thee
A general release.

PIRA. Ancient, how is't? I thank thy surgery, I am
No cripple now, Ariotto.
When didst see my subject?

Enter LIZARO.

LIZA. Oh! Have I found you?

PIRA. How now, weazel! whither art thou creeping?
Here's no hen's nest.

LIZA. I have a note for you, captain.

PIRA. 'Death, a challenge?

LIZA. A small note for you; I expect an answer. Ancient, you shall be witness.

MER. Who signs? is't a bond? We'll share then.

ARI. What didst deliver to Piracco?

PIRA. Imprimis, a beaver, ha! Item, two laced ruffs, a pair of boots; the inventory of the things I took from him: a belt, one holland shirt plain, another with seaming lace——What's this?

LIZA. Commodities that were lent you. You shall Find ready money at the balance of the

Bill. Captain, these odd reckonings
Between you and I must be cleared.
MER. Observe 'em!
PIRA. Put in that hat and feather, and sum't up!
I'll discharge all together.
LIZA. So you'll put me in other security.
PIRA. Ha! Will he fight? Come I was not serious.
Take your bonnet and be covered.
MER. How now, gentlemen! What's the difference?
PIRA. He brings his bill, and requires back his loan
And subsidies for beating. Shall I mince thee
With thy own sword;
And like an Anthropophagus devour thee,
Thou rabbit sucker?
MER. Ay, do, Piracco! scourge him
As boys do tops; or make him dance
The Irish hey over a field of thistles
Naked. Why dost not draw?
PIRA. Mervole, dost not know me? Shall I destroy
The wild thing? Prithee! make him sensible
What 'tis to enrage me.
MER. That I will!
ARI. Faith, restore captain?
MER. Do you mean to be balladed when you come
To Florence? Why d'ye extend your arm forth
Like a fencer's sign? Fight, or expect no
Weapon hereafter but a dog-whip to
Be advanced against you.
LIZA. Will not your
Captainship shew your steel, because you once
Did make a noise, and brave it? Do not tempt
My patience; give me back my moneys!

And put me in good sureties for my wardrobe,
Or by this flesh I'll pink you.
PIRA. He is converted! why dost here squirrel?
What composition?
ARI. MER. Compound!
PIRA. 'Faith, Ancient, I ha' done him wrong, and,
Because I see he's noble, I'll return
Some of the trifles.
LIZA. Observe me, I will have all, and more
Than all! I will not now be satisfied,
Unless you fight.
PIRA. Why then, be accessary to thy death!
MER. So, so! to't bullies.
PIRA. I scorn to fight with such a coward.
LIZA. Coward? Thou liest! Come back, you shall not part so.
PIRA. That wont provoke me.
MER. Can there be greater provocation
In nature? He's possest with a tame devil.
PIRA. Hold, I cannot fight!
LIZA. I'll try that.
PIRA. There's my sword! I am disarmed.—
BOTH. Ha! Give up's weapon!
LIZA. This is somewhat.
MER. Captain Cow! Let's carry him to Bagola,
And ha' him drest against dinner.
ARI. This is a miracle!
MER. Are you the doughty captain that did talk
Nothing but batteries, famine, death,
And all the sad remonstrances of war?
Let us search him, and his soul be not crept
Into one of's pockets.
LIZA. I am not satisfied.
Since thou wou'd not fight, I'll know the cause
Makes thee degenerate. Nimbly deliver——
PIRA. Gentlemen, for it cannot be conceal'd,

Mervole made me a coward.
MER. I! Thou fought'st with me.
PIRA. The impostume which your sword hap'-
ned to launch,
Let out my valour; truth is, the pain of that made
Me desperate, not valiant. Since
I feel my self to have a sound body,
I am loth to endanger it.
MER. Did this advance you from a corporal
To be a captain? I perceive some men
Thrive by diseases, then, besides physicians.
Was I the surgeon to do this feat too?
PIRA. I beseech you, gentlemen!
ARI. I hav't! You shall now be my subject.
LIZA. Yours! That were precious! No, hands
off! he's mine
For my discovery.
MER. Release your titles, gentlemen!
My surgery is unpaid for. Give him gently
To my possession, or try the agility
Of your left arms. 'Tis not for your honours
To deal upon unequal terms, and my
Right hand is useless now.
ARI. Fight with left hands!
MER. Or he that hath arithmetic enough
Divide him into three equal portions.
PIRA. I am content,
Kind gentlemen.
LIZA. Oh thou mungrel!
ARI. I have a way to reconcile all; let's
Draw lots whose subject he shall be.
MER. A match! and let him make 'em, so he
may
Preserve his flesh nimbly then.
LIZA. Well thought on.
MER. Is there no motion in you?
PIRA. Yes! Ancient, I wish I may fall to

Your power: you'll use me nobly.
ARI. When?
PIRA. I am preparing. Here, gentlemen!
MER. The longest cut enjoy him.
PIRA. Who must be my sovereign?
ARI. He's Mervole's.
MER. You yield he's mine?
LIZA. 'Tis your fate, sir.
MER. First let me see!
Gentlemen, I must request your absence
For a few minutes; I have a stratagem
Would have a little privacy, or I shall
Desire to see you at my hut. Nay, I
Beseech you, gentlemen!
BOTH. Farewell, then! We'll expect you.
ARI. Farewell!
[*Exeunt Ari. and Liza.*
MER. There is a ceremony to be us'd, captain.
You must give me formal possession,
By delivery of your clean shirt. D'ye
Observe me, mine is somewhat foul? Quickly!
PIRA. Oh, noble Ancient! Ah!
MER. Make a shift, come!
PIRA. By this light, Ancient, I see company.
Leave me not naked to the world.
MER. Retire then behind the next tree! under
Pretence to ease nature you may doff it.
Mend your pace, tortoise.
PIRA. Oh, tyranny! [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLORELLO, *his sword drawn.*

FLOR. To live is but to walk to death! why then
Should we not take the nearest way, since that
We make the period of our pilgrimage?
But we are wanton, and affect the path
That keeps us circles in mortality,

When the least declination would teach us
To die, and know our errors.

Enter SORANZO.

SOR. My noble lord!
FLOR. Welcome Soranzo! There is pity now
In heaven. I give my self up hopeless
To have a friend in my necessities,
To do me the kind office. I'm a prisoner.
SOR. A prisoner!
FLOR. A prisoner to the world, and thou
Shalt set me free.
SOR. You are full of mystery,
I understand you not.
FLOR. This will instruct thee!
Aim it at my bosom, and I will
Praise thee, when I'm dead.
SOL. D'ye court me
To be a murtherer? How long has life
Been such a burden to you?
FLOR. Wot thou not
Cure my wound then?
SOL. You would have me make one.
FLOR. There is else no physic for me,
Prithee be charitable and do't, Soranzo;
'Tis but extending of thy arm, and touch me,
And I shall drop down like an Autumn leaf,
Without a murmur.
SOR. Why are you so cruel? Name a cause
That can require me to commit so great
Injustice.
FLOR. I will tell thee, if't be possible
I may believe thy ignorance. Oh, Soranzo!
That action, which thy friendship made thee yield to,
Murder'd my fame. Now it is no secret
To tell thee; love, like a wild passion,
Transported me to Pisa.

SOR. Ha, love to Pisa!
FLOR. Why dost start? I know I am thy wonder.
Here I was but a walking shadow, for
My heart was lock'd up there with Bertolina,
Foscari's daughter.
SOR. Bertolina!
FLOR. Thou hast a troubled countenance! Has that name
Power to recall thy blood? Dost know her?
SOR. Yes!
FLOR. How old is thy acquaintance, or what cause
Brought thee unto the knowledge? Thou dost not
Love her?
SOR. I ne'er was guilty of a sin to hate
So fair a lady.
FLOR. There's danger in thy words! 'twill not be safe
To converse further with me, yet I'll tell thee
Had the great Duke of Tuscany receiv'd
Encouragement to love her, and had made
His crown and wealth the subtle orators
To plead for him; the venture that I made
Would buy her from his arms, and force her through
The wealth and treasures, like neglected things
Behind her noble thoughts; his name not deserving
To be remembered that day that Florello's
Was in her memory. Had her heart in dower
The universal graces of her sex,
Ages to come would call my act too great
A price for't, and the purchase dearly bought:
Yet she refus'd.
SOR. Her heart, my lord, may be,
Was not her own to give.

FLOR. What dost thou say, Soranzo?
SOR. Pardon, my lord,
The freedom of my language, or but hear it,
Though you grow furious, and destroy me after.
'Tis my unhappiness to affect that lady,
The trouble of whose fate invited me
To mingle with your troops, when Pisa held
Friendship with Florence.
FLOR. No more, I have a rival, then! How dare
Thy fortune be so saucy? Get thee from
My sight, a minute will endanger thee.
My afflictions come tumbling like waves
Upon me! there's another lost, my friend;
Yet still I live, and must, unless I teach
My hand to murder. Ha! blessed remembrance!
The battery,—'tis not in the power of death
To avoid me. 'Twill be some revenge to die
The example of a lady's cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter PIRACCO, ARIOTTO, LIZARO.

ARI. How does the Ancient?
PIRA. My tyrant is in health, sir.
LIZA. What! you have exchanged wardrobes already?
PIRA. We have both one tailor and laundress.
I thank him he puts forth my linen for me;
But, for shame, I could shew you the naked truth.
Was ever captain so prey'd upon?
ARI. Captain! Ha' not the rats gnawn off that title yet?
PIRA. The Ancient does purpose to devour me first,

And then he'll leave that for the vermin.
LIZA. Th'art justly punished for thy tyrannizing o'er us.
ARI. This 'tis to be a coward.
PIRA. Alas! 'tis none of my fault.
LIZA. How! Not thy fault?
ARI. Whose, then?
PIRA. 'Tis an error in nature; I cannot
Help it; I could wish it otherwise.
I have disputed with my heart about it,
But have no satisfaction; I've endeavoured
Always, that men prescribe to make it valiant;
I ha' been drunk three times, a purpose, since
My last kick, wherein I have attempted
To make a noise, and roar, but hardly can
Conjure up my spirit able to put
A mouse in to a fear, that nibbles
A'th knapsack for the cheese in't, or a weazel
That lies perdue for a hen's nest. I ha' not
So much blood left in me to blush.
ARI. It seems so, Lizaro, such things were we once.
PIRA. Pray, gentlemen, speak to the Ancient
To use me with more gentleness! an I had been
So happy to ha' been a subject
To either of you, my life would not have
Been so burthensome.
ARI. An thou beest weary of thy life, why do you not
Turn desperate as before, and fight?
LIZA H'as no imposthume now.
ARI. Let him feed on polecats,
And get one; there be things that die in ditches,
And other nasty food to breed diseases.
I see the generation of his valour
Must rise out of corruption.
LIZA. Does he use you then

With such severity ? no mitigation !
PIRA. I have a privilege.
He's here, gentlemen !

Enter MERVOLE *drinking tobacco,* BAGOLA.

BAG. Here they are ! Ha ! Piracco by his phys'nomy,
But Ancient Mervole by the garb.
I observ'd not this before ; what ! disguised, Captain ?
LIZA. What health, Mervole ?
PIRA. Bagola, we are all one ;
Do they not fit ? we change habits often.
But that he has
The greater bush hangs at his tavern face
We might easily be mistaken.
Thou Lady o'th' Lake : A pox a whispering !
Mervole, shall I play the farrier,
And drench you for the sullens ?
LIZA. This is pretty !
MER. I do allow him this, or rather he
Allows himself ; for he pays for't heartily ;
That's his comfort.
PIRA. Go, bring a barrel hither ! why ? when, you Scolopendra— *
Gentlemen, now plead for me ! [*Exit Bagola.*
I beseech you, noble
Ancient ! you see how ready I am to
Observe you, you might be pleased to take
Compassion on my fortune. I confess
I ha'deserved infamy, but my stars
Are to be accused as well as I.
MER. Does he not speak like one that's taking leave
A top o'th' ladder, and bequeathing precepts

* Scolopendra is a venomous Serpent. Used metaphorically for a courtezan.

To the young fry, that come to see him swing,
To avoid pilfering, and playing at dice
With costermongers for oranges,
And such like ungracious counsel?

ARI. Ancient, do him some favour for our sakes.
See how he looks!

MER. I ha' seen a dog
Look like him that has drawn a wicker bottle
Rattling about the street, and leering
On both sides, where to get a corner,
To bite his tail off.

Enter BAGOLA.

BAG. Captain, here!

PIRA. Art thou come, Proserpine? Here, my bullies!
A health to Agamemnon!

LIZA. The Captain's sprightly, and talks big again.

PIRA. 'Death, I'll not spare you, Ancient. What! a flincher?
Quaff it off, Mulciber, or I'll force it down
Your channel. How now! thou king of sparrows,
But wet your bill so? what, Ariotto
In contemplation? begin, begin!
I'll pledge thee, mushroom!

ARI. I have not sign'd you any such commission.

PIRA. Th'art a Trojan, I hug thee! Lizaro, drink!

LIZA. Let it go round! [*Exit Bagola.*

PIRA. Courteous Ancient release me, name
My ransom, deliver me from these agues;
These violent fits, which I am forced to
For honour's sake may much endanger me.

MER. Why have you not a noble privilege
To bark thus to my face? the great Turk with
All his janisaries would not be
Permitted to make this noise; besides, you know
I have but half your pay yet, that's a business

To be consid'red on ; for I do find,
I cannot without loss afford you so
Much impudence for the price, therefore observe me.
I here, before these gentlemen, depute,
And fully authorise you to receive for me
Your entire pay, with all and singular
The emoluments that shall accrue unto
The Captainship, and to oblige your truth
And honesty in accounts, during pleasure,
You shall receive the just tithe of your pension,
Together with acquittance———

PIRA. How shall I live ?

MER. On salads, caterpillars, and wholesome roots
To suffice nature ; quench your thirst with pippins
Instead of mighty wine, surfeit with cloves
Of garlic, or eat horse-bread, and so grow hearty.

PIRA. Is this all ?

MER. 'Tis more than I'll be at the charge of too.
Now I think on't, you shall cashier your company.

PIRA. How ?

MER. Pretend thou hast a father lies a-dying,
Worth thousands, though he served a prenticeship
To a butcher, and with broken ends of felony
Never could patch up ten pounds together.
I'll procure thy freedom, th'ast a tunable voice
To beg and tell camp lies in,
'Tmay raise you to a fortune ; or, if you carry
Home the full number of your limbs, you may
Creep into some kitchen service, and in time
Be dog controuler.

WITHIN. Arm ! arm !
'Death, the word's given ! heigh a battery !

ARI. LIZA. A battery ! [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOVERNOR, COLONEL, SOLDIERS.

COL. They have already dismounted our cannon.

GOVER. Make another sally.
COL. They fight like men were greedy of destruction:
They weary our artillery.

Enter SOLDIER.

SOLD. The out-works are all spoil'd, the sconce taken,
And they come on like furies.
GOVER Have you care to prevent the danger
Of the petards? the devil is not able
To resist those engines if they once fasten
Upon the gates. Courage! to the walls! and
Die with honour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTRACAGNIO, ARIOTTO, LIZARO, &c.

CAST. Florello hath done wonders, if he survive the danger of
The breach. On, gentlemen!
Pursue your victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SORANZO.

SOR. Pisa is bleeding!
Florello has done things above a man;
He flies about like flame, and consumes all
His anger meets with; nor is Bertolina
Safe now. Angels guard her from his fury!
I languish till I see her. [*Exit.*

Enter MERVOLE *beating* PIRACCO, *Colours.*

MER. March on, you bear-whelp!
PIRA. Good Ancient, is not the town taken already?
MER. I'll ha' thee cram'd into a cannon, and
Shot back again to Florence.
PIRA. If I be slain, you'll lose a subject of me.
MER. You shall stand by, and catch the bullets then. On, on! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BERTOLINA, RANOLA.

RAN. O, madam! if I be kill'd with one of
The pellets, I'll take my death on't 'tis your
Fault. An you had staid Florello you had
Been secure from guns.

BERT. I am unhappy,
And only fit for death! Heaven protect
My father; though his anger punished me
With restraint, I'll pray for him. Florello!
Bring home thy justice to my heart, and save
The innocent.

Enter SORANZA *and* KEEPER.

SOR. Not admitted? there's reward
For your officiousness.

RAN. He has knocked down our keeper.

BERT. Soranza!

SOR. I know not, Madam, with what words to call
Your fears up, nor to give expression
To my sad embassy. You may tell yourself,
If you but read my countenance, wherein
Is character'd a sorrow for your fate.
Florello hath taken Pisa!

BERT. Proceed!

SOR. The duty that I owe to your command
Emboldens grief, and gives alacrity
Even to horror. I am come, lady,
A sad harbinger to take a lodging up
For death, that now is borrowing wings of time
To hasten hither Florello, you have
Made too late your cruel enemy, who,
If ever fear did prophecy, is yet
But in the way to his revenge. He led
Up forces to this battery.

BERT. Pray, omit

Circumstance ; be particular with what
I am to expect.
SOR. 'Tis concluded in a syllable : death !
BERT. And so is life.
You might have been less tedious, Soranza. I
Never held myself immortal.
SOR. When——
Do you grow pale, and curse the messenger
That frighted you ?
BERT. Heaven avert so great
Impiety ! This relation doth
Not deserve such ingratitude.
SOR. That virtue should, like the phœnix,
Kindle fires with her own wings,
And fan her ashes to a second life ;
But when thy breath, sweeter than spices
That wait on the other's funeral, shall return
To heaven, the world must be an eternal loser.
O, Bertolina ! do not account me
So unhappy, that I came only to
Prepare thy obsequies, my ambition
Is not to outlive that fatal minute.
I have no other use of life, and you
Cannot deny him grace in death, whom you have
Coldly honoured for his living service ;
And, if my love may hope for so much glory,
That you will but name Soranza with one
Kind accent at your death. We are interrupted——

Enter FLORELLO *with a case of pistols.*

FLOR. The zeal I had to be a sacrifice
Hath been the loss of Pisa, and I walk
As I were proof against all the engines
Of war and death. Hah ! Into what place of
Horror hath my wildness brought me ? Art
Not thou Soranzo ? That Bertolina ?
BERT. We are !

FLOR. To what affliction will fate reserve me
Next? Did death distrust his power to kill,
And left me for this object, more prodigious
Then the fam'd gorgon?
Here be the adders that convert to marble
The inconsiderate gazer.
BERT. Florello!
FLOR. And had Soranzo ta'en possession
Of her soul! Excluded all my merit?
Thou hast deceived him. Bertolina is
Now lord of both your destinies. Pray quickly!
I must despatch a pair of messengers
To inform your hearts that I'm injured,
And you shall both die.
BERT. 'Tis not to live I beg, I'm not covetous of breath,
When Florello thinks the air too
Great a benefit for Bertolina.
I know there will be time when Nature will
Be sick and die; and all that we affect
Must be resigned, forgotten when the dust
Carries no figure of our pride. I am
Desirous now to meet your wrath, and mix
With Pisa's friends. I would not survive them
To have a new solemnity, and mourn
My virgin-widowhood; but, as you would
Leave your fame precious to posterity,
Let not your fury be unjust, but save
This young man.
SOR. Why are you cruel to employ your breath
To make me wretched by your white soul,
Than which, the world knows no purer altar?
Life shall not hinder me the triumph to
Wait on you. Florello shall not strike
More daringly than I can meet his thunder.
Yet if he be not lost to piety,
He'll spare this temple; which to violate,

Were not to leave a sin hereafter to
Be call'd a sacrilege.
FLOR. Their souls are knit! what will become of me?
Now to divorce them were rude impiety.
Here take you that! [*Gives them pistols.*
Assure your safety, and destroy me first,
For I find I shall have no mercy on you.
Faint not, lest I resume my vengeance,
And seal your eternal absence. Will you not
Remove my dwelling, and secure your loves?
Be wise and active!
Do you hold death too great a favour?
I'll live then till I can find out a punishment
Above life; and to encrease my affliction,
[*Gives her to Soranzo.*
Live! and be another's! I resign all my
Claim, take her! thou hast possest her heart
Before me; I give thee but her hand.
Live! and each day renew the marriage
Of a chaste love; time, Soranzo, which
Shall only serve to wither me, make thee
Happy in her. I forgive you, and
Bow to my own fate, it hath o'ercome me!
But do not make a mockery of my tameness.
SOR. O, nobleness! which can never be admir'd
Enough in our dull age. Posterity
Shall call this act their wonder! O, lady!
We enter now upon our lives, I am
Nothing but joy, my Bertolina!
FLOR. So I'll now go seek out some forsaken earth,
And there grow old in prayers, that I may
Forget you both, and my own name. Farewell!
BERT. Carry not, Sir, the burthen of a sin,
Beyond that you suppose we have committed,
To afflict you in your solitude; y'are guilty

Of a robbery; ere you part
Make noble restitution.
FLOR. To whom? Ha!
BERT. It is injustice to dispose of wealth
That others have a right to, but, without
The owner's consent, 'tis tyranny. You have made
Gift of my heart to Soranzo, whom,
Though I honour, yet I have not plac'd
So near it that it should incorporate
With his: And is not this a theft upon
My liberty?
SOR. How's this?
FLOR. Hah!
BERT. And yet not mine. Pardon me, Florello,
I have it but in trust; nor have ye power,
Were I dying, to bequeath it as a
Legacy to any. Would you take
The trouble which you late pretended to
Search, I believe you'ld find written there
The name that owed it.
FLOR. Why d'ye perplex me?
BERT. Ye are incredulous!
By all the lives of virgins that have left
Their memories religious for their chastity,
The needle is not more constant to the north,
Than my heart full of obedience to you;
Nor can it know a change, having despaired
Long since to find one like Florello to
Cherish it.
SOR. My happiness has been a dream!
FLOR. Play not the Syren!
BERT. Fear urgeth no confession. Could I be
Other, you have disengaged my vows.
You were not charitable, to construe
My desires to preserve your fame unstained,
Which made you first so precious to me,

A revolt in my affection ; 'twas a jealousy
I could not miss, and love you.
FLOR. Am I not turn'd to a statue ?
BERT. Soranzo, as th'art a gentleman, I challenge thee
To accuse me, if in thy encouragement
To love, I have infringed my vows to him.
Was ever a faint syllable let fall
To make you hope for it ?
SOR. I have made too greedy application,
And find my error.
FLO. By degrees I'll come to the belief on't.
Let me touch thy hand ! It is my own again !
This kiss I seal'd at parting, she has for me
Preserv'd the impression I do feel
The very breath I lent it return back,
As if she had suspected that I should
Miscarry in the war, and kept it warm,
To do a miracle upon me, and renew a life.
Shall I call thee my Bertolina ?
BERT. Not to be yours, now you have recovered fame
Were to be lost for ever, be you so just
To acknowledge me ; or, if you despise——
FLOR. Not for the wealth of Florence, were it made
The world's exchequer ! divine harmony
Dwells on thy words. I am new created !
Soranzo, why dost look upon my bliss
With such a melancholy brow ? thou hast
Lost nothing ; if thou enviest me, let us
Dissect each other instantly, that she
May see whose heart doth best deserve her.
BERT. Goodness forbid !
SOR. I am o'ercome with both your nobleness,
And I should make my memory scorned, to
Wish misfortune to your loves. You have

Power o'er my life, as her virtues have o'er
My passion. With a free-soul I wish
All joy crown your union! I am content
To wear the willow now.

Enter CASTRACAGNIO, GOVERNOR, MERVOLE, ARIOTTO, LIZARO, PIRACCO.

CASTR. The remnant of the common faction
We have power to banish; be't proclaim'd, that
The town must now admit our garrisons.
You, my lord, must to Florence.

GOV. Use your power!

CASTR. You shall find it honourable.

BERT. My father!

CASTR. Florello! to thy valour our triumph is indebted.

GOV. The city mourns, thy folly hath defaced
Her goodly structures, and turned her monuments
Into a rude pile. We are all lost!

FLOR. You have found a son, though not to recompence
The public sorrow; yet to make it seem
Less or more sufferable, we are your children.

GOV. Ha!

CASTR. My lord, a happy omen to close up our wars!
Will a sun shine take away the storm?

FLOR. It doth a little alter the complexion,
And makes it appear smiling.

GOV. Rise and be happier than I. Ah, girl!
This should have been done earlier.

CASTR. I do congratulate you both, and
Wish plenty of joys dwell on you.

MER. Please your Excellence—

FLOR. You are too silent, sir, and apprehend
Too deeply what has past. Look on the present
State of things, and then you shall have cause to

Conform to the Duke's will.
GOV. You shall o'ercome.
CASTR. Is't possible?
MER. These gentlemen, who to their honour be't mentioned,
Were his cowards, and paid him tribute, till they found
The commodity of fighting for their liberties,
Shall witness his apostacy, if he dare but
Spit in defiance of this truth.
PIRA. 'Tis a miserable truth,
But I am punished for't already.
CASTR. As the opinion of his courage
Prefer'd him from a corporal, his known cowardice
Degrades him from all offices in war.
Take thou his company!
PIRA. I beseech——
CASTR. Come, noble pair, your marriage
Shall be presently solemnized. Foscari!
Assure your self, I'll labour to procure
Your pardon of the mighty Duke of Florence.
Now Pisa put off thy mourning,
And gather up thy drops of blood again,
That all may dance to th' music of this peace.
Let bridal tunes sound high, now the drums cease.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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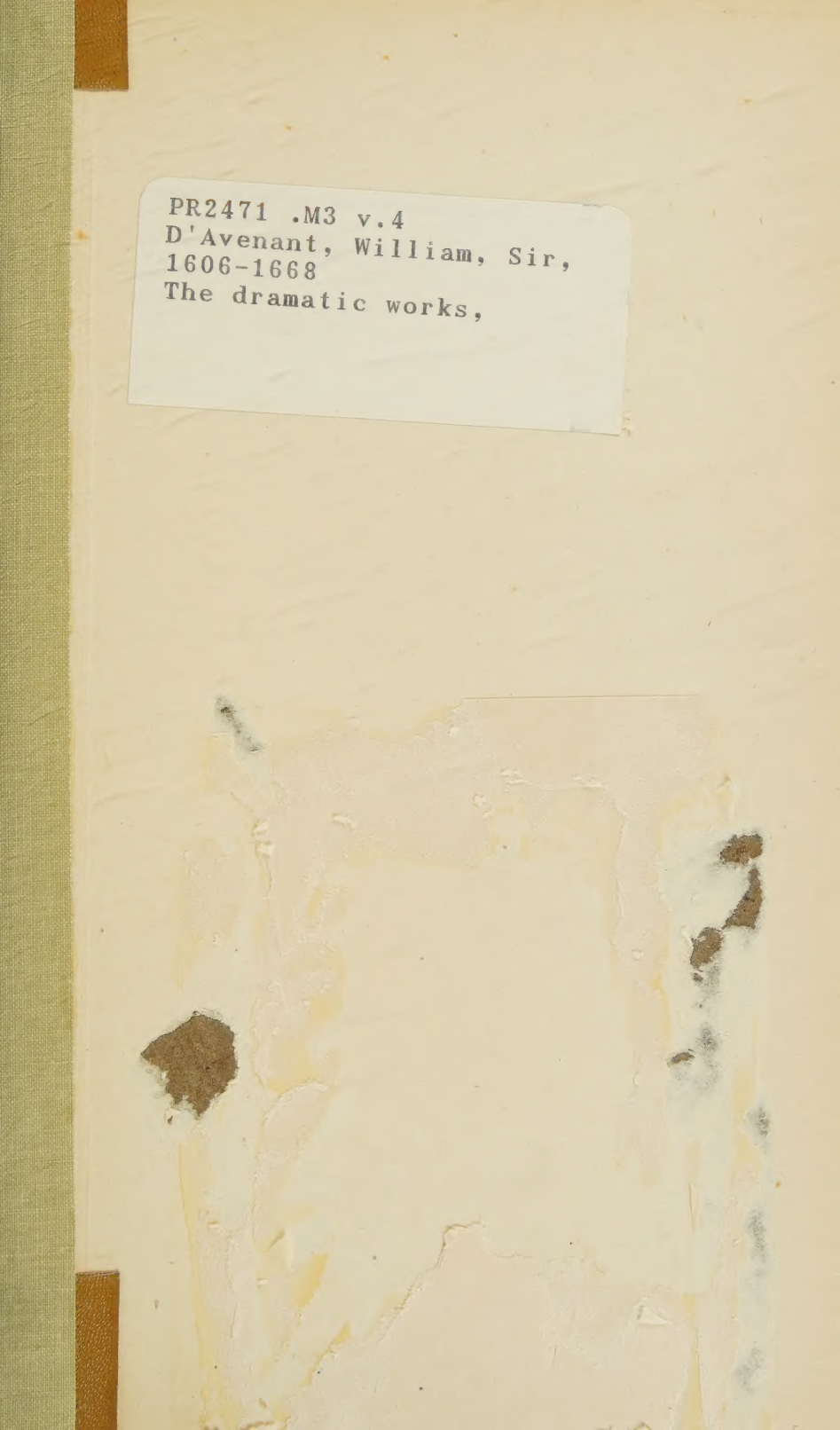

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